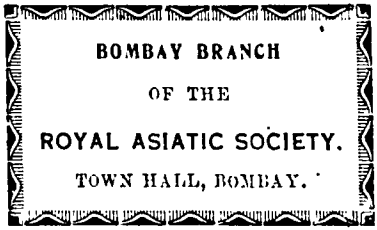

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A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

1755 TO 1756.

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BY

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PREFACE.

I HERE offer to the public a thing of shreds and patches, — a tesselated pavement of various shapes and colours. My object has been simply to gather together as many characteristic details as fell within my very limited reading, which presented any points of marked analogy or contrast to the actual experience of every-day life in these our own times. As Hop-o'-my Thumb, when abandoned by his parents in the wood, found his way back to the paternal roof by means of the small white pebbles he had presciently dropped on his outward path; so may such fragments as these assist in guiding us back to the society of our forefathers who flourished a hundred years ago. It sometimes, too, relieves the toil and monotony of the journey to cast one's eye on the road-side stones that mark the distance which has

been traversed. Am I mistaken, then, in supposing that even such a rough-hewn monument as the one I have attempted to set up, may not be altogether devoid of interest to those who occasionally pause to look back on the past progress of their race, as with uncertain steps and slow they tottered on from cycle to cycle?

LONDON.

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A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER I.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO there was war between England and France. The avowed subjects of dispute were the boundaries of Acadia, and the right of protection over certain Indian tribes who would willingly have dispensed with the officious services of either nation. Strictly speaking, the territory about which the contention arose belonged to the Iroquois Indians; so that the cause of quarrel was somewhat analogous to that which lately threatened to create "a difficulty" in Central America between the United States and the Government of this country. Of course, both parties pleaded former treaties in justification of their claims. The English cited the Peace of Utrecht; which ceded to them the whole of "Nova Scotia, otherwise called Acadia, in its whole extent, according to its ancient limits." The French, however, asserted that the cession ap-

plied only to that part of the peninsula which, beginning at the extremity of the Bay of Fundy, extended along the coast and terminated at Cape Canso. It must be admitted that the terms of the treaty were sufficiently vague to allow a very loose construction to be put upon them. At the time, neither of the contracting powers attached much importance to the possession of a barren tract of land, thinly peopled, and labouring under many natural disadvantages. Even after its transfer to the Crown of England very few British adventurers were tempted to proceed thither. The French settlers, therefore, remained undisturbed and almost forgotten, never being called upon to pay even land-tax. They were pleased to style themselves Neutrals, and evinced their neutrality in the usual manner — by exhibiting a strong bias. Indeed, in 1746 their partiality was manifested by inciting the local French Government to retake possession of the territory. After the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle the British Government, instructed by this experience, offered great inducements to soldiers, sailors, and artificers to become settlers; and, accordingly, some 3000 families, including many German Protestants, proceeded to Nova Scotia. It was then that the question of boundaries was first mooted. Two Courts, equally ignorant of

the science of government, and incompetent to rule the people already under their sway, were only anxious to add to their existing embarrassments by seizing upon a tract of land of no immediate use to either, and to which neither was justly entitled. But the lust of power increases with its extension.

Perhaps, had the boundaries of Acadia alone been concerned, the question might have been arranged without reference to the arbitration of the sword. The French were still more anxious about the connection of Canada with Louisiana. By this means they hoped to circumscribe the English between the Alleghany Mountains and the sea. They had even ventured to construct a fort at Crown Point thirty miles in advance of their proper frontiers, and thus secured a certain communication from Cape Breton to the mouth of the Mississippi in the Gulf of Mexico. Their audacity, fanned by impunity, at length rose to such a height that in 1754 they seized upon Block's Town, a fort garrisoned by Virginians on the forks of the Monongahela. The possession of this point completed the line of strong posts between the St. Lawrence and the Ohio, and commanded the entire traffic of a district "exceeding in extent and good lands all the European dominions of Britain, France, and Spain. The Virginians, however, were not the

men tamely to submit to insult and injury. They accordingly despatched Major GEORGE WASHINGTON with a body of 400 local militia against Fort Duquesne, which the French had lately built on the Ohio. But Washington's first essay in arms was attended by a result inferior to his merit. Being surrounded by a vastly superior force at a place called Little Meadows, he was constrained to capitulate, though his gallant bearing obtained for himself and his comrades all the honours of war. In mentioning this untoward circumstance to his very dull correspondent at Florence, then Mr. Horace Mann*, Horace Walpole indulges in a characteristic sneer at the expense of one who in the fulness of time was to be hailed the Father of his Country. He says: "The French have tied up the hands of an excellent fanfaron, Major Washington, whom they took and engaged not to serve for a year: in his letter he said, 'believe me, as the cannon balls flew over my head, they made a most delightful sound.'" He only failed of success,

* Mr. Mann received the honour of a baronetcy in May, 1755. Walpole writes to tell him that he had been thinking of a motto for him. The punning one, *Humani Nihil Alienum*, he considers too old and common, besides being already appropriated by the Talbot family. *Homo Homini Lupus*, would only be suitable to his public capacity,—not to his private character. However, Mr. Chute solved the difficulty by suggesting an allusion to the goats on his arms, and recommended *Per Ardua Stabilis.*

however, because success was morally impossible, and his conduct was so justly appreciated by his superiors, that, in the following year, he was appointed aide-de-camp to General Braddock; and had his counsels then been adopted, the British arms would have been spared a signal disgrace, and many gallant men who fell ingloriously in defeat might have lived to do good service to their country.

At the commencement of the war in America, the French were in most essential points superior, though inferior in numbers. They were united under one strong military government; while the English States were often divided by distinct and rival interests, and for some time the Pennsylvanians affected scruples of conscience as to taking up arms, and contributing to the costs of war. It was also urged then, as in our day, that a despotism like that of France—previous to the Revolution—had great advantages over a constitutional government in the facility of raising men and money. There was more truth in the remark that their governors were chosen for their military knowledge, as well as for their administrative capacity; while their colonists readily adapted themselves to the humours of the natives, and refrained from overreaching them in bartering beads and trash for rich peltries. On the other

hand, the Quakers and Scotch Presbyterians combined so much austerity in devotional practices, with so much laxity in commercial transactions, that they appeared singularly unamiable to the impulsive and susceptible aborigines. The contrast between the colonists of the two nations is thus pointedly stated by an anonymous writer of 1756, whose effusions have been preserved among Dodsley's "Fugitive Pieces."

"A French governor is seldom chosen for any other reason than his qualifications for his trust. To be a bankrupt at home, or to be so infamously vicious that he cannot be decently protected in his own country, seldom recommends any man to the government of a French colony. Their officers are commonly skilful, either in war or in commerce, and are taught to have no expectation of honour or preferment, but from the justice and vigour of their administration. Their great security is the friendship of the natives. The French admit the Indians, by intermarriage, to an equality with themselves; and those natives with whom they have no such near intercourse, they gain over to their interest by honesty in their dealings. Our factors and traders, having no other purpose in view than immediate profit, use all the arts of an European counting-

house, to defraud the simple hunter of his furs. These are some of the causes of our present weakness; our planters are always quarrelling with their governor, whom they consider as less to be trusted than the French; and our traders hourly alienate the Indians by their tricks and oppressions."

Truly, we have much reason to be proud of our progress in the art of government since the above lines were written. It is notorious that the best man is now-a-days invariably selected in preference to one merely recommended by family interest. In the same way, no one ever enters the army except with a determination to make that his sole profession, and to look to merit alone for honour and promotion. As for the excellence of our colonial system, we need mention only the name of Australia, in testimony of the harmony and cordiality that now exist between "our planters" and their governor; and the natives in that insular continent will equally bear evidence to the mild and enlightened treatment they have received from their Christian brethren.

The delays of diplomacy having been exhausted to no purpose, both governments pushed forward their preparations for hostilities, though neither had the honesty and moral courage to declare war. Thus, for a whole year, severe engagements were

fought upon land, and many merchantmen, with some ships of war, captured at sea, without any public notification of the rupture of amicable relations. At this critical juncture, there was no English ambassador at the Court of Versailles. The indolent and luxurious Earl of Albemarle had died in the preceding December, after allowing all his secrets to be wormed out of him by his French mistress. Than such a minister none was preferable, and England, therefore, continued to be unrepresented at the most ambitious—perhaps the most warlike—court in Europe. Powerful armaments, however, were hastily fitted out at Portsmouth and Plymouth. Woolwich Arsenal rang night and day with the sounds of homicidal industry. Proclamations were published forbidding seamen to serve on board the ships of other nations. The odious press-gang was organised, and let loose upon the country with more than Indian ferocity. Large bounties were also offered for volunteers into the navy; while the gaols were ransacked for smugglers and able-bodied men, willing to exchange the halter for the cannon-ball, and, though convicted of crime, become heroes in song and history. The artillery officers were ordered to repair to head-quarters; troops were embarked for America, but in detach-

ments too small to render much service; naval officers crowded the royal levées, anxious to serve their King and country; fast-sailing sloops of war were sent out to reconnoitre the French coast; and the usual amount of enthusiasm was displayed by the British public, at the prospect of having a good fight. The French, on their part, were equally alert, but better prepared to commence hostilities. Their fleet was the first ready for sea, and for a time the more powerful, but their sailors were mostly "lubbers," and their officers respectfully averse to coming to close quarters with the descendants of the Sea-kings. Their government, moreover, was desirous to throw all the odium of the war upon their antagonists, and professed a spirit of forbearance and conciliation. Neither power was willing to accept the moral responsibility incurred by taking the initiative, though both were fully prepared to act in defiance of all moral obligations. The English feared, besides, to strike the first blow, from an apprehension that Spain would make that an excuse for joining the enemy; while the French hoped by delay to gain the support of that kingdom. Thus, on both sides, ships, men, money, and ammunition, were sent out to America with the intention of "drifting" into war by acts and accidents, rather

than avow a policy and exhibit a deliberate daring.

As it frequently happens in this great constitutional country, the English Ministry was, at this crisis, more intent on maintaining itself in office, than on conducting the affairs of the State with wisdom and vigour. There were then only two political parties—the INS and the OUTS. The INS strove to stay in and keep the OUTS out—the OUTS strove to get in and turn the INS out. This was held to be the grand problem of government in those days. If the nation was thought of at all, it was merely as the groundwork on which rested the King and his Ministers. Occasionally, indeed, the Opposition for the time being, talked of a mythical assemblage of individuals under the title of "the people of England, Sir." But while they affected much sympathy and respect for the *profanum vulgus*, they carefully stood aloof from them.

The First Commissioner of the Treasury and Prime Minister of England, was "that old monopolist, the Duke of Newcastle," so capitally described in "Humphrey Clinker," and one of the most contemptible statesmen who ever stood at the helm of public affairs in this country. He is represented by Lord Waldegrave as being less moved by consider-

ations of high policy, than by personal ambition and by petty fears and jealousies. He was a thoroughly selfish man. In his eyes, the national interests were quite secondary to his own tenure of office; or rather, they appeared as one and the same thing. The slightest disappointment made him miserable. His spirits were in a continual state of agitation; but his bodily health, which he nursed with all the fond feebleness of a grandam, was ever most perfect when this febrile excitement was at its height. Never was there a more inconsistent being. "The man would be thought very singular who differed as much from the rest of the world as he differed from himself," writes a contemporary. In treating of either public or private affairs, he was irresolute, confused, rambling, and contradictory. Too proud to be himself accessible to corruption, he never scrupled to dissipate the public revenue in corrupting others. To secure a vote, he would place the most incompetent man in the most difficult and important post. Timid and vacillating, he was also cruel when his own position was in danger. The persecution of General Fowke and Admiral Byng solely originated in nervous anxiety to shield himself from popular execration and contempt. And the horrible punishment he caused to be inflicted on the

Hanoverian soldier at Maidstone, after he had first ordered him to be released, had no other cause than a weak and wicked compliance with the passions of an unthinking mob. In Parliament, we are told, "his manner was ungraceful, his language barbarous, his reasoning inconclusive." He never distrusted his own abilities, but boldly fought on in the dark, dealing his blows indiscriminately on friends and foes. He would promise heaven and earth to any one who asked him; but he never redeemed one tenth part of his pledges, because he frequently promised the same things to a dozen different applicants. This was not altogether from insincerity, but from a normal perplexity of mind, and the absence of the faculty of denial. Thus, striving to gratify all men, he only succeeded in being universally distrusted. In true manly pride he was deficient through vanity, which led him to court vulgar applause and ephemeral popularity. He was an inveterate intriguer, and from habit would devise combinations to secure the premiership for himself at a period so future, that he must attain the age of a Hebrew Patriarch, before he could gather in the harvest he had sown with such unforeseeing providence. Though a bad leader, he might possibly have proved a useful subordinate, but the overweening opinion he entertained

of his own capacity, would not allow him to be satisfied with an inferior command.

Under this anile chief were ranged several statesmen of considerable ability, but devoid of cohesion among themselves. In the early part of 1775, the Duke of Newcastle had prevailed upon Fox to enter the Cabinet as Secretary at War, but he could not induce Pitt, though Paymaster of the Forces, to co-operate with any degree of cordiality. On the contrary, fancying himself aggrieved by Fox's defection, that distinguished orator lost no opportunity of inveighing against Ministers and of placing obstacles in their path. Fox himself suffered as much in reputation by his ill-judged adhesion to Newcastle, as did the second Fox by his coalition with Lord North. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was the Earl of Holdernesse,—for the Home Department, Sir Thomas Robinson. The woolsack was occupied by Philip, Earl of Hardwicke,—Lord Granville was President of the Council,—and Charles, Duke of Marlborough, Lord Privy Seal. The Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland had been recently bestowed on the Marquis of Hartington, a nobleman eminently fitted for the post by his conciliatory disposition—the Irish having been goaded on by long continued misgovernment to a state of desperation. Lord

Anson, justly celebrated for his voyage round the world, was First Commissioner of the Admiralty, and proved that an excellent practical seaman may be a very indifferent administrator of naval affairs. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was Henry Legge, a friend and coadjutor of William Pitt, and an able master of finance. The ceremonial duties of Groom of the Stole, Steward of the Household, and Lord Chamberlain, were respectively discharged by the Earl of Rochfort, and the Dukes of Rutland and Grafton. With such a Ministry as this,—weak and factious, if not actually disunited,—the nation blundered into one of the most serious struggles recorded in English annals. Many zealous, though not particularly farsighted, patriots gloomily predicted the downfall of Britain, if, under such unfavourable circumstances, she engaged in hostilities with her ancient rival. The National Debt, which then amounted to 72,000,000*l.* sterling, was thought sufficient to break the back of any people, however elastic their resources, however extended their commerce. Walpole bitterly complains of the heavy burden of taxation, though less than 8,000,000*l.* annually, and shows up the inefficient condition of both army and navy. The few muskets in the hands of the troops having been purchased in Hanover,

he declares, were so bad that the men feared to fire them off even at reviews, lest they should burst; and a fresh supply was obliged to be issued from the Tower.

The Parliamentary grants, which appeared so magnificent in the eyes of our ancestors, would be thought mean and insignificant at the present day. However, they were deemed sufficient to enable the Ministry to grapple fearlessly with the greatest military nation in Europe. They were as follows: —

NOVEMBER 25, 1754.

	£	s.	d.
For maintaining 12,000 seamen, for 1755 . .	624,000	0	0

NOVEMBER 28.

For maintaining 18,857 effective men for guards, garrisons, and other land forces, in Great Britain, Guernsey, and Jersey, for 1755 . . .	628,315	7	11
For two regiments of foot to be raised in North America, for 1755	40,350	15	0
For land forces and garrisons in the Plantations, Minorca and Gibraltar; and for provisions for the garrisons in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Gibraltar, and Providence, for 1755 . .	236,420	18	6½
For several officers to go in the expedition under General Braddock	7,338	2	6
For hospital officers in the said expedition . .	1,779	7	6
For the office of ordnance for land service, for 1755	119,316	10	0
For extraordinary expense of ditto, not provided for by Parliament	32,250	8	8
	£1,065,771	10	1½

DECEMBER 3.

	£	s.	d.
For the ordinary of the navy, including half-pay to sea officers, for 1755	280,288	14	1
For Greenwich Hospital	10,000	0	0
	£290,288	14	1

DECEMBER 16.

For buildings, rebuildings, and repairs of His Majesty's ships, for 1755	100,000	0	0

JANUARY 20, 1755.

For the subsidy to Bavaria	20,000	0	0
For ditto to the King of Poland	32,000	0	0
For the reduced officers of the land forces and marines, upon account, for 1755	47,000	0	0
For allowances to several officers and private gentlemen of the two troops of horse-guards, and regiment of horse, reduced; and for superannuated gentlemen (*we* make Field Marshals of such) of the four troops of horse-guards, for 1755	3,735	9	7
For the widows of reduced officers, for 1755	2,562	0	0
For Chelsea Hospital, upon account, for 1755	59,791	12	1
	£165,089	1	8

JANUARY 28.

For extraordinary expenses of land forces, and other services, incurred in 1754, and not provided for by Parliament	60,254	8	0
For supporting the colony of Nova Scotia, upon account	40,418	7	8
For the colony of Georgia, upon account, from June 24th, 1754, to June 24th, 1755	2,957	10	0
	£103,630	5	8

FEBRUARY 18.

	£	s.	d.
Towards paying off the navy debt . .	700,000	0	0

MARCH 27.

For enabling His Majesty to augment his forces by sea and land	1,000,000	0	0
For the northern military road . . .	6,000	0	0
	£1,006,000	0	0

APRIL 12.

For supporting the African forts . . .	10,000	0	0
For building a fort at Annamaboe . .	6,000	0	0
To Thomas Stephens, for a method to make potash	3,000	0	0
	£19,000	0	0

Total of the supply granted by Parliament for 1755	£4,073,779	11	6½

These several grants were provided for in the following manner: —

DECEMBER 19, 1754.

	£	s.	d.
By land-tax at 2s. in the pound . .	1,000,000	0	0
By duty on malt, mum, cider, and perry .	750,000	0	0

FEBRUARY 13, 1755.

By overplus of grants for 1754 . . .	3,341	19	2¼
By surplus of duty on coals since March 25, 1719	16,494	17	10½
By ditto of duty on licenses for retailing spirituous liquors	19,923	12	9
By surplus of funds for lottery in 1714 . .	28,201	19	8

	£	s.	d.
April 18.			
By lottery, *minus* one-tenth . . .	1,000,000	0	0
April 15.			
By Sinking Fund	1,420,000	0	0
	£4,237,962	10	2¾

The gross annual revenue of the country was 7,513,344*l.*, of which rather more than half a million was expended in the collection and management of the taxes.

CHAP. II.

TOWARDS the end of March, Sir Thomas Robinson officially drew the attention of Parliament to the threatening attitude assumed by France, and called upon the House to sanction such measures as might be deemed necessary for the defence of the country. He omitted to state, however, says Walpole, "that there were actually then but three regiments in England, and that the Duke of Newcastle, from jealousy of the Duke's nomination, would not suffer any more to be raised." By "the Duke" was implied the Duke of Cumberland, whose victory at Culloden had obtained for him the honour of the distinctive article—this being the manner in which we moderns hail a victorious general, IMPERATOR. The House responded to this appeal to their patriotism by voting one million sterling for the augmentation of the Army and Navy. And Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcomb, exclaimed with affected enthusiasm: "Let us carry the zeal of the people to St. James's with such spirit that it may be heard at Versailles." It was resolved that the money should be raised by

means of a lottery, though not without opposition. It was justly urged that lotteries foster a spirit of gambling; that they accustom people to regard success as a matter of chance rather than of desert; that honest industry is discouraged by the good fortune that waits upon mere adventure; that the spendthrift, hoping against hope, becomes thus confirmed in his wasteful habits; that the sanguine man, ever dreaming of rich prizes, is induced to risk his all, and, failing, is driven to lunacy or suicide; that servants and clerks are tempted to rob their employers rather than lose so fair an opportunity of becoming suddenly wealthy without toil; and that the prizes themselves are oftentimes more disastrous to the winners than disappointment would have been. On the other hand, it was alleged that there is no other means of raising a large sum equally simple and expeditious; that it is a voluntary contribution to the Government of the country; and that no one is burdened by it, or rendered one shilling poorer except from his own free will. Expediency prevailed over morality, just as it now happens in France where lotteries are sanctioned for ecclesiastical and civic purposes though condemmed as financial schemes. This was the manner of the lottery: — The amount to be raised being one million, it was

ordered that 100,000*l.* should be set apart for prizes, and the remaining 900,000*l.* charged on the produce of the sinking fund, at the rate of three per cent. per annum, to commence from January 5th, 1756. The value of a ticket was 10*l.*, of which 2*l.* were to be deposited at the time of subscribing; but for the benefit of the less wealthy portion of the community, the tickets were divided into shares of one-fourth, one-eighth, one-sixteenth, and so forth. The subscription was to close on the 15th of April, and the drawing commenced on the 6th of October. The prices of tickets were regularly quoted in the money-market, like consols or any other stock. Thus on May 26th it was 10*l.*, June 26th 9*l.* 19*s.*, July 29th 9*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, August 26th 9*l.* 12*s.*, September 24th 9*l.* 19*s.*, and October 23rd 13*l.* 3*s.* Any number of tickets could be taken,—liable to a proportionate deduction if a larger sum than one million should happen to be subscribed. This provision was rendered necessary by the vast competition—in the present instance not less than 3,880,000*l.* having been subscribed within the prescribed period. Such was the popularity of these appeals to fortune, and so great the affluence of persons at the Bank, and their eagerness to secure a chance, that the counters were broken down and several individuals grievously injured.

There were, in fact, two lotteries, each of 500,000*l.*, exactly alike in every respect, the chance in one determining the same number in the other. The highest prize in each was 10,000*l.*: the first ticket drawn was entitled to 500*l.*, and the last to 1000*l.*

While the sturdy Briton was boiling over with indignation at the craft and ambition of the Gaul, his heart glowed with all pleasurable feelings when he thought of the friendly Muscovite. We shall, hereafter, have occasion to speak of the royal project of hiring a swarm of Cossacks for the defence of Hanover. In the meantime we propose to accompany the contemporary Jenkins to "a most magnificent ball," given by the Russian Ambassador at Somerset House, on the 6th of February.

"His Majesty"—we are told—"came a little after eight, dressed in a black domino, tie wig, and gold-laced hat. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales was in a blue and silver robe, and her head greatly ornamented with jewels. The Prince of Wales was in a pink and silver dress. Prince Edward in a pink satin waistcoat, with a belt adorned with diamonds (the nether part of His Royal Highness's person seems to have been left in a state of nature). Princess Augusta in a rich gold stuff. The Duke was in a Turkish dress, with a large bunch

of diamonds in his turban. A noble lady shone in the habit of a nymph embroidered over with stars studded with brilliants, to the amount of 100,000*l.* In short, the dresses of the whole assembly were the richest that could possibly be desired upon such an occasion; and the whole entertainment, particularly the dessert, was the most elegant that expense could furnish. Few exhibitions of the kind have equalled, none excelled it. The number of persons was above 1000."

Though comparatively unprepared for immediate hostilities, England could nevertheless boast of the noblest navy in the world. Even in March, there were floating in English waters thirty-eight ships carrying 2652 guns, besides one of 40, and four of 20 guns, and many armed sloops, yachts, and smaller vessels. And so earnestly did the Admiralty apply themselves to the development of the naval resources of the country, that by the end of July there were no fewer than 150 ships of war manned by 41,350 seamen, mostly experienced sailors, though raised within six months. The French fleet was also extremely formidable. In March they had thirty-two ships, carrying 2164 guns, besides four of 40, three of 32, and two of 24 guns. Indeed, the great preparations that

were then making at Brest caused much perplexity to Ministers, and filled the minds of all men with anxiety and apprehension. It was the general belief that nothing less was contemplated than an invasion of this island. And even those who took a less gloomy view of the future, feared that the safety of our American settlements would be seriously jeopardised unless strong reinforcements were despatched to Canada. The King, however, was more alarmed about his electoral than his British dominions. A dull, sensual, and selfish German, he never comprehended the true interests of Great Britain, or felt any real interest in the people. His sympathies were purely continental. Like others of his race, he considered himself of more importance to England, than England to him. He conferred an honour on the triple crown by allowing it to repose upon his august brows, and in return deemed it only fair that he should employ the wealth of Great Britain in enriching his own "poor relatives" and in defending his electoral inheritance. He now resolved to repair in person to Hanover, to provide for its defence against the threatened invasion. It was in vain that the people murmured at being abandoned by their Sovereign at the moment of impending danger.

Equally in vain did Lord Powlett make a motion in the Upper House against His Majesty's departure. Unable to find a seconder in that king-worshipping assembly, his lordship was fain to adopt Lord Chesterfield's suggestion and withdraw his motion, after delivering a lengthy speech so utterly incoherent and absurd as to be worthy of reproduction in an abridged form, as a proof that dull, long-winded speakers are not a nuisance of recent date. Having somehow lost or mislaid the notes from which he spoke, the noble lord advertised a reward for their recovery in the public prints. Whereupon it was cleverly remarked by Henry Legge, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "My Lord Powlett has had a stroke of apoplexy; he has lost both his speech and motion." The loss, it will be seen, was not much to be lamented if the report that has come down to us be at all correct. His lordship began by excusing himself for taking up so delicate a matter by urging its great importance. After exonerating His Majesty from all blame, as the King can do no wrong, he complained of the disrespectful manner in which Ministers treated the Great Council of the nation in never affording their lordships any information on public events until they were already notorious through the Gazettes, though even these were not

issued until their contents had transpired through private channels. And yet, all at once, without any previous intimation of any extraordinary contingencies, the House was called upon to vote extraordinary supplies. How came it that the rulers of a maritime people did not sooner think of placing the mariners upon a serviceable footing? If the *sole Minister* allowed himself to be "lulled into thoughts of security" by the representations of a foreign ambassador, he had almost rendered himself liable to impeachment. It was certainly his duty at such a difficult juncture to dissuade the Sovereign from a journey fraught with so much detriment to the commonwealth. At the opening of the session a speech from the throne had assured the House of the good dispositions of the King of Spain, and that nothing of moment had occurred, in the affairs of Europe, during the adjournment. But now, danger from France is represented as imminent, and large supplies are demanded to meet the crisis. It is impossible that the danger can be so urgent, or surely "a Prince so popular, distinguished by so affectionate an appellation as George the Second for England," would never dream of leaving the country at a time when his "valiant heart and resolution" were indispensable to its safety and welfare. But suppose the

French fleet did make its escape from Brest, and that the war went so much against England as to reduce her "to the necessity of taking a peace—according to the language of these times, *That always most eligible state for this country*—the Minister might thereby protract a lingering reign, but at last he must fall, and blindly too would he fall, since, like Samson, he would fall with the ruins of the whole fabrick on his back." It is only too true that that clause in the Act of Settlement was repealed, which restrained His Majesty from going abroad without the consent of Parliament, and it was repealed in the very first session after the accession of George I. This was not inconsistent with the principles of professed Tories and Prerogative Men, but—continued his lordship with unwonted animation—after a compliment that might be construed as an instance of adulation and servility to the Crown, "I cannot imagine how they ever can be called Whigs, if Whigs are to be distinguished by principles and not by employments. And at this rate, the time may come, that what your ancestors stipulated as a condition, you will not dare even to advise as a measure in the most critical juncture of affairs. This article was framed and enacted by William III, of glorious memory, for the benefit

both of the people and the Sovereign." Here the noble lord rambled from his argument until he arrived at the following singularly unintelligible sentiment. "A standing army from year to year only may thus be for ever continued in the country BUT DEPENDENT ON PARLIAMENT, which is now grown to a septennial one,—a great instance of its power, which, uninterrupted by the Prerogative which the Crown has of shortening the term, shows the advantage, and will in course of time demonstrate and establish its utility." His lordship then went on to say that, so great was the popular veneration for the Parliament, the people cheerfully paid heavier taxes than any despot or conqueror durst impose, "though their garment be cut in twain, and scarce the half scantling be left them. Yet wisdom, couched in proverbs, teaches us that half a loaf is better than no bread." Innumerable evil consequences might arise if the French thought proper to take advantage of His Majesty's absence. For instance, "the inevitable necessity, perhaps, of signing a neutrality while abroad,—the danger of returning through the King of Prussia's country, and the danger His Majesty might be in even at Hanover, not to mention THE RANSOM that perhaps may be unfortunately required,—or the Peace that may be huddled

up for an embarrassed administration, who want it at any rate." The expense of the journey should also be taken into account. And a more useful tour might be designed for the benefit of the young princes,—"What life would the presence of the Heir Apparent have given at our docks! and had the younger been on board our fleet, how had it animated our seamen!" After commenting on the parsimony that allowed only 20,000*l.* a year for the two princes, and after passing a compliment to their mother, the Princess of Wales, the noble lord solemnly observed: "His Majesty is a happy exception to that unfortunate remark on the history of our kings, that all the Seconds are unlucky. The King is still in the enjoyment of such robust health, that many other opportunities will be afforded for visiting his native land. The instance of his late Majesty's demise abroad, when you consider the fatality there sometimes is in families as well as things, will, at His Majesty's age, add something to your apprehension. In the absence of the Sovereign, those vigorous measures demanded by the exigencies of the State will suffer delay. The demolition of Carthage was the maxim of Rome—the destruction of the naval power of France is the object of England. Were the King to remain at home, 'the Duke' might be

spared to command the army in Ireland. And then, my lords, what danger can we be in under the protection of our dread Sovereign! *Teucro duce et auspice Teucro.*" At last his lordship brought his elaborately incoherent speech to a conclusion by moving that an humble address be presented to the King, praying His Majesty to forego, for the present, his intention of visiting his electoral dominions. On a division, the orator was found to be the sole supporter of his own motion.

It is no matter of special wonder that this redoubtable speech failed to arrest the movements of the royal traveller. On the 25th of April the King adjourned Parliament in person, and three days afterwards, at four o'clock in the morning, a postchaise started with the Majesty of England for the seaport of Harwich. By great expedition having attained his destination in eleven hours—now attainable by the slowest of all possible railways in less than three—he shortly afterwards embarked for Holland on board the "Royal Caroline," so called in memory of his deceased queen, who had enabled his German stolidity to float over the waves of public strife and dissension.

In the meantime, a naval squadron had already sailed for America, under the command of Admirals

Boscawen and Mostyn. This expedition, having on board two regiments, consisted of twelve sail of the line, while Admiral Hawke remained at Spithead with fifteen ships. Putting into Plymouth for the troops, orders were received by express from the Admiralty to take on board 100 tons of water. Of course, there was not a sufficient supply of casks in store, although the despatch of troops across the Atlantic had long been contemplated. However, British energy being roused at the eleventh hour, in twenty-four hours thirty coopers contrived to make the requisite number — it being our usual practice to prefer spasmodic exertion to foresight and forethought. This fleet at length sailed in quest of the enemy, but without fighting-orders. Something, indeed, was nominally left to the discretion of the Admirals; but their orders were so contradictory that it was plainly the intention of Ministers to throw off from their own shoulders the responsibility of any untoward collision that might arise between the inimically-amicable fleets. It was well for England that they did not encounter each other. The French had already sailed from Brest with twenty-five sail of the line. When the English Ministry were thoroughly awakened to an appreciation of the enemy's superiority, they hastily despatched Admiral Holbourne

with six ships and a frigate to reinforce Boscawen. But while this small squadron was proceeding to the westward, the French Admiral, Macnamara, (who shall tell the number of gallant commanders our misgovernment of Ireland has furnished to the enemies of England ?) had been detached with nine ships to return to Brest. Fortunately the different fleets were shut out from each other by a fog, or the French would easily have annihilated the two English divisions. Their chivalrous feeling would assuredly not have stood in their way.

While the Ministry exhibited nothing but vacillation, the people displayed the utmost enthusiasm. The idea of a war with France is, and always will be, popular in this country. It is the exhilarating feeling that a brave sturdy school-boy experiences when challenged to fight a lanky fellow, of longer arms, but inferior bottom. Nothing was talked of but the hostilities in America. Maps and plans were constantly advertised, and everybody fell to work to furbish up his geographical knowledge. The weekly papers and monthly magazines were filled with elaborate descriptions of the scene of operations, and with histories of the French and English possessions in North America. This war-fever increased in intensity with every month. Corporations, ma-

gistrates, and even private individuals, offered rewards in addition to the royal bounty to induce seamen to volunteer into the navy, and an Anti-Gallican Association was formed for the purpose, with its head-quarters at Greenwich. A very wealthy person of distinction was said to have offered Government his entire property, with the reservation of 2000*l.* a-year, towards the prosecution of the war; and in the following year an honest citizen tendered the half of his fortune to William Pitt for the same object. Walpole wrote about this time to Mann that, at the conclusion of the last war, "nothing was laid down for a maxim but the impossibility of our engaging in another war; that our national debt was at its *ne plus ultra;* and that on the very next dissension France must swallow us up. Now we are all insolent, alert, and triumphant." Warlike songs and

* It would seem, from the following advertisement, that there were several subdivisions of this patriotic association:—

"FOR OUR COUNTRY.

"The Officers and Brethren of the Laudable Order of Anti-Gallicans, belonging to the Salutation Association in Grey Fryars, Newgate Street, are desired to meet this evening at seven o'clock, punctually, to receive a visit from the President, Officers, and Brethren of the Crown and Magpie Association in Whitechapel."

ballads were recited in the streets; the loud earnestness of the chant redeeming the absence of tune and the roughness of the rhyme. Doggrels overflowed from the "Poet's Corner," and inundated the periodical literature of the day. Their burden usually intimated the triumph of the British Lion over the Gallic Cock, and a succession of caricatures confirmed this agreeable view of the future. We have at least improved in the tone of our poetic effusions in the patriotic line. What respectable magazine of the present day would admit such abominable trash as this? —

"THE EVIL FRENCHMAN.

"You are troubl'd with the evil, and have it very much:
England's king will cure you; by him you must be touch'd;
And purged you must be:
Have boluses many;
Balls, fire-hot, from cannon shot,
Will cure your malady.
Monsieur! we're making ready;—surely you have forgot
That Anson, Hawke, and Warren, gave you an English knock,
And made you for to rue,
And loudly cry, 'Morbleu!—
An English he has conquered me,
Alas! what must me do!'"

Another patriotic effusion, by a young gentleman of Westminster School, was thought sufficiently

good to be transcribed into the most popular magazines of the day: —

"Ye Britons! fight; Assert your right,
From Gallic bondage free; Claim your renown,
Defend your own, And guard your liberty.
Mounsieur shall meet The conqu'ring fleet,
For sharp engagement eager: The Ohio
With blood shall flow, And beef o'erturn soup-maigre."

Fortunately, Ministers did not trust too much to the muse. They condescended to more practical, if less poetic, measures. Troops were marched into Kent and Sussex. Eight regiments were brought over from Ireland, called, according to the custom of the times, by the names of their colonels; as Lord George Bentinck's, Lord Robert Bertie's, the Earl of Loudun's, &c., &c. Orders were issued to augment each company from 29 to 70 men, and in the three regiments of Foot Guards from 40 to 70. At a little later period the London merchants subscribed 300,000*l.* to fit out a fleet of privateers, as soon as war should be declared. It has taken another hundred years to convince rulers that privateering is only a milder name for piracy. At Guernsey, twelve privateers were fitted out in July, one of them of 200 tons, carrying 16 guns, and a crew of 150 men. It was even proposed to

raise a million of money, in order to equip 300 privateers of 300 tons burden, to be stationed in squadrons, so as to intercept all communication between France and her American possessions. But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that English merchants undertook to send anchors, cordage, and provisions to Lisbon, for the use of the French squadron under Du Guay. As the time advanced, very creditable exertions were made by Government. In the month of August there were twenty men-of-war, carrying from 20 to 60 guns each, in the building-yards, to be launched in three weeks, and to be ready for sea within three months. Besides these, twelve frigates and sloops were being built in private yards. These vigorous measures created much alarm in the mercantile community of France. Their merchants were freely offering on 'Change from 25 to 30 per cent. for policies of maritime insurance. And they had good reason for apprehension, for, before the close of the year, they lost 300 vessels and 8000 seamen.

Even so early as the month of June, notwithstanding the departure of Admirals Boscawen and Mostyn, the fleet at Portsmouth made a brave show, and inspired unbounded confidence and enthusiasm throughout the nation. "At present" — says an

amusing writer in the "Connoisseur" of that month—"the streets ring with the martial strains of our ballad-singers, who are endeavouring, like Tyrtæus of old, to rouse their fellow-countrymen to battle, while all the polite world are hurrying to Portsmouth to see mock fights, and be regaled on board the Admiral." He then goes on to describe another phase of popular enthusiasm, which found its analogue very recently in our own times. "War, though it has not laid our fields waste, or made our colonies desolate, engrosses almost all the attention of the place. (The letter is supposed to be written at the country-seat of a certain baronet.) Every farm-house swarms with politicians, who lay their heads together for the good of the nation; and at every petty chandler's shop in town, while the half-quarterns of tea are being weighed out, the balance of Europe is adjusted. . . . Nothing at first puzzled the honest baronet and the rest of our country politicians so much as the new seat of war. They were pretty tolerably acquainted with Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, and the other scenes of action in Flanders; but Virginia, the Ohio, and the Lake Ontario (to use a common phrase), were quite out of their latitude. This difficulty was, however, at length surmounted by the templar's transmitting to his uncle one of D'Anville's maps, which has

enabled the baronet sometimes to delineate the progress of the French up the Ohio in meanders of port winding along the table, and sometimes to demolish the fort lately raised by the enemy behind Pennsylvania, and at Crown Point."

Of the doings at Portsmouth, a graphic description is given in a news-letter, dated June 14th, published in "Read's Weekly Journal."

"Last Saturday, Sir Edward Hawke received orders to prepare the whole fleet for sea, and the ships are, accordingly, completing their provisions to be ready at an hour's warning. The croud of nobility and gentry hitherto has been very great to see the fleet, but the numbers on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday morning, to see the fleet fire, are incredible; above eighty coaches, chariots, phaetons, and post-chaises arrived in that time, besides the vast numbers of horsemen; every inn and room in it was full, and almost every private lodging in the town disposed of. The set of bells were incessantly ringing; and at twelve, on Sunday, the regiment of invalids being drawn up, fired three rounds, and every cannon round the ramparts, to the number of 133, was fired, which was completed without any mischief, to the pleasure of several thousands of spectators. At one, the Admiral began to fire, and

every ship fired twenty-one guns promiscuously, which, to every Englishman, was a grateful sight; the smoke between each ship after the first gun fired by each, was truly grand; the marines being drawn up, made three regular fires. Charles Saunders, Esq., Captain of the *Prince*, and a Member of Parliament, treated the nobility on board the said ship with the utmost magnificence and decorum. Sir Edward Hawke made an elegant entertainment for the captains. The noblemen came on shore about eight, and were saluted by the Admiral."

Another letter from Portsmouth of the 2nd of July commemorates the visit of "the Duke."

"At four in the afternoon arrived here the Right Hon. Lord Anson, Lord Duncannon, the Hon. Mr. Townshend, with others. The same evening, at eight o'clock, arrived His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, amidst the acclamations of many thousands of people. His Royal Highness was met by the ropemakers of the dockyard three miles from the town, in white shirts, and black caps (the penny-a-liners of those days seem to have had a spite against "continuations"), and carrying streamers in their hands; they ran before his landau (free and independent Britons!) into the town. General Hawley, governor of the town, received His Royal Highness at

the land-port gate, and delivered him the keys of the garrison, which were immediately returned him. The guns at port-bridge were fired as he passed through that fort, as were those around the garrison. As soon as he entered the town, the streets through which he passed from the land-port to the governor's house, were lined by the marines, who made a very handsome appearance; the bells rang, the colours were displayed on the tower, and everything done that could be thought of to demonstrate the pleasure of the inhabitants in seeing His Royal Highness among them. Next morning the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses waited upon him, and had the honour to kiss his hand. His Royal Highness then went to view the fleet, and dined on board the *Prince*. The barges that attended him had precedence in the following order: 1. The eldest captain; 2. Rear-Admiral West, with his flag flying; 3. Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Hawke, with his flag; 4. Admiral Lord Anson, with his flag; 5. His Royal Highness the Duke, with his standard; 6. The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, with the flag of their office; 7. All the captains according to their seniority."

Owing to the indecision of Ministers, these grand preparations were the prelude to a lame and impotent

conclusion. The Duke of Cumberland, indeed, recommended that Admiral Hawke should be sent into the Channel with a powerful fleet, and that war should at once be declared. The Regency, however, were divided among themselves. Lord Chancellor Hardwicke was averse to an immediate decision of the question. The Duke of Newcastle, therefore, trimming as usual between the two extreme opinions, ordered Hawke to go to sea and cruise about, but to avoid any collision with the enemy. He subsequently authorised him to attack ships of the line, but not small merchant craft. And, finally, he sent him instructions to take or destroy every French vessel between Cape Ortegal and Cape Clear. The French inveighed bitterly, and with some justice, against our Punic faith, and took a great revenge by restoring the *Blandford* frigate, captured at sea while conveying Governor Lyttelton to Carolina.

CHAP. III.

In America, in the mean time, the cannon had already roared, blood had been shed, and alternate victory and defeat had waited on the arms of England. The first engagement was successful, though not affording much subject for glorification. When the fleet arrived off Newfoundland, it fell in with three sail of the enemy separated in a fog from the squadron under M. Bois de la Mothe. One of these, the *Dauphin Royal*, contrived to escape by means of the hazy weather; but the *Alcide*, 60, and the *Lys*, pierced for 64 guns but carrying only 22, were captured by the *Dunkirk* and the *Defiance*, both 60-gun ships. The action was fierce, though brief, between the *Alcide* and the *Dunkirk*, commanded by Captain afterwards Lord Howe. On coming up with the enemy Howe hailed him, and ordered him to put back and come under the admiral's stern. The French captain demanded if it was peace or war; to which the other replied that he did not know, but

that he expected every moment to see the signal to engage, and bade him prepare for the worst. He also, with true chivalrous courtesy, advised the ladies and land-forces who were crowding the deck, to go down below. Immediately afterwards the French fired a broadside, which was promptly returned by the English, and a sharp engagement ensued until, the fleet rapidly closing up, the enemy struck his flag. The *Lys* made less resistance, and surrendered to the *Defiance*. A more ornate account of the affair is given in a private letter from an officer on board the *Dunkirk*, but the colouring has been laid on both warm and thick. The writer says that when the French refused to bring to, Howe gave orders to prepare for action; "but first observing a great number of land-officers standing upon deck in a very dangerous place, generously warned them of the peril they were exposed to, and advised them, as it was not their duty to defend the ship, to remove out of the way before he began the engagement; which advice they accordingly took, and then poured in a full broadside and a volley of small arms, which he as readily returned; and so the pastime began, which lasted near two glasses with as much firing on both sides as all judges of the fleet ever knew; when, to the glory of the *Dunkirk*, she struck just as

our fleet came up to us. The first broadside, we silenced three of her lower deck guns and killed 40 of their men and 7 officers; which, with what we killed afterwards, made her an entire slaughter-house. She had 700 men; and we had but 420, boys and all. We had our fourth lieutenant wounded and seven men killed, and about as many wounded. * * * The *Dunkirk's* guns in the above skirmish were all double-shotted every round, and, being yard-arm and yard-arm, did such terrible execution that the officers of the *Alcide* could not keep their men to their quarters, and ran one of them through in order to deter the others; but all would not do, the Frenchmen not liking such warm work; and M. le Commodore himself, when he was brought prisoner on board the *Dunkirk*, told our brave Captain Howe that he was cruel to engage so very close."

This was the style in which our grandsires tackled an enemy. On every sea the white flag of France struck to our glorious old Union Jack, though in the following year we shall see how the incompetent servants of incompetent masters contrived for a time to destroy the maritime prestige of England.

The land operations proved equally successful at the commencement. Fort Beauséjour was compelled to surrender to Lieut.-Col. Monkton, and next day

a small fort on the Gaspereau river succumbed to the same fate. But these trifling advantages were followed by a terrible disaster. An expedition of 2000 regular troops had been planned against Fort Duquesne, on the Monongahela, and the command intrusted to General Braddock—probably by reason of his unfitness. He was a hasty, violent, overbearing man, disliked by his own men, and so self-sufficient, that he ever neglected the most ordinary precautions against a surprise. Slighting the enemy, he entertained even a worse opinion of the local militia and their native allies, and treated them with undisguised contempt. He was, however, a determined, resolute man, and, in a subordinate post, capable of doing good service to his country. Walpole says of him, "Braddock is a very Iroquois in disposition. He had a sister, who, having gamed away all her little fortune at Bath, hanged herself, with a truly English deliberation, leaving only a note upon the table, with these lines, 'To die is landing on some silent shore,' &c. When Braddock was told of it, he only said, 'Poor Fanny! I always thought she would play till she would be forced to tuck herself up.'" *

* On the same authority, we learn that Braddock was kept by a Mrs. Upton, whom he was always importuning for money. One

The first error committed in this unfortunate expedition, was one for which Ministers at home were more to blame than the General. His troops were disembarked at Will's Creek, in Virginia, whereas had they been landed in Pennsylvania a saving of 40,000*l.* would have been effected, and, what was of greater importance, the march into the interior would have been shortened six weeks. As it was, neither provisions nor means of transport were attainable. One hundred and fifty waggons and 300 horses, with a large supply of necessaries, had been promised, indeed, from the back settlements of Pennsylvania, but after a long delay, only 15 waggons and 100 horses ever made their appearance; and then the provisions were so putrid that they were obliged to be destroyed. In this exigency a Jupiter Sotor came to the General's relief, in the person of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, who despatched 500*l.* worth of provisions and wine from Philadelphia. The philosopher rendered still further service, by spreading a report among the Germans, that, unless 150 waggons were sent to head-quarters

day, in reply to a demand of this kind, she showed him her purse, apparently containing only a few shillings. Snatching it out of her hand, he found five guineas at the other end. Emptying the purse, he flung it in her face, exclaiming: "D——n you, madam! did you mean to cheat me?" and never went near her again.

within a limited period, General St. Clair, who was an Hussar officer, would make a *razzia* in their settlements, and carry off as much as he required. He did not add, that the General was the only Hussar in the army. The Germans, having a wholesome dread of Light Cavalry, provided 200 waggons, instead of 150, within the time allotted to them. The Pennsylvanians also contributed a freewill offering of 190 waggon-loads of corn and oats, 4 waggons laden with material comforts for the officers, and 60 head of cattle for the benefit of the men.

Having received these supplies, Braddock at length took the field, and advanced about twenty miles into the interior. Here he found it necessary to detach Colonel Dunbar with 800 men to bring up the baggage-train, while he himself pushed forward with all speed, with 1200 men and 12 pieces of artillery. On the 8th of July, he had arrived within ten miles of Fort Duquesne. On the following day he continued to advance with the same reckless audacity, although well aware that he was now in the immediate neighbourhood of a wily and vigilant enemy. The officers of the local militia in vain besought him to allow their irregular troops to scour a wood into which the army was about to enter. Scarcely were the English

columns fairly entangled in the forest, when they were thrown into confusion by repeated volleys of musketry on both flanks from an unseen foe. The wood was lined with Indians, while in front 1500 regular troops, supported by 600 irregulars, forbade their further advance. Placed between three fires, the English fell into irretrievable disorder, notwithstanding the desperate gallantry of the regimental officers. It must be acknowledged that Braddock also acquitted himself like a brave soldier. His courage remained unimpeachable, but his generalship was worthy of 1855. After having five horses killed under him, he was shot through the arm and lungs, and, being carried off with much difficulty, died four days afterwards. The Virginians preserved an unbroken front to the last, and behaved with a calm steadiness that would have saved the English regiments had their commanding officers withdrawn them in time from that fatal wood. Among the slain was Colonel Sir Peter Halkett, second in command; and Sir John St. Clair, the Quartermaster-General, was severely wounded. In all, 508 were killed, including 25 officers; and 474 wounded, of whom 37 were officers. Eight small cannon, six mortars, a large quantity of baggage and ammunition, besides the secretary's office, fell into the enemy's hands; and

very few of the wounded escaped the Indians' scalping-knife. As soon as Colonel Dunbar heard of his chief's overthrow, he hastily retreated upon Cumberland Fort at Will's Creek, and leaving two companies to garrison the place, retired to the frontiers of Pennsylvania.

A universal sentiment of shame and indignation burst forth at home when this disaster became known. The honour of England had been tarnished by the imbecility of her rulers and the presumptuous ignorance of her generals. The cold shade of the aristocracy even then fell, upas-like, on the British army. The right men were usually in the wrong places. People murmured, but the power of the press was not then fully developed. And yet a weekly political paper, the "Monitor," could speak out thus honestly and boldly:—

"To what malevolent cause can be ascribed the decay of British courage and the increase of Gallic bravery? We value ourselves upon high notions of freedom, to which we are justly entitled by our natural constitution. They are born slaves, and fight under a false and fictitious passion: not for liberty, but to gratify the ambition of a tyrant: and yet must be allowed to have displayed such instances of courage and gallantry in these latter days as would add

glory to the British name. A circumstance entirely owing to the art of government; which is to give merit its due; to make courage and gallantry the only road to a soldier's preferment. This is the grand secret and the true indication of the wisdom of French policy." These lines were penned in 1755; were they not equally applicable in 1855?

For some time after General Braddock's defeat, a feeling of despondency obtained throughout the Plantations, until the confidence of the settlers was restored by the successes of General Johnson. This remarkable man, it is almost needless to observe, was of Hibernian extraction. Endowed with a natural talent for war, he also possessed an intuitive knowledge of character, together with a happy facility of putting off his own individuality and adapting himself to the humours and prejudices of all ranks and classes. A letter from Connecticut, written in June, thus speaks of him:—

"He is very much of the fine gentleman in genteel company. But as the inhabitants next him are mostly Dutch, he sits down with them, smokes tobacco, drinks flip, and talks of improvements, bears, and beavers' skins. Being surrounded by Indians, he speaks several of their languages well, and has always some of them with him. His house is a safe

and hospitable retreat for them from the enemy. He takes care of their wives and children when they go out on parties, and even wears their dress. In short, by his honest dealings with them in trade,—his courage, which has often been successfully tried with them,—and his courteous behaviour, he has so endeared himself to them that they chose him one of their chief sachems or princes, and esteem him as their common father."

At the head of a band composed of the despised militia and native Indians, General Johnson, on the 7th of September, defeated with great slaughter a superior force, consisting of 200 grenadiers lately arrived from France, 800 Canadians, and 700 Indians, under the command of Baron Dieskau, an officer of considerable military experience. Both generals were severely wounded, but the Baron was also made prisoner. This gallant affair took place near Fort Lyman. The Indians on both sides exhibited great fearlessness in the field, but disgraced their valour by their cruelty to the wounded. The old Sachem of the Mohawks, Hendrick, having fallen in the engagement, General Johnson had infinite difficulty to prevent his allies from retaliating on Baron Dieskau. Indeed, both the belligerents were much to blame for employing the savage natives in their own barbarous

mode of warfare. The government of New England, for example, offered rewards for the person or the scalp of every Indian who joined the French. For every male Indian prisoner above twelve years of age, brought to Boston, 50*l.*; for every such scalp, 40*l.*; for every female prisoner, and for every boy under twelve, 25*l.*; for every such scalp, 20*l.* So that neither women nor children were exempt from these atrocities. On one occasion it is coolly stated in the "Universal Magazine": —

"Captain Overton and his rangers has had a very smart engagement with a party of French Indians, and got the better of them; the particulars we have not yet heard, only that he has brought off fifty scalps; these at 10*l.* a head is a pretty encouragement to our people to go out."

The French Indians were, of course, equally cruel. Here follows a picture of the consequences of Indian warfare, taken a few months after General Johnson's victory, though in another part of the country: —

"It appears by the deposition of Captain Jacob Morgan, of Colonel Weiser's regiment, that having set out, with two of the colonel's sons, to see what damage the Indians had done at Tolleo, and get together a number of persons to assist those that were left alive, they found a girl about five years

old, scalped, but yet alive, and a considerable number of people at a house, of which they did not know the owner's name. That being alarmed with a report that the Indians had beset another house, belonging to one Dollinger, not far distant, they set out to relieve it; that when they arrived, they surrounded the house, and found much damage done, but no person in it or about it, except in the garden a child about eight years old, scalped and dead, which they buried. That they proceeded to the plantation of one Sneidor, and in a corn-field found a woman and a young child, both scalped and dead; and in the house they found another child, about ten years old, scalped and dead. That having buried these bodies, they went forward to one Brown's, in whose house they found a man scalped and dead. That the company were now 130 strong, and, continuing their route, found all the plantations deserted, and the way strewed with persons who had been mangled and scalped by the Indians, the horses and cattle in the corn-fields, and everything in the utmost disorder. The Moravian settlement of Guaden Hutten, on Mahony Creek, is also cut off, only two persons having escaped alive."

A more amusing incident, characteristic of our

relations with the Indians, is thus narrated in a letter from Trent Town, in New Jersey: —

"The ancient king of the Mohawks (the same that was in England in Queen Anne's time) came down with some of his warriors, this winter, to Philadelphia, and assured them of his friendship, though he owned many of the young Mohawks had gone over to the enemy. They were entertained at the stadthouse, and made their appearance also among the ladies on the assembly night, where they danced the scalping dance with all its horrors, and almost terrified the company out of their wits. They brought with them a beautiful young lady, who, in public, made the Indian compliment, — a tender of her person to the governor; as gallant a man as he is, he was quite confounded: whether he afterwards accepted her offer, is not said."*

But to return to General Johnson. So great was the satisfaction experienced in England, that a real man had at last come to light, that the King conferred a baronetcy upon the victorious commander, and

* As an illustration of the tone of society in the American settlements at that time, the following extract from "Read's Weekly Journal" is not without some value: — "We hear from America that 300 families have been removed from New York to Connecticut through their pertinacious refusal to be received into the gentle bosom of the Church."

Parliament unanimously voted him a present of 5000*l.* He was the Williams of his day. Ten days after the action he received large reinforcements from New England. Three thousand men joined him from Connecticut and Massachusetts by forced marches, two men upon each horse, well armed and accoutred; and nearly an equal number from the same provinces flocked to his banner very shortly afterwards. He thus found himself at the head of 9000 gallant spirits, little versed, indeed, in the routine of war, but accomplished marksmen, skilful hunters, and bold, hardy, manly fellows. He was, therefore, encouraged to march against Crown Point, accompanied by a considerable train of artillery, though of small calibre. But courage is of no avail against hunger. It was impossible to obtain a sufficient and continuous supply of provisions. And thus the expedition was abandoned, the Indians and volunteers dismissed to their homes for the winter, with the exception of 3000 of the latter, who were distributed in several small forts on Lake George, and all the hopes of a brilliant campaign dissipated into thin air. In other parts of the country a series of desultory skirmishes had taken place, without object and without result. Here and there small

forts were constructed, the sure indication of the timidity of the builders, and quite incapable of arresting the progress of a hostile force, though not unuseful to the enemy as hospitals and magazines. But there was no preconcerted plan of operations; every commander did that which seemed good in his own eyes, and rivalled his colleagues in incompetence, irresolution, and foolish daring.

While these events were passing in America, the war mania continued to rage, and even gained greater virulence in England. Great, indeed, was the apprehension of a French invasion, and this ignoble panic was not even dispelled by the truly formidable power of our fleet. But it was universally felt that there was no head to guide and direct the forces of the state. Bashi-Bazouks—"spoiled heads"—controlled the army and navy, and blundered on from error to error. The fleet, however, had been augmented with such rapidity that in the month of September it consisted of one ship of 110 guns, five of 100, thirteen of 90, eight of 80, five of 74, twenty-nine of 70, four of 66, thirty-three of 60, three of 54, twenty-eight of 50, four of 44, thirty-five of 40, forty-two of 20; in all 210 ships carrying 10,972 guns—besides four sloops of 18, two of 16,

eleven of 14, thirteen of 12, one of 10, and a swarm of bomb-ketches, fire-ships, and tenders. As an indication of popular feeling we may notice a vulgar riot that took place in Drury Lane Theatre in consequence of some French dancers having been engaged to appear. After a disgraceful disturbance the non-contents were forcibly ejected, but gratified their patriotic spleen by proceeding in a body to Southampton Street, Strand, and smashing Garrick's windows. In France the war was by no means so popular. And one great reason of this dislike to hostilities was significant of the superiority of private interest to national temperament. An essentially military nation objected to war because it would prevent "English gentlemen travelling to and residing in France, whose current pay and large expence is really becoming an object of importance." All English papers, however, were prohibited in Paris after the month of September, and the Duke of Mirepoix had demanded his passports even in July, so soon as the tidings arrived in London of the capture of the *Alcide* and the *Lys*. It sounds more strange to learn that the Chevalier de Vergennes, the French Ambassador at Constantinople, urged the Porte to send an army of 35,000 men against

the Ukraine, if Russia joined with Great Britain. On the other hand, with genuine French affectation of urbanity, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres elected Lord Chesterfield a member of their illustrious body.

CHAP. IV.

ALL this summer George II. remained unmolested in Hanover. He had proposed to himself two objects to accomplish. In the one he partially succeeded, in the other he utterly failed. He failed in arranging according to his wish a matrimonial alliance for his grandson the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III. Soon after his arrival in Hanover he received a visit from the Duchess of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel and her two charming daughters. With the eldest the old King was especially fascinated, and much desired to have her for his daughter-in-law. But the Princess of Wales feared that she would lose all influence over her son if he married a woman possessed of both intellect and beauty. His natural turn for respectability indicated a mind prone to petticoat government, and his mother was not yet prepared to give place to a wife. She therefore prejudiced the Prince against his proposed bride, to his father's great disappoint-

ment, who always suspected that the Princess would "do a job for her relations by marrying her son to one of the Saxe-Gotha family." Besides, he had formed such a high opinion of the Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, that he told Lord Waldegrave, "with great eagerness, that had he been only twenty years younger she should never have been refused by a Prince of Wales, but should at once have been Queen of England." These royal marriages have ever been a source of disquietude to the occupant of the throne, and a pretext for burdening the nation with dowries for the benefit of poor Continental relations. They also inundate the country with a tribe of foreign retainers, who have all to be provided for, and who ultimately do us the favour of taking into their hands the virtual government and the dispensation of patronage. Hence it has come to pass that our governing classes are not true Englishmen at all, but a mongrel breed of Normans, French, Spaniards, Dutch, and Germans.

The King's chief anxiety, however, was to provide for the safety of his electoral dominions. With this view he cast about him for mercenary allies. Continental states, while they indulge their small envy in abusing England, have no objection to become her hirelings, and to fight her battles for pelf. George II.

had therefore no difficulty in obtaining allies on such terms. He had only to choose from among a host of candidates. His choice was, of course, the least felicitous. For some years past, in time of peace, he had regularly paid an annual subsidy of 32,000*l.* to Saxony and 20,000*l.* to Bavaria. Now that he stood in need of their services he discontinued the payment, and the Elector of Saxony threw himself into the arms of France. Our "dread Sovereign" then applied for protection to the petty Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, and a subsidiary treaty was signed at Hanover—*on the 18th of June.* The principal articles were the following:—

"III. The Prince of Hesse engages to hold in readiness 8000 men, of which 1400 are to be horse, during four years from the signing of this treaty, for the service of His Britannic Majesty, to march immediately after being required, if for the defence of the Low Countries, and within two months, if for the defence of England or Hanover. To be commanded by Hessian officers, and to swear fidelity to the King of Great Britain, upon their being first mustered by an English Commissary.

"IV. Each battalion of foot to have two field-pieces.

His Majesty engages to pay for every trooper

or dragoon 80 crowns Banco, and for every foot-soldier 30 crowns Banco.

"VI. The King engages to pay during this treaty an annual subsidy of 150,000 crowns Banco, the crown reckoned at 4*s.* 9¾*d.* English money, from the time of signing the treaty till the troops shall be required to march, and 300,000 crowns from their being required to march till they enter into the pay of His Majesty; and from their entering into such pay the Landgrave to enjoy an annual subsidy of 150,000 crowns. When the troops shall be sent back, the subsidy shall be again raised to 300,000, which shall be annually paid from the time of their entering the Landgrave's territories to the expiration of the treaty.

"VII. If these troops are regiments to serve in Germany they shall be put on the same foot with His Majesty's German forces; and if in England or Ireland, on the same foot with his British forces.

"VIII. If any of these troops shall be cut off, or the artillery lost or destroyed, His Majesty shall defray all expences of recruiting them, and make good the loss of his guns."

Not satisfied with the tutelage of the puissant lord of Hesse Cassel, the King next turned his attention to Russia, in utter ignorance that the

Czarina Elizabeth was actually at the moment intriguing with the Courts of Vienna and Versailles. A treaty was accordingly signed at St. Petersburgh on the 30th of September, through the diplomatic exertions of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, the well known writer of political squibs. The following are the main points :—

"ART. II. Recites that the Empress has, for the mutual defence of herself and His Majesty, at all events, marched to the frontier of Livonia, adjoining to Lithuania, 55,000 men, of which 40,000 are infantry of her regular troops, and 15,000 cavalry; and stipulates that they shall continue there as long as the present convention shall subsist — that is, for four years.

"III. The Empress engages to hold in readiness on the coasts of that province, during the same time, 40 or 50 gallies with their crews, in condition to act on the first order.

"VI. His Majesty engages to pay 500,000*l.* sterling *per ann.*, in consideration of this service, from the time the Russian troops shall, in consequence of his requisition, pass the frontiers of their country. The payment to be always four months in advance, the first to be on the day the troops pass the frontiers.

"XI. The Russians shall be entitled to all plunder.

"*Secret Article.* His Majesty engages to pay 100,000*l. per ann.*, always one year in advance, from the ratification of this treaty to the march of the troops beyond their frontier, when the payment of 500,000*l. per ann.* is to commence in its stead."

The XIIth article pledged the British monarch to procure a passage for the Russian troops through Poland. But as the Elector of Saxony happened to be also King of Poland, this was an engagement which could not possibly have been fulfilled except by force of arms. Frederick the Great was well aware that Elizabeth's motive in signing this treaty was merely to mask the advance of Russian troops to the frontiers of Germany. He also knew that what his dull uncle really wanted was simply to prevent the French from overrunning Hanover. He therefore announced his intention to oppose the entrance of any foreign troops into the German empire—a measure that gave as much satisfaction at St. James's, as it did umbrage at Versailles. The French Court was especially annoyed, because the Elector of Cologne had just sanctioned the establishment of magazines in Westphalia: while George II. was the more delighted, because he had

conceived serious mistrust and apprehension from the favourable reception recently accorded by the King of Prussia to the French Ambassador, the Duke of Nivernois. He therefore consented to forget his old grievances, and to think no more of the ridicule heaped upon his challenge to single combat, when his nephew purloined certain tall grenadiers and a few loads of hay from the territory of Hanover. This reconciliation of the two monarchs created some little merriment at the time, and Voltaire indulged his epigrammatic wit in an effusion rather savouring of bile than of poesy.

"Rivaux du vainqueur de l'Euphrate,
L'Oncle et le Neveu;
L'un fait la guerre en pirate,
L'autre en partie bleue."

As soon as the purport of the subsidiary treaties was known in this country, a great outcry was raised against Ministers. In their defence it was alleged, that the nation was unused to war, and that in 1745 the Scotch had reached as far south as Derby, without encountering any opposition. The new Game Laws, too, had deprived the people of all skill in the use of fire-arms; and that, with the exception of the country gentlemen and their gamekeepers,

very few knew even how to load a gun. In our own time we have seen the truth of this latter objection. If certain birds and beasts must be set apart for the development of the organ of destructiveness in aristocratic crania, it should at least be conceded that every citizen of a free state is entitled to bear arms and to be taught the rudiments of military discipline, in order to raise a living bulwark against foreign invasion. William Pitt set no limit to his wrath. Both publicly and privately he declaimed against these ignominious treaties. Henry Legge acted as well as spoke. In his official capacity as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he refused to sign the Treasury warrants, necessary to give effect to the treaty with Russia. In the midst of this ebullition of public feeling the King returned from Hanover, and was greeted with the most fulsome adulation. A poetaster rejoicing in the name of Timoleon Brecknock—whether real, or assumed—composed an ode upon this auspicious occasion, in which he likens the Majesty of England at one time to the Sun, at another time to a Whale.

"But see! free from yon eastern stream
Our *Sun*, bright god of day! returns.
Oh, how enlivening are his beams!
Oh, how my glowing bosom burns!

Bind, bind the victims! Hark, the magic roar!
I kneel a *Persian*, and the *Sun* adore!

* * * * *

"Hard by, the sculptured *Whale* I see:
His loyal *Thuske* before him glides,
Steering this sovereign of the sea
From wrecking rocks and shallowing tides;
Which times remote the symbol will explain,
By PELHAM'S ministry, and GEORGE'S reign."

In another ode set to music and performed at the Spring Gardens, Vauxhall,—at that time a very fashionable place of amusement,—kind Heaven is praised for bringing back "the greatest, wisest, best of Kings," who is also "Britannia's monarch, father, friend."

"Dispelled be all unquiet fears;
For see, at length, great GEORGE appears!
The glad, exulting crowd surveys
The pride of Britain,—Europe's praise:
The prince, by bounteous Heav'n designed
The common patron of mankind."

But neither odes nor notes of admiration—neither the sun, the whale, nor great George himself—could dispel carking care from the bosom of the "loyal Thuske," the Duke of Newcastle. In his extremity he had the meanness to make a second application to Pitt, who, certain of the situation, spurned his advances with contempt. He was more

successful, however, with Fox, and prevailed upon that place-loving statesman to accept the seals of Secretary of State for the Home Department, together with the ministerial lead in the House of Commons, in the room of Sir Thomas Robinson, who obsequiously retired on a pension of 2000*l.* a year, secured on the Irish Establishment, and returned to his former office as Master of the Great Wardrobe. Walpole thereupon wrote to Mann: "This is turning a cypher into figures, indeed." Lord Mahon observes, that Sir Thomas was like Monsieur Coquenet, in Scribe's comedy *La Calomnie*, who says: "Cela ne rapporte que quinze mille francs, mais en revanche on n'a rien à faire—place honorable qui irait à mes goûts et à mes moyens." And Lord Chesterfield remarked, that "the Duke of Newcastle had turned out everybody else, and now he has turned himself out." His lordship's prediction, however, was slow of fulfilment.

On the 13th of November Parliment was opened by the King in person. His Majesty alluded to the great maritime preparations that had been made during the recess—professed his desire for peace; but the French Court would neither propose any terms of accommodation, nor desist from their encroach-

ments on British territory in America;—the King of Spain, "my good brother," was much grieved to observe those differences; "the part which he generously takes in the common welfare of Europe makes him earnestly wish the preservation of the public tranquillity;"—the land forces had been augmented as well as the naval, and treaties concluded with the Empress of Russia and the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel—large supplies would be necessary to meet this extraordinary expenditure, but the strictest economy might be relied upon. The royal speech concluded with a fine display of royal egotism.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I rely upon your duty and good affections, which I have so often experienced. There never was a situation in which my honour, and the essential interests of Great Britain, called more strongly for your zeal, unanimity, and dispatch."

The Lords Spiritual and Temporal lost no time in returning a humble and suitable address to their "most gracious Sovereign," *more majorum.* The Commons likewise acknowledged His Majesty's paternal care and anxiety to preserve to his faithful people the blessings of peace, applauded his magna-

nimity and resolution in defending his American possessions at all hazards, and promised the necessary supplies. But this vote was not arrived at until after an animated debate, in which WILLIAM GERALD HAMILTON delivered his celebrated speech. "His voice, manner, and language, were most advantageous, his arguments sound though pointed, and his command of himself easy and undaunted." It is a popular fallacy, however, to suppose that this was his only speech, or even his only good speech, though possibly the most effective. He had already spoken twice on Irish affairs in Dublin; and in February, 1756, he delivered himself with great ability in the debate on sending some Swiss regiments to America. PHILIP STANHOPE, illegitimate son of Lord Chesterfield, and the recipient of his famous letters on "the Graces," made his first and last speech on this occasion. It was quite equal to the average run of maiden oratory; but he broke down through nervousness, and could never be induced to make a second attempt, notwithstanding much kindly encouragement from his father. Sir George Lee and WILLIAM MURRAY, afterwards LORD MANSFIELD, were also among the speakers; and, after a time, Pitt, who said of the Newcastle and Fox coalition; "I remember at Lyons to have been

carried to see the conflux of the Rhone and Saone; this a gentle, feeble, languid stream, and though languid of no depth—the other a boisterous and impetuous torrent—but they meet at last; and long may they continue united to the comfort of each other, and to the glory, honour, and security of this nation." Fox replied feebly, but the address was nevertheless carried by 311 to 105. On the conclusion of the debate Fox asked Pitt whom he intended by the Rhone; but the other declined to answer such an unfair question. It is said that Fox was much pleased by the implied compliment, for he was a very vain man. On the following day he accepted the seals, having waited until the address was voted, before he temporarily vacated his seat in the House. A few days later, Henry Legge was succeeded as Chancellor of the Exchequer by Sir George, afterwards Lord Lyttelton, the historian, and Lord Barrington became Secretary at War. Grenville and Pitt were also dismissed, but Pitt's brother-in-law, Lord Temple, insisted upon his accepting an annuity of 1000*l.*

In the debate on the subsidiary treaties Lord Chesterfield, who vindicated the Russian while he opposed the Hessian compact, exerted himself so

much beyond his strength that he was obliged to be carried home, and never again spoke in public. In the House of Commons the subsidiary treaties were discussed with much warmth and party spirit. After some hours of "repetition, redundance, tautology, and digression," and when it was already eleven o'clock, Henry Legge rose and delivered a speech which elicited loud applause. Carried away, however, by the impulse of the moment, he had the bad taste to accuse the Hessians of cowardice at Bergenopzoom and at Laffelt—just as in our own time Lord Derby thought proper to sneer at the *braves Belges.* The Hessians were amply vindicated by Colonels Haldane and Griffin, and they have ever since acquitted themselves like valiant soldiers. Legge was answered by Murray, the Attorney General, who laboured to prove that the treaties were constitutional, expedient, and necessary; that it would cost more to send 16,000 English into Flanders than 70,000 Russians; and that it would be "cruel and ungrateful to the best of Kings, to strew thorns on his pillow at the eve of life, and make his latter days a scene of sorrow, which would certainly be the case if Hanover must be a sacrifice for the conduct of England." What followed has been thus described by an eye-witness:—

"You are now to suppose it one o'clock in the morning, everybody tired of the subject, the speakers themselves; then Mr. Pitt rose up, when again the whole assembly at once revived, and fixing their eyes on him, became so many statues of attention: such a torrent of eloquence I never heard before, nor had I capacity to imagine it; the various shapes of it were amazing, the severity of it was not to be borne, those it was pointed at seemed to shrink from it,—they could not sit easy on their seats: all that had been said faded away, like an artificial light before the sun; such sneers, raillery, and invective, even sentiments, reason, spirit and fire, in voice, looks, action, address; such figures, metaphors, allusions, choice and turn of expression; and such a glow of incensed integrity through it all, as made his antagonists believe he spoke from his heart. He began in complimenting the Attorney General on his great ability; praised the flower and the force of his eloquence, that they were very fine, and cost much pains in making up; and that he had laboured hard to prove that making treaties or war at the expense of England, for the safety of the Farm, or Electorate of Hanover, as it was called, was not treason, though it was expressly against the Act of Settlement; but it was no new

thing for that honourable gentleman to speak with great eloquence on either side of an act of Parliament. He then showed with great pathos indeed, that those who were advising this proceeding, and not those who opposed it, were the persons who were strewing thorns on the royal pillow, and would make it impossible for the King to sleep at St. James's for the cries and clamours of a bankrupt people, if these measures were pursued. Then turning his eyes on Fox, he wondered who the daring adventurer was that advised this matter; but daring as he was, he knew he would not dare to own it; with as much safety might he leap into the sea with a millstone about his neck; but he supposed the brat would be adopted by some giddy, ambitious person, who was to spring up a Minister for the greatness of the risque and the odium of the deed; but he had lived, he said, already to see a mushroom Minister (Earl of Granville, he meant) springing up in the morn, rot in the afternoon, and be cast on the dunghill at night, and he did not doubt but he would see this Ixion in the same state; that for his part he should look on him as an enemy to his country, and hunt him as such through all his doublings and windings, in whatever shape he should appear."

The Attorney General had quoted Sir Joseph Jekyll, the late Master of the Rolls, who said of Russia, that he saw a northern star rising, which, if properly managed, might preserve the liberties of Europe. Pitt took up the expression, and spoke in utter derision of a star "that will not shine with any light of its own—Great Britain must be the sun of all this solar system; could Russia without our assistance support her own troops? She will not prove the star of the wise men—they must go with presents. 'Tis a miserable star that you must get to shine—that you must rub up,—but the real wise man, *Quæ desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.*" The House applauded the dazzling exhibition of eloquence, and perhaps inwardly acknowledged the soundness of Pitt's arguments and patriotism, but their votes had been previously bespoken. The Russian subsidy was accordingly carried by 263 to 69 votes, and the Hessian by 259 to 72.

Walpole declares that these debates exalted the reputation of the House of Commons for eloquence far above all precedent.

"After so long a doze of genius there at once appeared near thirty men, of whom one was undoubtedly a real orator, a few were most masterly, many very able, not one was a despicable speaker.

Pitt, Fox, Murray, Hume, Campbell, Charles Townshend, Lord George Sackville, Henry Conway, Legge, Sir G. Lyttelton, Oswald, G. Grenville, Lord Egmont, Nugent, Doddington, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, Lord Strange, Beckford, Elliot, Lord Barrington, Sir George Lee, Martin, Dr. Hay, Northey, Potter, Ellis, Lord Hillsborough, Lord Duplin, and Sir Francis Dashwood; these men, perhaps, in their several degrees, comprehended all the various powers of eloquence, art, reasoning, satire, learning, persuasion, wit, business, spirit, and plain common sense. * * * Debates, where no personalities broke out, engaged too little attention. Yet, upon the whole, the style that prevailed was plain, manly argumentation."

In another place he says: —

"Every topic is treated in Parliament as if the liberty and fate of the country depended upon it; and even this solemnity, often vented on trifles, has its use. The certainty of discussion keeps administration in awe, and preserves awake the attention of the representatives of the people. Ministers are and should be suspected as public enemies; the injustice arising to them, or the prejudice to the country by such jealousy, can hardly ever be adequate to the mischief they may do in a moment, if

too much is left to their power, if too much trust is reposed in their integrity."

His remarks on the personal appearance and characteristics of the three principal orators of the day are not without interest for the present generation. "Pitt's figure was commanding; Murray's engaging from a decent openness; Fox's dark and troubled—yet the latter was the only agreeable man; Pitt could not unbend; Murray in private was inelegant; Fox was cheerful, social, communicative. In conversation none of them had wit; Murray never had; Fox had in his speeches, from clearness of head and asperity of argument; Pitt's wit was genuine, not tortured into the service like the quaintness of my Lord Chesterfield."

Notwithstanding the virulence of party spirit at that time, the House displayed the utmost alacrity in voting the supplies required for the public service. The total amount of the grants made during this session of Parliament was 7,229,117*l.* 4*s.* 6¾*d.*, divided into the following heads: —

NOVEMBER 24, 1755.

	£	*s.*	*d.*
For maintaining 50,000 seamen, including 9138 marines	2,600,000	0	0

December 8.	£	s.	d.
For assisting the distressed people of Portugal .	100,000	0	0
For defraying the charge of 34,263* effective men for guards and garrisons, and other His Majesty's land forces, for 1756, including 3,759 invalids	930,603	6	9
For maintaining His Majesty's forces and garrisons in the plantations, Minorca and Gibraltar, and for provisions for the garrisons in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Gibraltar, and Providence, for 1756	298,534	17	10½
For the charge of the office of ordnance for land service	152,435	5	.6
For the extraordinary expense of ditto, not provided for by Parliament . . .	146,721	15	2
	£1,628,295	5	3½

December 15.			
For a subsidy to the Empress of Russia . .	100,000	0	0
For ditto to the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel .	54,140	12	6
For ditto to the Elector of Bavaria . .	10,000	0	0
	£164,140	12	6

December 18.			
For the ordinary of the navy, including half-pay to the sea-officers	219,021	3	0
For building the hospital at Haslar, near Gosport	20,000	0	0
For Greenwich Hospital	10,000	0	0
For out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital, upon account	53,955	19	6
	£302,977	2	6

* Walpole declares that this was the largest force that could possibly be raised in England at that time: "In poor countries levies are made with more facility." This force, however, was augmented immediately afterwards.

JANUARY 22, 1756.

	£	s.	d.
For defraying the charge of ten new regiments of foot	91,919	10	0

FEBRUARY 3.

To New England, New York, and Jersey, in America, as a reward for their past services, upon account	115,000	0	0
To Sir William Johnson, as a reward for his services.	5,000	0	0
	£120,000	0	0

FEBRUARY 10.

For supporting the colony of Nova Scotia .	55,032	19	0
For ditto, in 1754, not provided for by Parliament	687	2	7
For defraying the charges of eleven troops of light dragoons	49,628	11	3
For extraordinary expenses of the land forces in 1755, not provided for by Parliament . .	75,835	7	3
For allowances to the several officers and private gentlemen of the two troops of horse-guards, and regiment of horse reduced, and to the superannuated gentlemen of the four troops of horse-guards	3,539	5	10
For the reduced officers of the land forces, and marines, upon account	38,000	0	0
For pensions to the widows of reduced officers .	2,484	0	0
For the colony of Georgia, to June 24, 1756 .	3,557	10	0
For the charge of the regiment of foot to be raised in North America	81,178	16	0
For the deficiency of the half subsidies of tonnage and poundage, charged with the payment of several annuities by the Acts of the 6th of Queen Anne and 6th of King George I., to January 5, 1756	71,181	2	3

	£	s.	d.
To John Roberts, late Governor of Cape-Coast Castle, in Africa, for his extraordinary charges in defending the British forts there against the hostilities of the Dutch, and encroachments of the French, in 1750	6,032	7	1
	£387,157	1	3¾

FEBRUARY 12.

For paying to some Spanish merchants the value of their effects seized on board a Spanish ship taken by the squadron under Admiral Knowles, upon their assigning to trustees for the public their right to these effects . . .	13,869	7	10
Towards buildings, rebuildings, and repairs of the navy	200 000	0	0
Towards paying off the debt of the navy .	300,000	0	0
	£513,869	7	10

MARCH 2.

For widening the streets from Charing Cross to Westminster Hall	10,000	0	0

APRIL 8.

For the deficiency of last year's grant . .	3,038	6	10½
For Captain Cornwall's monument . .	3,000	0	0
To the African Company . . .	10,000	0	0
	£16,038	6	10½

MAY 3.

For the charge of 6,544 foot, with the general officers and train of artillery, of the Hessian troops, from February 23, 1756, to December 24, following; together with the subsidy, pursuant to treaty	163,357	9	9

	£	s.	d.
For the charge of two regiments of foot ordered from Ireland to North America; and of four regiments of foot on the Irish establishment, serving in North America and the East Indies, for 1756	79,915	6	0
To the Foundling Hospital . . .	10,000	0	0
	£253,272	15	9

MAY 8.

For the charge of 8,605 foot, with the general officers, train of artillery, and hospital, of the Hanoverian troops, from May 11 to December 24, 1756	121,447	2	6

MAY 13.

For such measures as may be necessary for defeating the enemy's designs, and as the exigency of affairs may require, upon account . .	1,000,000	0	0

MAY 17.

For making good His Majesty's engagements with the King of Prussia	20,000	0	0

The ways and means were thus provided. It was resolved that a land-tax of four shillings in the pound should be raised for one year from the 25th March, 1756, and a bill to that effect was passed with a clause of credit for borrowing two millions upon this fund at 3 per cent.,=2,037,893*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.* The malt-tax was continued to the 24th June, 1757,

and a credit on that security opened for 750,000*l.* The sum of one million and a half was further ordered to be raised by annuities at 3½ per cent., and another half-million by a lottery attended with annuities, redeemable by Parliament after the rate of 3 per cent. A duty was subsequently levied upon silver plate, at the rate of five shillings yearly upon every one hundred ounces troy weight up to 4000 ounces, beyond which the duty ceased. An additional duty was also laid upon playing cards and dice; and the payment of a license was required for permission to sell exciseable liquors by retail—the cost of such license, however, being only twenty shillings. It was further resolved that the balance of 33,412*l.* 2*s.* 5½*d.* remaining in the Exchequer should be applied to making good the supply granted this session; as also the sum of 255,955*l.* 11*s.* 11½*d.* remaining, in the receipt of the Exchequer, of the income of the sinking fund, for the quarter ended the 5th of April, 1756: and that to the same purpose there be applied the sum of 1,300,000*l.* arising from the revenues composing the sinking fund. A further credit of one million by loans or Exchequer bills was granted, to be charged on the first aids of the next session. It was estimated that these various sources would produce the sum of 7,427,261*l.* 5*s.* 7*d.*

CHAP. V.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1755, Charles Townshend introduced a Militia Bill, which was carried through the House of Commons by Pitt's eloquence, though rejected by the Lords by a large majority. That great orator expressed a hope that the standing army would never be less than 18,000 men, based upon a militia at least 50,000 strong. The latter he proposed to pay regularly sixpence a-day, and to clothe them in a simple, unostentatious uniform. He also recommended that they should be exercised twice a week, one occasion being Sunday afternoon, and that they should be reviewed four times in the year. Under ordinary circumstances they should be subject only to the civil law, but that when they happened to be called out, martial law should be enforced. The total expense of such a force—the officers receiving no pay—was computed at less than 200,000*l.* There were, however, many objections to the scheme, some through personal

prejudice, others through tradition. Dryden's lines were then still familiar; and as plebeians now spout "My name is Norval," or "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," so did their ancestors—if plebeians ever have any—declaim from "Cymon and Iphigenia:"—

> "The country rings around with loud alarms,
> And, raw in fields, the rude militia swarms;
> Mouths without hands, maintain'd at vast expense,
> In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:
> Stout once a month they march, a blust'ring band;
> And ever, but in times of need, at hand.
> This was the morn, when, issuing on the guard,
> Drawn up in rank and file, they stood prepar'd
> Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
> Then hasten to be drunk—the bus'ness of the day."

But not only plebeians were opposed to the embodiment of a militia force; the prejudice obtained in higher and more enlightened circles. Sir George Lyttelton compared it to the longitude, "necessary, but hitherto sought in vain;" while Walpole spoke of it as "that distant and forlorn succedaneum." The question had been ventilated in many pamphlets advocating either side. One of the most sensible was republished in the "Universal Magazine." After alluding to our insular position, which renders a large standing army superfluous, the writer acknowledges that in the event of a war with any continental

power the militia would be "no unhappy appendage to those advantages which nature has so liberally bestowed upon this island." * * * "However the notion may be exploded concerning France aspiring at universal monarchy, it is not, I think, denied that the genius of that people ever leads them to military exploits; this does not promise any good to themselves, or to mankind in general, but so it is; they are bred to arms and delight in them; they are active, enterprising, and never long at rest. How often have they lost 50,000 or 100,000 men in pursuit of a point which, if attained, could be of no consequence to the happiness of the people of France! Besides, their desire of conquest, for the glory of their monarch, or, in other words, for their own vanity, however fantastic in principle it may be, is generally as strong in their minds as the zealous care of securing our liberty is, or ought to be, amongst us. * * The genius of the British nation is military; yet it seems as if ease and plenty had rendered us in some respects averse to arms, and that we have more occasion for a spur than a bridle. But it is confessed that we make a brave figure in fighting abroad for our friends; and surely we should at least learn how to fight for ourselves, when much more may be at stake. Many of the officers of our army are not

only persons of the first quality, but men of the greatest bravery and sense of honour. Our common soldiers also, loose and immoral as they are, possess a certain innate humanity inseparable from that courage by which they have always distinguished themselves."

During the winter several noblemen volunteered to raise some troops of light horse, but the Duke of Cumberland suggested that it would be preferable to use their influence for obtaining recruits for the line. Lord Gower succeeded in enlisting 400 men in Staffordshire, while Lords Ilchester and Digby were equally successful in Somersetshire. In the latter county the sons of wealthy yeomen and other respectable persons offered their services on the condition that they should not be sent out of the kingdom. However, when reinforcements were afterwards required for the Mediterranean, they were despatched to Gibraltar. This violation of the agreement raised a violent outcry in the west of England, but the exigencies of the case were held to justify the Government.

Before the Christmas holidays had expired great changes had been made in the Ministry. Among others, Charles Townshend was dismissed, and the Duke of Marlborough was prevailed upon to cede

the privy seal to Lord Gower, a very young and inexperienced man, but brother to the Duke of Bedford. His Grace, however, was not disposed to be shelved for nothing; and accordingly the brave old General Ligonier was summarily deprived of the command of the Ordnance, a post which he had filled with as much advantage to the country as honour to himself. Of the Duke of Marlborough it was said by a contemporary writer that he "had virtues and sense enough to deserve esteem, but always lost it by forfeiting respect. He was honest and generous; capable of giving the most judicious advice and of following the worst." These ministerial arrangements, which only endured a few months, saddled the country with pensions to the amount of 8000*l.* per annum, for many years.

As it was now clearly impossible to fend off much longer the declaration of war, both parties issued memoirs in justification of their conduct; for when nations are prepared to perpetrate any enormity, they are ever the most anxious to conciliate public opinion in Europe, and to prejudge the verdict of posterity. On the 21st of December, M. Rouillé, the French Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, addressed a memorial to Mr. Fox, as Secretary of State, in which His Most Christian Majesty denied

that the differences in America had in any way originated with his own Government. He himself was earnestly desirous to maintain peace between the two countries, and with that hope had exhibited singular good faith and forbearance in the conduct of negotiations. The British Government, on the other hand, had sent out Braddock with a land force to act against the forts and settlements belonging to the French Crown, in America. A powerful fleet had also been despatched to the same quarter, and two French ships of war captured during time of peace. His Christian Majesty had hoped that His Britannic Majesty would at once have disavowed these *pirateries;* but instead of condemning the *brigandages* committed by his navy, he had demanded from his subjects extraordinary supplies to defray the charges of a war with France. The French monarch, therefore, now insisted upon an immediate restitution of all ships and prisoners of war, in which case he would not refuse to submit to negotiation the other points of which he had reason to complain; but any hesitation to listen to these just demands he should consider as equivalent to a declaration of hostilities.

Mr. Fox's reply was dated the 13th of January, for M. Rouillé's memorial had travelled to London

by the circuitous route of the Hague. The English Minister stated that his royal master desired nothing so much as an honourable peace, but could not consent to make restitution as a preliminary to negotiation. The French had been the aggressors, and had thus compelled His Britannic Majesty to employ energetic measures for the defence of his hereditary possessions. Mr. Fox also addressed a circular letter to the different Courts of Europe, protesting against the strong language used by M. Rouillé, and showing that neither land nor sea forces had been despatched from England to America, until France had set the example.

The French Government then hastened on the repairs and fortifications of Dunkirk, seized all the English ships lying in French ports, and ordered all British subjects to leave the kingdom within a certain period. Their warlike preparations were also pushed forward with great rapidity, especially at Toulon. So early as the middle of January, the English Consul at Geneva wrote home to his Government, and advised them that Minorca was the point threatened. The Duke of Newcastle, however, persisted in believing that the Toulon expedition was only a feint, intended to divert attention from the contemplated descent on the British

coast. It is strange that the apprehension of an invasion should have been so great as to amount almost to a panic, considering the vast number of ships of war that had been fitted out, at least on paper. Even the sturdy old King took the alarm, and gave orders that his horses should be trained to stand fire and the roll of the drum. The people became clamorous for foreign aid, though the more patriotic would have been content with a militia. Application was therefore made to the States General for the 6000 troops which the Dutch were bound by treaty to furnish when required for the defence of the Protestant succession. Those cautious burghers, however, excused themselves on the plea that they feared to leave the Low Countries unprotected. The Ministry proved more successful in their overtures to Prussia.

FREDERICK THE GREAT had grievously offended Louis XV. by the contemptuous manner in which he usually spoke of Madame de Pompadour, and even of the French monarch himself, whom he compared to Sardanapalus. His favourite lap-dog was named after the royal mistress; and in allusion to her predecessor, Madame de Chateauroux, he designated the present régime as "the reign of Petticoat the Second." The Prussian ambassador

was also forbidden to visit the frail beauty, to whom, on the other hand, the austere Marie de Therese paid the most marked attentions, even addressing her in familiar epistles as "my cousin." The Empress likewise succeeded in gaining over, by her cajoleries, Madame de Pompadour's confessor, the Abbé de Bernis, and thus greatly contributed to the success of Prince Kaunitz's intrigues. That wily statesman not only brought about a close alliance with the Court of Versailles, but also alienated Russia from England, notwithstanding the subsidiary treaty about which so much had been said in Parliament. The Czarina had been personally piqued by some slights offered by the Prussian monarch to her Chancellor and Prime Minister, Prince Bestucheff, and, woman-like, was ready to involve her people in all the miseries of war, in order to gratify her private resentment. The King of Poland had already refused to renew his treaty with Great Britain, except on higher terms than that Government thought proper to accept. Being also Elector of Saxony, he resided principally at Dresden, in the midst of old china, buffoons, and tame bears, abandoning the conduct of public affairs to Count Brühl, a creature of Prince Kaunitz. The Court of Versailles then corrupted the good

faith of the King of Sweden, Frederick's own brother-in-law, by promising him a slice of Pomerania; Denmark, Holland, Spain, and Portugal, signified their intention to preserve a strict neutrality, but still ninety millions of men were leagued against five. In this critical emergency, the King of Prussia, who had long been acquainted with these different intrigues, through the treachery of Menzel, a clerk in the Austrian Foreign Office, made overtures to George II., engaging to prevent the entrance of any foreign troops into the German empire. The King of England gladly accepted the proffered alliance, and a treaty to that effect was signed on the 17th of January.

In France, singularly enough, the idea of a war with England continued to be very unpopular. The memory of past defeats intimidated more than it exasperated the people. Besides, during the late peace they had derived substantial benefits from British capital and enterprise, and the mercantile community anxiously anticipated the destruction of their commerce. While in England private merchants and individual adventurers eagerly set about equipping and fitting out privateers of all degrees of tonnage, the French Government found itself compelled to offer great encouragements to induce their

subjects to embark in such a perilous adventure. In truth, the war was principally promoted by D'Argenson for his own purposes, and consequently opposed by Madame de Pompadour, whose interest it was to amuse the King and cajole the people. This became the more necessary when Cardinal Rochefoucauld succeeded in terrifying Louis almost to repentance, by threatening him with a second edition of the Lisbon earthquake, and induced him to take the Sacrament at Easter, and even to forsake his mistress. Madame de Pompadour, however, was not so easily to be thrown aside. She perfectly understood the King's character, and maintained her influence over his mind by affecting to share his scruples. In the words of Horace Walpole, she "offered up her rouge to the demon of earthquakes, and to sanctify her conversion and reconcile it to a court life, procured herself to be called *Dame du Palais* to the Queen."

The English Parliament met, after the Christmas recess, on the 13th of January, when a petition was presented to the House, "signed by divers merchants, tradesmen, citizens, and inhabitants of London and Southwark, praying leave to bring in a bill for improving and widening the passage on London Bridge, by removing the houses and other

obstructions thereon; and also for raising money to enable the trustees to make such improvements as are necessary to render the passage over the said bridge safe and commodious." The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the city of London, also presented a petition praying for leave to throw a new bridge over the Thames, at or near Fleet Ditch. Both petitions were referred to a committee.

On the 25th of February, the Chancellor of the Exchequer delivered the usual speech on the budget. To meet the increased expenditure, Sir George proposed a duty on wrought plate of five shillings per hundred ounces; every one being expected to make a just return to the excise, of the quantity in his possession. He also recommended that the duty on playing cards and dice should be doubled, which, he estimated, would produce 17,000*l.* a-year, instead of 10,000*l.* at the old rate. Legge objected to the former duty, that plate being "not a prejudicial matter, but a dead treasure to be resorted to on an emergency; if sold, it would go abroad; if coined here, did not increase national stock." A few days afterwards he insisted still more urgently that plate was not so much a luxury as a national hoarding; that the tax, as proposed, would cease where luxury began, for the wealthiest members of

the community were not called upon to pay upon more than 2000 oz. (afterwards raised to 4000 oz.), and that there was a danger of its all going abroad, unless the relation of gold to silver were better regulated. Of all dead stock, plate is the most valuable, because the least liable to deterioration, and the most easily realised. Both Louis XIV. and our own Charles II. had turned to great account this their last resource. It was absurd to produce their last stake at the commencement of the war, and, while increasing paper wealth, to diminish actual treasure. If gathered loosely, the tax would yield next to nothing; if strictly, three times the amount estimated or required; but, in any case, it was undignified and inquisitorial. Sir Francis Dashwood supported the tax as being easily levied through the excise; our trade could not bear an augmentation of customs; and the only way of carrying on the war would be by a despotic mortgage of the whole sinking fund. George Grenville, on the other hand, maintained that the receipts would be very small, as they depended upon each individual's honour; but honour somehow seldom taxed itself fairly. Ministers carried their point by 245 votes to 142, but the tax produced only 18,000*l.*, instead of the estimated 30,000*l.* Legge was

equally strenuous, and more successful in opposing an attempt to levy a duty upon bricks, on the ground that the mansions of the wealthy were chiefly built of stone. He then went on to say that many duties would yield a larger revenue if they were lowered; and noticed the case of raw silk, the revenue from which, on the reduction of the duty, rose from 800*l.* to 15,000*l.* per annum. The revenue from teas, in like manner, had doubled in amount through the same cause, while smuggling had almost entirely disappeared.

One great and constant source of ministerial anxiety had been temporarily removed, by the suavity and prudence of Mr. Conway, the Secretary for Ireland. That country was for once in a state of profound tranquillity. At least, the patriots, having been silenced by pensions and peerages, had for a time "dismissed the woes of their country, for which they had no longer occasion."

Towards the end of March, both Houses of Parliament received a message from GEORGE REX to the effect that a design had been formed by the French Court to make a descent upon Great Britain or Ireland, and that consequently he had augmented his forces by sea and land in order to defeat such a desperate enterprise, and also to maintain the rights

and possessions of his crown and subjects in North America. And to complete these defensive measures he had applied for a body of Hessian troops to be immediately brought over for the protection of this kingdom. Trusting in the aid of Heaven, His Majesty, like a sensible man, omitted no human means to provide for his defence. It is painful and humiliating to write that the Peers and Commons of England, assembled in Parliament, tendered their humble and hearty thanks to His Majesty for hiring 8000 German mercenaries to protect 8,000,000 of bold, free, and independent Britons. Their total force consisted of 8000 foot, 900 horse, and a train of 114 pieces of artillery. They are thus described in the newspapers of the day: —

"They are divided into 8 regiments, 10 companies in a regiment, 80 in a company; each regiment having 90 engineers, 87 horses, and 18 field-pieces. The principal officers are Lt.-Gen. Count Isenburgh, Knight of the Teutonic Order, who is the first in command; Lt.-Gen. Baron Diche, Knight of the same order, who commands the artillery; and Baron Fustenberg and Prince Isenburgh, brother to the Count, Major-Generals. The troops make a fine appearance, being generally straight, tall, and slender; their uniform is blue turned up with red, and laced with

white in imitation of silver; and their hair, platted behind, hangs below their waist. The officers, who are well made, are richly dressed in blue laced with gold, with that on their hats remarkably broad. They are quartered in all the neighbouring towns, where they observe the most exact discipline."

It is related of General Isenburgh, that, never having before witnessed the ebbing and flowing of the tides, he was rather alarmed at finding his ship gradually leaning over to one side; and that, having hastily summoned his Master of the Horse, he rated him soundly for upsetting the vessel in landing his animals. Another Hessian officer sent a challenge to a Hampshire Justice of the Peace for having committed one of his men. But in general their conduct was most exemplary, and contrasted favourably with that of the British soldiery. A proclamation was now issued requiring all officers, civil and military, on the first intimation of a hostile invasion, to drive, or remove, twenty miles into the interior, all horses, cattle, live stock, and provisions. On the 1st of April, Fox—according to Smollet—or Lord George Sackville—according to Walpole—moved that His Majesty be petitioned to send for a body of Hanoverian troops likewise. Instead of indignantly rejecting this motion, and even impeach-

ing the mover, the House disgraced itself by voting in its favour—259 to 92—though not without vehement opposition from Pitt. Doddington—of whom Walpole spoke as "that so often repatrioted and reprostituted prostitute,"—even he sneeringly remarked that "His Majesty would not for the world lend himself a farthing." And it is worthy of notice, that when Hanoverian troops were brought over to this country their pay and expenses were entirely defrayed by the British Government; but when British soldiers soon afterwards were sent to Hanover, there was no attempt made to meet their charges from the revenues of the Electorate. The Hanoverians, nearly 10,000 in number, arrived a few days after the Hessians, and were instantly marched to Maidstone and Canterbury. At the former place, some little disturbance having taken place, a complaint was made to the commanding officer, who exclaimed: "Point me out the man and prove him the aggressor, and you shall see him hanged immediately." As might be expected, no one came forward to demand such a terrible punishment. A more serious affair, however, happened at a later date. A soldier having inadvertently carried home a piece of six handkerchiefs when he had paid for only four, was very hastily and harshly thrown

into prison. His commander, Count Kilmansegge, thereupon applied to the Secretary of State for his release, which was granted without hesitation, and probably without inquiry. A great outcry thence arose. It was said that these foreign mercenaries had been brought over to deprive the people of their liberty, and to plunder them of their property. This vulgar and senseless clamour so terrified the imbecile Premier, that he sent down orders to inflict 300 lashes on the poor fellow, without even the form of a trial. At a later period of the year, the Hessians were obliged to construct huts, large enough to hold 60 men each, with a fire in the centre, because the innkeepers refused to give them quarters, when it was discovered that the magistrates had no power to compel them to do so. Pleasant reminiscences, in truth, must these brave foreigners have carried back to their own country, of English gratitude and hospitality.

In the early part of May even Ministers became sensible that hostilities were inevitable, and accordingly demanded an extraordinary credit of 1,000,000*l*. This laid them open to a furious torrent of invective from Pitt. He accused them of provoking a war before they were prepared for defence, and of being negligent after giving provocation. England, he

said, was inferior to France at every point. The last vote of credit had been misapplied for the purpose of securing the safety of the Electorate, and a treaty had been purchased with Prussia by sacrificing British rights and interests. On this occasion, it must be acknowledged, Pitt distinguished himself rather as an orator than a patriot. He would have exhibited more true love of his country had he forgotten his partisanship for a time, and lent his great abilities to the common cause. And it was untrue that the interests of Great Britain were sacrificed by the alliance with Prussia. Some concessions were indeed made with regard to the Silesian Loan; but had that loan been entirely surrendered, the reconciliation with Frederick the Great would not have been too dearly purchased.

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CHAP. VI.

On the 22nd of May War was officially and formally proclaimed. The French had already made a descent upon the island of Minorca, and thus no excuse for procrastination was left to the Ministry. The "Monitor," a weekly paper of the time, after alluding to the concourse of people gathered together to hear the reading of the proclamation, makes some sensible remarks as to the future peace, which, *mutato nomine,* would have applied equally well to the recent negotiations.

"A peace worded in a dark and ambiguous manner can never guard us against cavils and disputes. It would expose us to the artifices of those who are not in a capacity to decide the right in the field. It is by these kinds of peace that Great Britain has so often been compelled to return to arms. Had there been no claims left undetermined at Aix-la-Chapelle; had the peacemakers on the part of Britain insisted upon the evacuation of Crown Point, and the other

French encroachments on the Ohio, in America, and Nova Scotia, there would have been no room left for this after game. The circumstances of our enemies when they made overtures of peace were so contracted, their finances exhausted, their manufactures locked up, and their navigation destroyed, that it would be difficult to know whether to attribute it to corruption or to an absolute ignorance of our own rights and property, that any point was left undecided, or any point unevacuated. * * * Now is the time to rectify the mistakes of former Ministers, and to restore the honour and welfare of Britain. The sword is drawn; and as our Sovereign informs us, it is drawn to defend our property and to punish the usurpations, encroachments, and perfidy of France. And I hope it will never be sheathed till this nation shall obtain full satisfaction, and disable that kingdom from giving her any future reason to lie upon her arms in time of peace."

In spite of the explicit information they received as to the real object of the armaments at Toulon, the Ministry had persisted to the very last in the belief that it was intended for America, while, from the northern ports of France, an army of invasion was to be thrown upon the British coast. They therefore contented themselves with sending out Commodore

Edgcumbe, with a small squadron consisting of three ships and two frigates, to watch the enemy's movements. So little anxious, indeed, were they on the subject of Minorca, that the Governor of that island, Lord Tyrawley, was allowed to remain enjoying himself at home, though General Blakeney, the Deputy-Governor, was disabled by age and infirmity from making active exertion of any kind. However, in the early part of April, the French admiral, M. De la Galissonière, put out to sea with twelve ships of the line and a number of transports, conveying 16,000 troops, besides artillery; the command of the expedition being entrusted to the Duke de Richelieu, hitherto chiefly renowned for his triumphs over female virtue. It was said of him by Horace Walpole that he "would be the hero of the age, if histories were novels or women wrote history. * * * This genteel but wrinkled Adonis sailed to besiege a rock, and to attack a rough veteran who was supposed to think that he had little business left but to do his duty and die. His name was Blakeney; he had passed through all the steps of his profession, and had only attained the sweets of it by living to be past the enjoyment of them." The turning point in the old general's career had been the successful defence of Stirling Castle against the Scotch rebels,

after the battle of Falkirk. But he was now confined to his bed, and utterly unable to attend to the onerous duties that devolved upon him. The chief engineer was also laid up with gout; but the defence was ably and gallantly conducted by Major Cunningham, an illustration of the excellence of our military system a hundred years ago. He had formerly been second engineer, and on his senior's departure for England, had been appointed by Blakeney to the vacancy, pending the pleasure of the War Office. Instead of this appointment, however, being confirmed, a decrepit old gentleman was sent out who was busily engaged throughout the siege in nursing a gouty toe. Cunningham therefore obtained Blakeney's permission to resign, and proceeded to Nice with his wife and infant children. Soon after his arrival at that town Mrs. Cunningham was confined of her third child. During his detention at Nice he became apprised of the designs of the French. His first thought was for his ancient comrades. Calling to mind that the platforms of the batteries in Fort St. Philip were in a ruinous condition, he laid out his whole fortune, about 1600*l.* in purchasing timber, which he put on board a ship chartered for that purpose, and returned to Port Mahon. General Blakeney welcomed him with open arms, and so highly

appreciated his services that he afterwards expressly stipulated for his freedom as one of the conditions of his surrender. It does not appear, however, that he obtained any special mark of favour from his Sovereign for his generous devotion — both Court and popular favour being monopolised for a time by the bedridden Blakeney.

There being no English fleet in the Mediterranean powerful enough to cope with the French, the latter easily effected a landing at Ciutadella, and the town of Mahon fell into their hands without opposition, as the English commander had prudently concentrated his small force in the castle of St. Philip, which commanded the harbour of Port Mahon. Commodore Edgcumbe escaped into the open sea with his squadron before the enemy could blockade the port, and sailed westward to join Admiral Byng. This unfortunate officer, after weighing anchor off Portsmouth on the 5th of April, had proceeded with inexplicable dilatoriness to Gibraltar. There he found Commodore Edgcumbe impatiently awaiting his arrival, and from him received the first tidings of the disembarkation of the French. Previous to leaving England he had been instructed to take on board a battalion at Gibraltar to reinforce Port Mahon. But the orders to the Governor, General

Fowke, were so contradictory, and seemed to leave so much to his discretion, that he declined to supply the troops. In fact, the garrison was too weak to do the regular duty of the fortress with efficiency, and several companies had already been given to the Commodore to supply the place of the marines he had lent to Blakeney. Only remaining, therefore, long enough to take in water, Byng pushed on to Minorca, and on the 20th of May engaged the French fleet. The numerical difference was insignificant, but the enemy's ships were greatly superior in condition. They had also 982 guns to our 932, and of one-third heavier metal, besides 9600 men to our 6885. The first fault was committed by Admiral West, who bore down upon the enemy with such impetuosity that the English line of battle was thrown into confusion. Upon this Admiral Byng, who prided himself on his skill in handling a fleet, signalled to his captains to preserve the line. He himself, however, continued to advance, for—to use the words of a contemporary—he was "a coward of his glory, not of his life." But, unfortunately, the *Intrepid*, being much damaged and partially unmanageable, drifted across his ship and caused some delay. This gave La Galissonière time and opportunity to bear off, and night coming on a drawn

battle was the only apparent result of some hours' cannonading. Next day the French being out of sight, a council of war was held, at which it was unanimously agreed that without reinforcements it would be impossible to raise the siege of St. Philip, and that the wisest course to pursue was to return and cover Gibraltar while the fleet was being refitted.

The first intimation of this ambiguous fight reached England through a letter from the Spanish Minister in France to the representative of the same nation at the Court of St. James's. Huge dismay and a sense of humiliation seized upon all classes of the community. Additional particulars soon arrived, and fully confirmed the most unfavourable rumours. The Ministry, regardless of every consideration but tenure of office, burked the Admiral's despatches, and omitted some important words and sentences so as to pervert the meaning of the rest and throw discredit on his personal bravery. The *Antelope* was accordingly sent out in all haste "with a little cargo of courage," consisting of Admirals Hawke and Saunders, and Lords Tyrawley and Panmure, with orders to supersede both Byng and Fowke, and send them home under arrest. They found the two commanders wholly unconscious of the impending storm, and busily engaged in strengthening the fortifications of

Gibraltar, and preparing the fleet for a second encounter with the enemy.

In the meantime Richelieu lost no time in pushing forward the siege; but, having lost many men in the earlier operations and likewise from sickness, he was constrained to demand reinforcements to the extent of 4000 men. He then battered the place with a formidable train of artillery, but with very little loss to the besieged, who sought protection in the subterraneous galleries. On the 27th of June a grand assault was given under the immediate command of the Duke, and after a desperate conflict in which they lost 1200 men, killed or wounded, the French effected a lodgment in the Queen's Redoubt. Colonel Jeffreys, the second in command, but virtually the first, and Major Cunningham, after being bayoneted in the arm, were both made prisoners. Despairing of the success of any further resistance, Blakeney summoned a council of war during a truce granted to the enemy for the purpose of burying his dead, and it was resolved to capitulate if honourable terms could be obtained. These were readily granted. The garrison marched out with all the honours of war, and were conveyed to Gibraltar. The French loss exceeded 3000 men, while that of the besieged was less than 100. Blakeney's entire force consisted of

only 2500 fighting men and 500 labourers, who were, however, quite as useful. Great was the rejoicing in France over this triumph. The Duke of Richelieu was extolled to the skies as a hero. The King wrote with his own hand to the Archbishop of Paris, commanding a *Te Deum* to be celebrated; and the ladies testified their gratitude to Heaven and their admiration of the conqueror by wearing little towers for *pompons*, which they called *Des Mahonnoises.*

Very different was the feeling in England. The outburst of indignation against Admiral Byng was as terrific in its intensity as it was long of duration. His effigy was everywhere burnt with all the outward signs of hatred and contempt. Petitions poured in upon His Majesty and the Premier from numerous counties and influential cities, praying for signal punishment on the author of the national disgrace. To a deputation from the City of London the Duke of Newcastle had the indecency to reply, "Oh, indeed, he shall be tried immediately; he shall be hanged directly." And in answer to a similar deputation from the Corporation, His Majesty was pleased to promise something more than strict justice. This gave rise to a squib which shows the effect produced by this appeal to royalty. "The insurance upon the life of a certain Sea Monster is said to be greatly risen

since the City of London's resolution to address His Majesty. Before, it might have been done about six per cent. (accidents of common mortality excepted) for the ensuing year ending the 20th May next." There were also many caricatures set afloat ridiculing Lord Anson, Fox, and the Duke of Newcastle, as well as Byng; but this was at a somewhat later period, when the real merits of the case began to dawn upon the public mind. Lord Anson, who is usually represented as a goose (*anser*) by a bad pun upon the letters of his name, was the individual most to blame for so small and ill-provided a fleet having been sent out; and it was surmised that this might have been owing to jealousy of Byng's previous reputation. The unfortunate Admiral himself was usually portrayed as a fop of the first water, and a fancier of rare old china. In one caricature, especially, he is exhibited as "at home" and "abroad." In the former he is styled "The Beau Admiral," and is dressed in the very extreme of fashion, with a muff on his left arm. In the latter he is depicted in chains, with a halter round his neck, and beneath the legend "A Lost Sheep." At the foot of another caricature is inscribed the following doggrel:—

"'Tis Britannia's doom;—here's a halter for Byng;
As he fought like a sheep, like a dog let him swing!"

In a third, entitled "Byng Triumphant," he is conducted in a mock ovation through Temple Bar, as if suggestive of the propriety of exposing his head above that gloomy monument.

In many of the squibs of the day La Galissonière was handled almost as roughly as Byng himself. One will suffice for all.

"We have lately been told
Of two Admirals bold,
Who engaged in a terrible fight:
They met after noon,
Which I think was too soon,
As they both ran away before night!"

Even the grave "Monitor" condescended to a bitter smile, and concluded a serious paper with a "hue and cry."

"O YES! O YES! O YES!

"WHEREAS two ADMIRABLES, with a strong squadron of men-of-war belonging to a certain European potentate, have lately disappeared, and to the great surprise of all the good people of this nation have not yet been heard of:

"Whoever can give any satisfactory intelligence concerning them, and will apply to the sign of the ANCHOR AND HOPE, near Charing Cross, shall be rewarded with the brains of a Sea Lion (Lord Anson) a jowl of Newcastle salmon, and a Fox's brush."

And on the return of the *Antelope* with Admirals Byng and West, the savage pleasantry was renewed in a second advertisement.

"ANCHOR AND HOPE, near Charing Cross.

"Yesterday an Antelope arrived here, and demanded the rewards some time since offered in the *Monitor*, to any one who could give any satisfactory intelligence concerning the two ADMIRABLES; but he found the Sea Lyon's brains so tainted, the jowl of the Newcastle salmon so corrupted, and the Fox's brush so offensively ——, that he refused to carry them away, unless the landlord would suffer 'em to be hung up to sweeten in the open air."

It has been very truly observed that the English people pay well and hang well. In other words, there is an honest heartiness about them, which impels to severity as well as to gratitude. However, so soon as the clouds of prejudice blow aside, they are ever ready to administer strict justice to all parties. In the present case, though they were too slow in opening their eyes with regard to Byng, they lost no time in condoning West's glorious error of engaging the enemy with too much impetuosity. Indeed, he was converted into a hero, and held up as a contrast to his chief. And when he proceeded to Court to pay his respects to the King, George II. said to him, with greater emphasis than discretion — seeing that Byng had not yet been heard in his defence—"I am glad to hear you have done your duty so well: I wish every body else had."

The most unfair imputations of cowardice were

charged upon Byng by the Ministry, in order to avert from themselves the odium of his miscarriage, and miserable rhymesters made the idea familiar to the populace by such jingling doggrels as these:—

"Braddock was sent to win a fort,
And Byng to save a second:
But both, we see (of fame cut short),
Without their host have reckon'd:
Had both been blended into one,
They ne'er had known miscarriage;
Braddock from Byng had caution known,
And Byng from Braddock, courage."

The popular thirst for vengeance, rather than for punishment, continued without any abatement throughout the whole summer. On the 26th of August, "about five in the afternoon, a noted admiral was, after having been privately shewn to many ladies and gentlemen, brought in an open sedan, guarded by a number of young gentlemen under arms, with drums beating, colors flying, to Tower Hill, where a gallows was erected for him at six the same evening. He was richly dressed in a blue and gold coat, buff waistcoat, trimmed, &c. &c., in full uniform. When brought under the gallows he staid a small space till his clergyman (a chimney sweep) had given him some admonitions; when done, he was drawn by pullies to the top of the gallows,

which was twenty feet high; every person expressing as much satisfaction as if it had been the real person. He remained guarded by the volunteers without any molestation two hours; when, upon a supposition of being obstructed by the Governor of the Tower, some sailors appear'd who wanted to pull him down to drag him along the streets, but a fire being kindled, which consisted of tar barrels, faggots, tables, tubs, &c. &c., he was consumed in about half an hour."

No doubt all this was very brutal and absurd on the part of our forefathers, though possibly not much worse than the burning of Guy Fawkes, or the effigy of the late Czar, in our own times. However, it was not against his effigy alone that they raged: some one was sanguinary enough to post up in a place of great resort, a placard with the words "Shoot Byng, or take care of your King." And at the Barnet Races the mob proposed to pull down a house belonging to the prisoner in that neighbourhood, but were dissuaded from so doing by a person in the crowd who assured them it was forfeited to the Crown, and would be bestowed on General Blakeney.

"The brave Blakeney" was indeed a fortunate man.

Never was a vanquished commander more fêted or caressed. By versifiers he was compared to Marlborough, and by the periodical press his valour was favourably contrasted with the supposed rank cowardice of Byng. The "godlike Blakeney," "that heroic general," — as he was sometimes styled — appears to have been something of a *fanfaron*. At the commencement of the siege he wrote to his heir: "When you are assured that this place is taken by the French, I desire you to take immediate possession of my estate." Nevertheless he survived that disaster, and came home in very good health and spirits. On his arrival at Portsmouth he was received with loud acclamations, the bells rang out their merriest peals, the church steeples and most private houses were brilliantly illuminated, bonfires were lighted, and a quantity of strong beer was distributed to the populace in front of the General's house. In the evening the veteran honoured the Assembly with his presence and danced two minuets with a young lady, who, no doubt, became an object of envy and hatred to the rest of the company. When fatigued with the unwonted exertion, he sat down to cards. A few days afterwards he was made Knight of the Bath, and went to St. James's in a hackney coach with a soldier standing up behind.

He was then created an Irish Baron, and speedily forgotten.

But to return to Admiral Byng. Immediately after his arrival in this country he was removed to Greenwich, which gave rise to the obvious sarcasm that he was sent there because unfit for further service. His younger brother having posted down to Portsmouth to cheer and encourage him with the presence of a friend, and being naturally of a delicate constitution, was so shocked by the execrations he everywhere heard uttered against the unhappy admiral, that he was seized with convulsions and died the next day. At first Byng betrayed much petulance and bad judgment. Horace Walpole, who was subsequently impressed with a conviction of his innocence, speaks of him at this time as "a poor simpleton, who behaves arrogantly and ridiculously in the most calamitous of all situations. He quarrels with the Admiralty and Ministry every day, though he is trying all he can to defer the trial." In fact, Byng had no idea of the critical position in which he stood, and for some time appeared incapable of comprehending his danger. But when he fully understood the purport of the outcry that was raised against him, and felt that the Ministry intended to use him as their scape-goat, his conduct became that

of a brave, simple-minded sailor, conscious of his own courage and of having acted to the best of his judgment. A pamphlet he shortly afterwards caused to be published went far to create a revulsion in his favour, and any other sovereign but George II. would have refused to sign a capital sentence against him, especially under the circumstances that will hereafter be mentioned.

CHAP. VII.

NOTWITHSTANDING the mismanagement of the home authorities and the incapacity of the chiefs, the old British spirit, when left to itself, would every now and then blaze forth with its usual fire. Captain Cockburn in the *Hunter*, cutter, with a crew of forty men, and mounting only a few swivels, had been cruising for several days close in to Brest. One night he put off in a small boat with five men, and with muffled oars pulled into the harbour, rowed round and took an account of every ship lying there, and, cutting the cable of a French snow laden with wine, carried her off in triumph. The wine was afterwards distributed to the fleet, and the vessel sunk. A still more gallant affair came off in the roads of Leghorn. Captain Fortunatus Wright, in the *King George*, privateer, of Liverpool, with eighty men and twelve guns, engaged a xebecque, which had double that force of men, and "mounted sixteen guns, besides swivels, and a great number of small

arms. After a very obstinate contest, in which the xebecque received much damage, and lost her captain, lieutenant, the lieutenant of marines, and eighty-eight men, seventy more being wounded, she bore away and left Captain Wright the honour of having preserved four vessels, some richly laden, which had put themselves under his protection for convoy, after having in vain waited for a ship of war. This xebecque had been fitted out with a particular view to take Captain Wright, who, having done the French much damage during the last war, had been marked out by the French king, who promised the honour of knighthood, a pension of 3000 livres per annum for life, and the command of a ship of war, to whoever should bring him into France alive or dead. The merchants of Marseilles had also promised a reward, double the value of Wright's vessel, in a writing posted upon their exchange." The inhabitants of Leghorn had been disappointed spectators of the fight — for our countrymen were not more popular on the Continent then than in our own day — and, on Captain Wright returning into the harbour to refit, they seized upon his vessel for this pretended violation of the neutrality of their waters. These tidings, however, soon reached the ears of Admiral Hawke, who immediately despatched two

ships of war, which speedily brought the authorities at Leghorn to a better understanding. The gallant Wright was afterwards lost in a storm with all his crew. But a more desperate action was that in which Captain Death, of the *Terrible*, privateer, was killed, towards the close of the year.

"On the 23rd of December, he engaged the *Grand Alexander*, from St. Domingo, bound to Nantz, a ship of 400 tons, 22 guns, and 100 men, and after a smart fight of two hours and a half, in which Captain Death's brother, and 16 of his men were killed, he took her and put 40 hands on board. On December 28th in convoying his prize (which was very valuable) to England, the *Vengeance*, privateer, of St. Maloes, 36 guns and 360 men, bore down and retook the prize; then the *Vengeance* and the prize both attacked the *Terrible*, she being between them, and shot away her mainmast the first broadside; and after the most desperate and bloody engagement ever known, for one hour and a half, in which Monsieur Bourdas, the French captain, his second, and two thirds of his crew, Captain Death, almost all his officers, and the major part of his crew, were all killed, to the amount of near 400 on both sides, the *Terrible* was taken and carried into St. Maloes in a shattered, frightful,

and bloody condition, having no more than twenty-six of the crew left alive on board, and sixteen of them had lost legs and arms, and the other ten were mostly wounded."

As soon as a Court-martial could be held after his return to England, Lieutenant-General Fowke was brought to trial for disobedience to orders, in not sending a battalion to Minorca. In his defence, the prisoner put in three letters of various dates from the War Office, but all forwarded to him by the same opportunity, which not only left much to his discretion, but were also inconsistent with one another. He also proved that a Council of War held on board the Admiral's ship, had agreed that it would be unwise to send a battalion to Blakeney; in the first place, because it was not a sufficient reinforcement to be of much avail; and, secondly, because it really could not be spared from Gibraltar. The garrison at that time consisted of no more than 2531 men, of whom 275 had already been put on board Commodore Edgcumbe's squadron, leaving only 2256 men to do duty in the fortress. Had a battalion, that is, 700 men, been detached for Minorca, there would have remained but 1831 men. It required 839, however, to mount guard, so that he would have had barely enough for a single relief,

without making the usual allowance for sickness, or the possibility of an attack, in the event of the fleet being discomfited. The Court, after maturely considering the evidence on both sides, was equally divided in opinion, but the President gave his casting vote against the prisoner, who was sentenced to be suspended for twelve months. The King, however, with the vindictiveness of a dull, small mind, declared, that if General Fowke was unfit to serve him for one year, he was unfit to serve him at all, and accordingly cashiered him. His regiment was then given to Colonel Jefferies, the second in command at Fort St. Philip. Indeed, George II. used his power of dismissing officers somewhat summarily. Only a few months previously, he broke Sir Harry Erskine because he had joined the Opposition under Pitt.

Meanwhile, in America, hostilities were prosecuted in the most sluggish manner. Both parties struck out feebly, and as in the dark. Colonel Broadstreet opened the campaign promisingly, by repulsing a very superior force of the enemy on the Onondaga. But this trifling success was more than counterbalanced by the surrender of Forts Ontario and Oswego to the Marquis of Montcalm, who afterwards fell so gloriously at Quebec; 1600 pri-

soners, 120 pieces of artillery, 7 armed vessels, one of them carrying 18 guns, and 200 *batteaux* fell into the hands of the French general. The Marquis, however, tarnished the glory of the exploit by violating the articles of capitulation, which stipulated for the safe conveyance of the garrisons to Montreal, until an exchange of prisoners could be effected. Instead of this, he allowed the Indians to scalp the sick and wounded in the hospitals, and to plunder the baggage of the prisoners, and even gave twenty men up to them to avenge the deaths of the like number of their own tribe. These wretched beings probably perished through horrible tortures.

A curious coincidence in the matter of defective ordnance is worthy of notice, and for the benefit of Messrs. Grissell and Co., the following passage may be fitly transcribed from a letter dated "Albany, June 19th."

"On proving more of our cannon in the fields last Monday, one other of the 32-pounders belonging to the battery burst, and a piece of it, weighing near 400 lbs., struck an 18-pounder, within a few yards of it, that had stood proof, and broke off two feet of it from the muzzle: the next day a 12-pounder broke, and since then three others have bursted."

In the East Indies the movement had commenced which has since developed itself into an empire. As yet, however, the Honourable Company was making only tentative blunders through timidity, from which it extricated itself with the tremendous energy of "the imperial race." A sort of armed truce had been patched up between the rival European adventurers while watching for an opportunity to strike home. The French, however, were the more powerful for the moment, but were ill-supported from home, besides being deficient in that dogged resolution so necessary to the success of small beginnings. In the preceding year a report was circulated in Paris that M. Dupleix, the Governor of Pondicherry, had renounced his allegiance to the Crown of France, and proclaimed himself King; and that he was guarded by 10,000 men, and surrounded with all the pomp and circumstance of an Oriental despot. About the same time, Captain CLIVE returned to England for a short time, and on his return to India to assume the government of Fort St. David, he was accompanied by several gentlemen volunteers, adventurous spirits eager to seek fame and fortune in a land still belonging to the regions of romance. Already, however, had commenced the jealousy between the royal troops and those of the Company,

which even now has scarcely ceased to exist in the breasts of the very young and the very old.

"According to custom," says a letter, dated "Fort St. David's," Oct. 16. 1754, "the officers of the national troops and those of the Company do not agree; the former presuming on their commissions, and assuming too much to rank with the gentlemen sent out by the Company, whose troops have had great success in most of the expeditions they have undertaken. The regular troops have taken possession of Fort St. David's, and dispute the authority of the Company's officers, even in their own settlements. An officer has been sent from Madras to convince them that they are only auxiliaries, and are to act as directed by the Governor and Council."

On the Bombay side the British influence was greatly increased and strengthened by the capture of Fort Gheria, the stronghold of the pirate Toolajee Angria, by Admiral Watson. But a great disaster was experienced in Bengal, which eventually led to the reduction of that province. Fort William was taken by the Nawab's troops, and the English, to the number of 146, thrust into the Black Hole, a room only 18 feet square, and ventilated by two small grated windows almost blocked up by the neighbouring buildings. On the following morning no more than

23 persons were found alive after the terrible sufferings of that fearful night. Mr. Holwell, who wrote a deeply interesting account of the incident, was then removed to Moorshedabad,—in contemporary journalism called Moxandavatt,—and subjected to torture in order to extort from him a confession as to the supposed concealment of treasure. An amusing narrative of this untoward event may be found in the "London Magazine" for June, 1757, in the form of a letter, from M. Durand, a gentleman in the French East India Company's service at Chandernagore, "on the Bengall coast." Calcutta is spoken of as Golgotha, the natives are invariably termed Moors, and Soorajah Dowlah is only known as Saradjat Dollah, the "nephew and godson of Alvedeikam, Nabob of Bengal." At the conclusion of his letter, the writer quaintly remarks: "The country people hereabouts call the Europeans *Banchots, i. e.*, cowards and poltroons."

But the events that were passing in the extreme East and West, dwindle into insignificance before the great epoch that was coming upon Europe. The Seven Years' War had just commenced. Having received undoubted information as to the real objects of the Court of Vienna, Frederick II. demanded from Prince Kaunitz a categorical answer to certain

leading inquiries he felt himself authorised to make. An evasive reply being returned, the Prussian monarch suddenly poured into Saxony an army of 60,000 men, took the Queen of Poland prisoner in Dresden, and blockaded Augustus in Pirna. He is accused, and apparently with reason, of having been guilty of a capital error in not leaving merely a corps of 20,000 men before this place, and pushing on with his main body into Bohemia. Olmutz and Prague must have fallen into his hands without a blow, and he would thus have been enabled to commence the ensuing campaign in Moravia, or even on the Danube with the siege of Vienna. As it was, he gave the Austrians time to advance under Marshal Brown as near as Lowositz, where they took up a very strong position. A battle ensued, and for a time victory hovered uncertain over either army. But the genius of Frederick finally prevailed; and the Austrians fell back, in good order, on another excellent position a short distance in the rear. Anxious to avoid a second contest, Frederick detached the Prince of Bevern with a division of the army, as if with the intention of turning the enemy's left flank, and hemming him in between the Elba and the Egra. Alarmed by this movement, Marshal Brown hastily crossed the latter river and returned

to Baden. Frederick then flew back to Pirna, and compelled the Saxon army, 17,000 strong, to surrender at discretion. The King, who was then in the castle of Königstein, received his passports for Poland, while the victor took up his winter quarters in Dresden and treated the Saxons as a conquered nation.

On the 4th of June the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III., had attained his majority on the completion of his eighteenth year. He lived at that time in Leicester House with his mother. The King, who greatly desired to break the undue influence of that intriguing princess, now offered the young Prince an allowance of 40,000*l.* a year, with apartments and a suitable establishment in the palaces of St. James' and Kensington. The prince humbly thanked His Majesty for his gracious consideration, and accepted the offer of the money, but begged that he might not be separated from his mother. The old King was much annoyed by the result of this ill-managed negotiation, and took little pains to disguise his displeasure. And he was soon compelled to submit to another check. The Princess had prevailed upon her too obedient son to solicit the appointment of Groom of the Stole for Lord Bute, a nobleman particularly obnoxious to

the King. However, the Duke of Newcastle, who lost no opportunity of paying his court to the heir apparent, at length induced His Majesty to accede to His Royal Highness' request, to prevent the Opposition from making political capital of the coolness between the chief personages of the Royal family, on the assembling of Parliament. But no argument could move the King to grant a private audience to Lord Bute, as is customary on such occasions. The Duke of Grafton was therefore constrained to slip the gold key into his lordship's pocket, whispering a regret that it could not be done in a more gratifying manner. Like a sensible Scotchman, the noble Lord pocketed both the key and the affront. Lord Waldegrave says of George III.'s future favourite that he was anxious to be thought "a polite scholar and a man of great erudition," though "his historical knowledge is chiefly taken from tragedies, wherein he is very deeply read; and his classical learning extends no farther than a French translation." Walpole was still more severe. According to this charming writer, various causes had combined to dispel the popular notion of the rigour of Her Royal Highness' widowhood, and these suspicions were favoured by Lord Bute's ridiculous carriage.

"His bows grew more theatric, his graces contracted some meaning, and the beauty of his leg was constantly displayed in the eyes of the poor captivated Princess. . . . Her simple husband, when he took up the character of the Regent's gallantry, had forced an air of intrigue even upon his wife. When he affected to retire into gloomy *allées* with Lady Middlesex, he used to bid the Princess walk with Lord Bute. As soon as the Prince was dead, they walked more and more, in honour of his memory. . . . The Prince lived shut up with his mother and Lord Bute, and must have thrown them under some difficulties. Their connection was not easily reconcilable to the devotion which they had infused into the Prince: the Princess could not wish him always present, and yet dreaded his being out of her sight. His brother Edward, who received a thousand mortifications, was seldom suffered to be with him; and Lady Augusta, now a woman, was, to facilitate some privacy for the Princess, dismissed from supping with her mother, and sent back to cheese-cakes with her little sister Elizabeth, on pretence that meat at night would fatten her too much."

Disgusted with Newcastle's falsehood, perfidy, and childishness, and perhaps hoping to supplant him, Fox resigned the seals on the 27th of October. The Premier experienced also another loss in the Lower House by the elevation to the Bench of his Attorney-General, William Murray, on the death of Lord Chief Justice Sir Dudley Ryder. There could be no doubt as to Murray's claim and eligibility to succeed to the vacant honour, but the Duke of Newcastle could ill spare the only formidable opponent to Pitt. He therefore offered him the Duchy of Lancaster for life, with an annual pension of 2000*l.*,

the retention of his post and salary as Attorney-General, worth 7000*l.* a year more, and the reversion of the office of First Teller of the Exchequer for his nephew Lord Stormont, if he would consent to waive a peerage for eight months. By the end of October he rose in his offers to a pension of 6000*l.* a year if he would wait only one month, or even defend the Ministry in the first debate after the meeting of Parliament. Murray himself was so shocked by the extravagance of such a proposition that he exclaimed, "Good God! what merit have I, that you should load this country, for which so little is done with spirit, with an additional burthen of 6000*l.* a year!" He was accordingly created Baron Mansfield, and the Ministry was left without a single champion of note in the House of Commons. In this extremity the Premier was mean-spirited enough to make overtures to Pitt, who treated them with proud disdain. He then tried Lord Egmont and the Earl of Granville, and at length resigned in despair of being able to carry on the Government. He retired from public life without stipulating for either place or pension for himself, though he had reduced his income from 30,000*l.* to 13,000*l.* a year, "by every ostentatious vanity and in every womanish panic, between cooks, mobs, and apothecaries." He

now withdrew to Claremont, and came out in the novel character of a sportsman; but happening one day to get his feet wet, he hurried back to town for medical advice. The Duke's resignation was followed by that of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, to the deep regret of all good men, and the Great Seal was held in commission until the end of that reign. The King then attempted to effect a coalition through Pitt and Fox, but the former proved intractable. He was thus compelled to have recourse to the Duke of Devonshire, who, as the Marquis of Hartington, had been so successful in Ireland. This excellent and high-minded nobleman had embraced a public life solely as a matter of duty. Personally he was a friend of Fox; but finding that the nation was clamorous for his rival, he sacrificed his private feelings, and coalesced with that great statesman. A new Ministry was then formed, with the Duke as First Lord of the Treasury; Pitt and the Earl of Holdernesse, Secretaries of State; Henry Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Temple, First Lord of the Admiralty; and the Duke of Bedford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Pitt lost much of his popularity while in power. The populace usually takes part with the fault-finding

Opposition, who can afford to be theoretical and even to indulge in sentiment; but when the actual responsibility has to be incurred, there is little difference in the conduct of any given number of sensible and patriotic men. The Government must be guided by circumstances which do not depend upon party principles or interests. Thus Pitt was constrained to accept the policy of his predecessors, and to work out the measures they had already originated. His parliamentary interest, too, was much inferior to that possessed by the Duke of Newcastle, so that he experienced considerable difficulty in forming a working majority, and even narrowly escaped losing his seat in the House on accepting office under the Crown. Several good-natured squibs were now circulated at his expense, especially when laid up with gout, that patrician disease so common to hereditary legislators.

> "The land to rescue from impending fate,
> Pitt rose,—the smooth-tongued Nestor of the State.
> The world, in prospect, saw our fame advance,—
> Our thunder rolling thro' the realm of France.
> But heav'n (in mercy to the trembling foe)
> Bade the gout seize his senatorial toe."

He was more severely attacked for his cool defiant manner in addressing the House. A ballad is inserted among those attributed to Sir C. Hanbury

Williams, entitled "The Unembarrassed Countenance," which contains these two lines:—

> "But nature had given him, ne'er to be harass'd,
> An unfeeling heart, and a front unembarrass'd."

A weekly paper, called the "Test," price twopence, was started under the editorship of Murphy, the actor and dramatist, expressly to show up "the orator with an unembarrassed countenance." In this Pitt is spoken of as William the Fourth, on account of his dictatorial deportment, or as the Man Mountain, or as Dr. Gulielmo Bombasto de Podagra. On the other hand his defence was undertaken by the "Con-Test," a similar paper, edited by "a poetic clergyman" of the name of Francis. There is nothing, however, either poetic or clerical in the style of the reverend partisan, as witness the following paragraph:—

"If the dark virulence of that awkward periodical paper, called the "Test," whose infamy is equal'd only by its impotence, is not *immediately* produced to the world as it is strained from the muddy head and black heart of a remarkable saturnine *pseudo*-politician, yet the public may be assured from infallible marks that it flows originally from that corrupt fountain; whether it passes, or no, after-

wards through the venal brain of some wretched mercenary scribbler."

The Parliament was opened on the 2nd of December by His Majesty in person. Pitt had prepared a royal speech for the occasion, but the King refused to read it on the plea that it was too long, and sent it back to be curtailed. It was in this small way that George II. was accustomed to display his dissatisfaction. The revised speech recommended the formation of a national militia, a measure to which His Majesty was always heartily opposed, and mentioned that the foreign troops had been ordered to return to Germany. It alluded in delicate terms to the "unprosperous events of war" in the Mediterranean, and more emphatically directed the attention of both Houses to the sufferings and discontent of the poorer classes, owing to the high price of provisions. Suitable addresses were returned by both Lords and Commons. Pitt himself was incapacitated by gout from taking an active part in the parliamentary campaign. Perhaps his wisest measure was founded on a suggestion of the Duke of Cumberland to raise regiments of Highlanders for duty in America. Without the slightest difficulty he raised 2000 men from the clans which had been the most disaffected in '45, and magnanimously gave the command of a regiment to

the son of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, beheaded in that rebellion. This was the beginning of that glorious brigade which, more than any other, has added to the fame and power of Great Britain.

For some time past very serious bread riots had taken place in many parts of the kingdom. The animosity of the mob appears to have been chiefly directed against the millers, who were accused of raising the price of corn to suit their speculations. A letter from Sheffield complains that oatmeal had risen to 11½*d.* a peck, and wheat 15*l.* a load, or more than double the ordinary price; that trade was bad and the people starving. Similar complaints, backed by similar violence, were made at Coventry, Birmingham, Tamworth, Northampton, Kidderminster, Ludlow, and Taunton. The troops were harassed by the most painful duty that can devolve on brave men. But hunger cannot be allayed by dragooning, and the disturbances became so widely spread and so alarming that Parliament passed a resolution prohibiting the exportation of cereals, flour, and biscuit. An address was also presented to His Majesty, praying that an embargo be laid on all ships so laden in the ports of Great Britain and Ireland. And an act was passed to prevent the distillation of spirits from wheat or barley for a limited period, though many

members opposed this temporary but necessary prohibition on the ground that in the preceding year the duty on 4,435,339 gallons of home-made spirits had yielded the revenue no less than 344,970*l.*

Towards the latter end of December, the Court-martial on Admiral Byng commenced its proceedings. The evidence was somewhat conflicting, but it was proved that he had exhibited nothing like cowardice; at the same time that it was equally clear he had not done the utmost in his power to destroy the enemy's fleet. By the XIIth Article of War; 22 of George II., the penalty of death was denounced against "every person in the fleet who, through cowardice, *negligence*, or disaffection, shall in time of action withdraw, or keep back, or not come into the fight or engagement, or shall not do his utmost to take or destroy every ship which it shall be his duty to engage, &c., &c." The Court had, therefore, no alternative but to pronounce the prisoner worthy of death, though they earnestly entreated the Lords of the Admiralty to recommend him to mercy, and deplored the necessity they were under, of passing such a sentence upon an officer who had committed no other offence than an error in judgment. But George II. was deaf to prayers for mercy. Pitt's

intercession likewise availed nothing. The King, indeed, referred the finding of the Court-martial to the twelve judges, who could do no otherwise than acknowledge its legality. That point was undisputed. Byng's friends then attempted to criminate the late Ministry; but a Committee of the House of Commons, consisting mostly of the friends and acquaintances of the latter, being appointed to inquire into their conduct, published a report very much in their favour. Captain Keppel, who had sat on the Court-martial, and was also a representative of the people, though too diffident to address the House on the subject, declared in the presence of Horace Walpole, that himself and some others desired to be absolved from their oath of secrecy, in order to state the grounds of their condemnation of Byng, and that they were much troubled in conscience. On hearing this, Walpole went in search of Sir Francis Dashwood, and prevailed upon him to ask leave to bring in a Bill to that effect. Being supported by Pitt, the Bill was carried through the Commons by 153 to 32, but thrown out by the Lords. Their lordships summoned the repentant members of the Court-martial to the bar of their House, and asked them one by one if they were cognisant of any matter that had passed previous to

the sentence, which could show that sentence to be unjust, or that indicated any undue practice or improper motive. One and all replied in the negative, and repudiated Captain Keppel's mention of their names. He himself retracted his former declaration; whereupon the Lords not only rejected the Bill, but indulged in some cutting remarks on the hastiness of the Lower House.

Byng received the tidings of his sentence with great calmness and dignity. When assured that no imputation had been cast upon his personal courage, he appeared perfectly satisfied, and resigned to his lot. His presence of mind never forsook him, and he met his fate with the composure of a hero or a martyr. The fatal sentence was carried into execution on the 14th of March, 1757, on board the *Monarque*, off Spithead.*

"Mr. Byng, accompanied by a clergyman who attended him during his confinement, and two gentlemen, his relations, walked out of the great cabin to the quarter-deck, where he suffered, on the larboard side, a few minutes before twelve o'clock. He as dressed in a light grey coat,

* It is almost superfluous to quote Voltaire's exquisite sarcasm on this judicial, or rather ministerial, murder: "*Dans ce pays-çi il est bon de tuer de temps en temps un Amiral pour encourager les autres.*"

white waistcoat, and white stockings, and a large white wig, and had in each hand a white handkerchief. He threw his hat on the deck, kneel'd on a cushion, tied one handkerchief over his eyes, and dropped the other as a signal, on which a volley from six marines was fired, five of whose bullets went through him, and he was in an instant no more. The sixth went over his head. From his coming out of his cabin could not be two minutes, till he fell motionless on his left side. He died with great resolution and composure, not showing the least sign of timidity. The *Ramillies*, the ship the Admiral had in the Mediterranean, was riding at her moorings in the harbour, and about half an hour before he suffered, she broke her mooring chain, and only held by her bridle, which is looked on as a wonderful incident by people who do not consider the high wind at that time."

MISCELLANEOUS EVENTS.

CHAP. VIII.

GREAT BRITAIN.

On the 12th of February, 1755, a fire suddenly broke out in Fonthill Abbey, the seat of William Beckford, Esq., and in a few hours consumed the greater part of the building, with most of the furniture. The magnificent organ, valued at 5,000*l.*, was totally destroyed. The entire loss of property was estimated at 30,000*l.*, of which only 6,000*l.* were insured.

A few months later the Earl of Northumberland laid the foundation stone of the present Middlesex Hospital, "in Marybon Fields." After the completion of the ceremony, the noble president, the vice-president, the stewards, and governors, proceeded to the great concert-room in Dean Street,

Soho, where a collection was made amounting to 400*l.*

On the 4th of July a white marble statue of Sir Isaac Newton was erected in the anti-chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge.

A little later the foundation was laid for building a *King's Bench* prison, in St. George's Fields, Southwark.

In this same year, the East India Company pulled down some houses in Leadenhall Street, to make a good front to their warehouses. The present East India House thus rose on the site of the old Royal African House.

Among other projected improvements, the Common Council petitioned Parliament for a bridge to be thrown across the Thames, near Blackfriars. This proposition was vehemently opposed in the public prints of the day. It was alleged that a bridge between those of London and Westminster, would seriously interfere with the navigation of the river, "as it is very reasonably apprehended if another bridge be built at Blackfriars, though the tides will certainly rise and fall, there will be little or no current between London and Westminster Bridges." Notwithstanding this sagacious objection, Parliament granted the prayer of the petition, and

also directed that London Bridge should be cleared of the shops and houses that obstructed the roadway.* A new road was likewise authorised from Paddington to Islington, now called the City Road, though originally intended to connect two suburban villages.

On the 2nd of December, the woodwork of Eddystone Lighthouse was consumed by fire. It had withstood the assaults of wind and water since the reign of William III., but succumbed to the third element. The stonework, 30 feet high, and founded on a rock, remained unhurt, and the two keepers were rescued by a boat that put out from Plymouth, by the orders of Admiral West.

A lawsuit had been going on for some time against the Princess Emily, for obstructing the public right of thoroughfare through Richmond Park. By the advice of the Attorney-General, she

* In favour of the construction of a bridge at Blackfriars, a reason was urged which exhibits that portion of the City of London in anything but a favourable light. It was stated that a large tract between Fleet Street and the Thames on one side, and Fleet Street and Holborn on the other, was "heaped with filth and ruins, and the hiding-places of a numerous swarm of the most flagitious of our poor. That a new bridge will fill these tracts with elegant squares and regular streets (what has the century produced?), which persons of credit and fortune will chuse to inhabit, as well for conveniency as pleasure; as different from the present lanes, alleys, and dunghills, as the King's Bench Walks from the hovels and laystalls of White Fryars."

now consented to allow ladders to be erected against the walls, but obstinately refused to open the gates to the people. The latter triumphed, however, in 1758, when the Princess, furious at her defeat, abandoned the park altogether. Her mother, Queen Caroline, with similar good feeling. had proposed to shut up St. James's Park, but, fortunately, first consulted Sir Robert Walpole, as to the probable cost. "Only a crown, madam," was his answer.

The wrongs of Ireland were at this time represented by one Charles Lucas, who styled himself "the last free citizen of Dublin." Having written some very inflammatory addresses to his fellow citizens, he had been voted an enemy to his country, and therefore fled to London. Here he had the assurance to present to the Lord Mayor a copy of his seditious writings, bound up in one volume, with Cato's exclamation, "O liberty! O my country!" for his motto. The chief Magistrate of the city, however, very properly declined to accept a book bearing for its title "A demonstration of the grievances suffered by Great Britain and Ireland under oppressive and tyrannical governors, oppressive and lawless magistrates, dependent and iniquitous judges, and spurious and corrupt parliaments, republished as

a cautionary information to the city of London." It is described as "a kind of political rhapsody, written with great zeal and great bitterness, full of private resentment and personal invective."

FRANCE.

There was deadly feud at this time between the Crown and the clergy, because of the Bull Unigenitus, which the former refused to accept. The priests, therefore, declined to administer the Sacrament to all disobedient sons of the Church. The King then retaliated by banishing the Archbishop of Paris to Conflans, whither that prelate proceeded, in the custody of four musketeers. However, when war with England appeared imminent, the clergy somewhat made their peace with the Crown, by granting a contribution of 16 millions of francs.

On Maundy Thursday, His most Christian Majesty washed the feet of twelve poor men, and afterwards served them at table. The dishes were brought in by the Dauphin, the Count de Chartres, the Prince of Condé, the Count de Clermont, the Prince de Conty, and the Count de la Marche. Great historic names, how ill replaced by the Pietris, the Persignys, the de Mornys, and the Fleurys! The Queen, in

like manner, washed the feet of twelve poor old women, whose aggregate age amounted to 1,144 years.

The oppressive exactions of the Farmers-General were then at their height. It was complained that while they levied a revenue of 300 millions of livres, only two-thirds of that sum found their way into the royal treasury. "This makes it that they can live in the highest luxury, eat on gold plate, have cherries and pease at Christmas, outbid the princes of the blood at auctions for jewels, diamonds, &c., whilst the nobility, lawyers, and churchmen can hardly live, and the merchants, soldiers, and countrymen starve. People wish for and talk of a Chamber Ardant, or a Chamber of Justice, to call them to account."

We read that great privileges were granted to a Silk Company, who had established some works at Puy en Velay, on condition that in the first year they employed 30 looms, 70 in the second, 120 in the third, 180 in the fourth, 250 in the fifth, 320 in the sixth, 400 in the seventh, 500 in the eighth, and never afterwards decreased from that number. In the first clause it is said: "The King observing with great satisfaction, that noble personages interest themselves in such useful undertakings,

declares that they may do so without derogating from their noblesse."

The Marquis de Plumartin appears to have entertained peculiarly exalted ideas of the privileges of "noblesse."

"Paris, January 17th.—The Marquis de Plumartin, whose execrable crimes are known over all France, has at last been taken in his castle, by 300 men of the King's own regiment of foot, and carried to Poitiers, loaded with irons. The King is going to appoint a commission to try him. This monster turned away his wife some years ago, and became the terror of Poitou. Neither woman nor man durst appear in the neighbourhood. Having one day lost a cause in one of the King's Courts, he caused the usher and his man, who came to intimate the sentence to him, to be burnt alive. Some days after, having drawn six of his creditors into his castle, where he had shut himself up with several of his crew, he ordered some of his people to drag them into a pond, tied to the tails of horses, and afterwards fastened them to a stake near a great fire, where three expired, and the other three died a few days after. Thirty of the Marshalsea guards, who were sent to apprehend him, having beset his castle, he barricaded the doors and fired on them from the

garret window, killing the commanding officer and five others. After which he left the kingdom, but absurdly imagining that his crimes were forgot, he lately returned."

These monstrous iniquities were perpetrated not in the kingdom of Oude, but in the most civilised country in the world, and by a member of the most privileged order. The Farmers-General could sometimes be equally aristocratic. One of them, a M. Bergeret, had married a natural daughter of M. du Tremblay, one of the great names of Normandy, with a fortune of 40,000 livres. The lady being soon disgusted with her husband and his associates, took what money she could and escaped to Paris. Thither she was pursued by her infuriated husband, but, through the mediation of a friend, a reconciliation was patched up between them. The calm, however, was of short duration. Quarrels and recriminations became more and more frequent, till at length the gentleman kept a brace of loaded pistols on the table, with which he threatened to kill her if she continued to annoy him. One day, he endeavoured to stab her with a large knife, when she snatched up one of the pistols and shot him dead upon the spot. Through the intercession of her

friends she obtained a free pardon, and the affair was hushed up.

Horace Walpole, writing to his usual correspondent at Florence, says, that the last mania in Paris was *la fureur des cabriolets*, which was introduced by Mr. Child, the brother of Lord Tilney. "Every thing is to be *en cabriolet;* the men paint them on their waistcoats, and have them embroidered for clocks to their stockings; and the women, who have gone all the winter without any thing on their heads, are now muffled up in great caps, with round sides, in the form of and scarce less than the wheels of chaises."

Perhaps the best picture of the French people at that time may be found in Smollett's letters. That great novelist, in writing from Boulogne, complains bitterly of the wretched, dirty, and expensive inns. He obtained a house, however, tolerably furnished, and consisting of a large parlour, four bed-chambers, kitchen, and cellar, for three guineas a month. Prices, he says, were "pretty reasonable." Butcher's meat cost five sous per lb. of 18 ozs.; a young turkey thirty sous, a hare twenty-four, and a couple of chickens or a couple of soles, twenty. The wine was very bad; the ordinary sort, which came from Auxerre, cost from five to eight sous the bottle.

The brandy was ill flavoured and very fiery; the kind usually smuggled into England was worth about tenpence a gallon at Boulogne. The worthy doctor grumbles a good deal about his books being taken from him and sent to Amiens, to be examined by the Chambre Syndicale. Murders were of frequent occurrence both in the town and surrounding country, the peasantry being rendered ferocious by poverty and oppression. The law was by no means impartial in its action. A burgher in the High Town having murdered "a poor man and a helpless woman, big with child," without the slightest provocation, was sentenced to be broken on the wheel, but contrived to obtain his pardon, and carried on business as before. An abbé, having been refused holy orders by the Bishop on account of his dissolute life, stabbed the prelate with a knife as he was coming out of the Cathedral: for this offence against the Church, though death did not ensue, he was broken on the wheel. "The noblesse," continues Smollett, "are vain, proud, poor, and slothful. Very few of them have above 6000 livres a year, and many of them not half this revenue. I think there is one heiress said to be worth 100,000 livres, but then her jewels, her clothes, and even her linen, are reckoned part of this fortune." They allowed their

country-houses to go to decay, thus becoming estranged from their tenants and peasantry, in order that they might live in the High Town in miserable, dark, little cottages. To dress gaily and make a brave show abroad, they starved themselves at home. They cared nothing for the education of their children, or the management of their household affairs; their only thought was for fine raiment. Amusements they had none, except card-playing; and their dinners seldom consisted of more than soup and fish, the *bouillé* and a salad. The *bourgeoisie*, however, lived far more comfortably. Most of the tradespeople could boast of handsome pier glasses and marble chimney pieces, though their chairs were either straw-bottomed and worth about a shilling apiece, or the old-fashioned high-backed variety, with seats embroidered in needlework. Their tables also were merely square deal boards, set up in a corner till wanted, when they were placed on cross-legs that opened and shut. "The King of France dines off a board of this kind." In every house there was an abundant supply of table linen. "The poorest tradesman in Boulogne has a napkin on every cover, and silver forks with four prongs, which are used with the right hand, there being very little occasion for knives, for the meat is boiled or roasted to rags."

The beds were so high that they were ascended by steps — a custom then beginning to be introduced into England. The carpenter's work was done so awkwardly that nothing would close, neither doors, windows, nor chests of drawers. Common decency was a thing unknown. "I know no custom more beastly," he adds, "than that of using water-glasses, in which polite company spit and squirt and spue the filthy scourings of their gums, under the eyes of each other." About noon soup and *bouillé* were usually served up, and roast meat with salad for supper, and at every meal a fruit dessert: in the afternoon many persons took tea. The inn-keepers are complained of as being generally inattentive and uncivil; and the diligence was as slow as an English waggon. "The post is farmed from the King, who lays travellers under contribution for his own benefit. * * * The postmaster finds nothing but horses and guides; the carriage you yourself must provide." For four persons six horses and two postillions were the regular complement, with an additional horse if there was a servant outside. Double fare was exacted for the first stage from Paris, "and twice double for passing through Fontainebleau when the Court is there, as well as at coming to Lyons, and at leaving this city. These are called royal posts."

At Paris the people were acquiring the *English* habit of a cold bath, "which is taken very conveniently in wooden houses erected on the side of the river, the water of which is let in and out occasionally, by cocks fixed in the sides of the baths." Fashionable ladies indulged in the use of rouge, a luxury forbidden to plebeians. Queues were universally worn. "The *decrotteur* who cleans your shoes at the corner of the Pont Neuf has a tail of this kind hanging down to his rump, and even the peasant who drives an ass loaded with dung wears his hair *en queue*, though perhaps he has neither a shirt nor breeches. * * * Considering the harsh features of the common people in this country, their diminutive stature, their grimaces, and that long appendage, they have no small resemblance to large baboons walking upright." Gentlemen of the *haut ton* followed the chase in jack boots and bag wigs, and armed with swords and pistols. At Choisy, Smollett was astonished to behold five or six men step out of a fiacre, armed with muskets, and each take up a position behind a tree, where they patiently waited until a hare might perchance come within range. The practice of duelling, though contrary to law, was extremely prevalent. If two men quarrelled, the one would quietly walk out into

the street, whither the other speedily followed him. They would then jostle each other as if by accident, and suddenly drawing their swords engage in mortal combat. An affray of this kind was viewed very leniently. A blow, or even the threat of a blow, could be expiated by death alone. A captain having struck a lieutenant, the latter called him out but was worsted in the fight. Five times did he tempt his fortune, and at last was slain outright by the aggressor. The officers of the French army are described as being very extravagant and luxurious, while the soldiers were badly clothed and ill fed. The pay was often allowed to fall into arrears, in consequence of which the poorer classes were ruthlessly plundered. This state of things was well known at Court, but no attempt was made to redress the grievances of the people. "That Government — Smollett observes with prophetic sagacity — may be said to be weak and tottering, which finds itself obliged to connive at such proceedings. * * * There are undoubtedly many marks of relaxation in the reins of the French Government, and in all probability the subjects of France will be the first to take the advantage of it. There is at present a violent fermentation of different principles among them, which, under the reign of a very weak Prince, or during a long

minority, may produce a great change in the constitution."

An infallible indication of the unsettled state of the country is furnished in the extraordinary career of Mandrin the smuggler. The story is a long one, and is related in various ways, but the most authentic narrative is the one that follows:—

"Mandrin was the son of a peasant in Dauphiny who dealt in cattle. His first employment was buying and selling horses, by which he subsisted several years. But having on some occasion committed a murder, he was obliged to fly from justice, and in his absence was condemned by the parliament of Grenoble to be broken on the wheel. Being now a fugitive, and destitute of employment, he learned to counterfeit money, and by this fraud made considerable gain, till, being discovered, the officers of the Mint at Lyons issued a warrant for apprehending him, and he was again obliged to quit the country. While he was wandering about from place to place, and hiding himself in caves and woods, he became acquainted with a gang of smugglers, and associating with them was, after some time, made their captain. As this gang was very numerous, he was less cautious of being seen, and having at length lost his sense of fear by habitual danger, he fre-

quently entered towns and cities, raised contributions on the king's officers by force, and spread the same terror among others that others had brought upon him. But in proportion as he became more formidable he was, in fact, less secure; for the Government found it necessary to detach after him such a force as he could not resist, and the Farmers-General offered 48,000 livres' reward for taking him. After many times attacking his party in a running fight, in which several were cut off, Mandrin, with eight of his men, took shelter in a castle on the frontiers of Savoy. They were closely pursued by several detachments, under the command of Colonel de Molière, who entered the King of Sardinia's territory after him, without having first obtained leave. Molière was immediately opposed by a great number of peasants: whether they were instigated by Mandrin, or whether they were jealous of their privilege, is not known; but all his expostulations being fruitless, and being determined not to relinquish his prey, for whom he hoped to receive so considerable a reward, he forced his way against them, killing twelve and wounding many others. Mandrin waited the issue of this contest in his castle, where he was soon besieged by 150 men, who attacked the place with great vigour. Mandrin and his partisans de-

fended themselves like men who had nothing to fear in a battle equal to being taken alive; and after several of them were killed, and the castle gates burst open, they retreated fighting from chamber to chamber, and from story to story, till reaching the garret, and being able to proceed no farther, they were at last overpowered by numbers, having killed twenty of their adversaries, and spent all their ammunition. Mandrin with those that survived of his little party were carried prisoners to Valence in Dauphiny. * * * Mandrin was examined every day from the 13th of May to the 25th, in order to discover his accomplices. In the mean time several of his associates were put to the torture to discover what they knew of him, and were afterwards broken on the wheel, that death might give a sanction to their testimony."

He himself was subjected to torture, but without eliciting anything further than he had previously revealed. Throughout he steadfastly refused to betray his comrades, and conducted himself with much dignity and heroism. On the day of his execution he received absolution from Father Gasperini, a Jesuit, who had administered to him the consolations of religion during his confinement.

"Before he was led out of the prison, his shoes

and stockings were taken from him; but, though barefooted, he walked along with great firmness and a good grace. When he came to the cathedral to perform the *amende honorable*, he asked forgiveness of the monks and priests for his want of respect to their order, and was then conducted to the scaffold. He mounted with great composure, and addressed himself in a short and pathetic exhortation to the spectators, especially the young persons of both sexes; he then sat down on the nave of the wheel, and loosened the buttons of his shirt sleeves himself. Then he entreated pardon of the custom-house officers, whom he had so often and so grossly injured; and turning to the penitents who surrounded the scaffold — with his confessor and two other eminent persons of his order—he earnestly recommended himself as the object of their prayer, and immediately delivered himself up to the executioner. He received eight blows on his arms and legs, and one on his belly, and was intended to have been left to expire of the wounds; but as the executioner was going down from the scaffold, an order came to strangle him; the bishop and all the considerable persons at Valence having interceded for this mitigation of his punishment. Mandrin was twenty-nine years of age, about five feet five inches high, well made, had

a long visage, blue eyes, and sandy chesnut hair; he had something rough in his countenance, and a strong robust port; he was perpetually smoking tobacco, with which he drank plentifully of any liquor that was at hand, and ate till the last with a good appetite."

According to Smollett, Mandrin was strangled previous to being broken on the wheel, but this is not the only inaccuracy in his account of that remarkable individual. His authority was no better than the driver of his carriage, whom he somewhat hastily believed to have been actually Mandrin's executioner. The violation of the Sardinian territory committed by Colonel Molière caused an angry correspondence to ensue between the courts of Turin and Versailles, which terminated in the latter making an ample apology.

RUSSIA.

The massive power of the Muscovite empire was at this time beginning to be appreciated in Europe. It has already been shown how a subsidiary treaty was concluded between the Czarina Elizabeth and the British Government, and also how it was annulled through the double dealing of the former.

Elizabeth the Clement — as her flatterers delighted to call her, because she forbade capital punishment, though never was potentate more lavish of exile, prison, and torture — understood the real requirements of her people, and afforded every encouragement to commercial enterprise. In 1755 a company was formed for extending the trade with Persia, and another, into which no foreign merchants were admitted, for carrying on a regular correspondence with China through Siberia. Russian missionaries had also made considerable progress in their insidious mode of increasing the national influence. Between the 26th of February, 1754, and the 18th of January, 1755, they professed to have converted 5133 Idolaters or Mohammedans to the religion of Christ, as practised in Russia. Nor were the claims of pleasure disallowed. The fashionable sins and follies of civilised Europe had already been introduced, and the gaieties of the Carnival appear to have rivalled those of the same joyous festival in Paris. At Court a masquerade ball was given exclusively to merchants and their wives and daughters, none of the nobility being invited, except a few in immediate attendance on the Empress. It so happened that an English merchant had lately married a young Russian lady,

on whom the Czarina bestowed the most flattering attention, and the Grand Duke danced with her all night, no doubt to the great delight of her husband. "Thus you see," writes an English resident at St. Petersburgh, "how happily we live here. It is not yet a century since the country was considered as barbarous and uncultivated, and now in consequence of the indefatigable labours of the immortal Peter, and a generous pursuit of the same glorious path under the auspicious reign of Her Imperial Majesty, as it is already one of the most formidable, so it bids fair to rival the most distinguished nations in politeness and the refined arts of life."

TURKEY.

On the death of Mohammed V., in the latter part of 1754, Osman III. succeeded to the throne. Mr. Porter, the British Ambassador, was the first foreign minister who obtained an audience of the Grand Vizier, to congratulate him on the Sultan's accession. He was received with all outward tokens of regard, and assured of His Sublime Highness's friendly feelings towards the King of Great Britain, and his general disinclination to disturb the tranquillity of the Christian States. At a later period, some

indications of a more warlike policy having been observed, the powers of Central Europe were seized with consternation, and at Vienna the general officers of the troops of the Germanic Empire were called together to deliberate on the measures to be taken at such a critical juncture.

On the day appointed for girding the new Sovereign with the sword of the Prophet — a ceremony equivalent to coronation — largesses were liberally distributed to the Janissaries and the common people. The sailors, however, having been omitted, created a serious riot, which was quieted with great difficulty, and not before some of the ringleaders had been impaled. On the principle of new brooms sweeping clean, orders were issued for the prohibition of the sale of wine, and for the suppression of all taverns and wine-shops. In other respects, also, the Sultan showed his readiness to tread in the footsteps of his ancestors. The Grand Vizier, Mustapha Pacha, having given offence, was publicly disgraced and sent into banishment, while four bankers were tortured to compel them to reveal where his treasures were concealed: only 50,000 sequins, however, were given up to the imperial treasury. His successor, Abdalla Pacha, on being apprised of the honour intended for him,

exclaimed in a tone of humble resignation, "Let the will of the Sultan be done: for my part, I only wish to preserve my head." "Such dangers — remarks a contemporary journalist — attend this high dignity, that it is accepted of with fear and trembling." Nor is this surprising, when we learn that one Cara Osman Oglu, having rendered himself too powerful at Smyrna, was subjected to the bow-string, and his head exposed to the public gaze in Constantinople — though only for a few days, as he was a Janissary. In the autumn a fire broke out, which destroyed the official residence of the Grand Vizier, and otherwise did immense damage. On the second day of its continuance "the Sultan abandoned it to Providence to put an end to its progress."

The Dey of Algiers testified his respect for his suzerain by sending to Constantinople a free-will offering of Christian slaves, blacks, and wild beasts. The Grand Seignior, in return, presented his feudatory with some cannon and a supply of ammunition, and further assured him of his high protection. No more suitable gift could have been selected for the Dey, who had just declared war against the Dutch, the Danes, and the Imperialists, and whose "Barbary Corsairs" infested every coast on the Mediterranean.

OTHER STATES.

The Swedish Government having settled that the river Kemen should be their frontier line on the side of Russia, next turned their attention to internal improvements. Experiments in agriculture were sanctioned at the expense of the State, and prizes offered for superior stock and produce. An instrument was also invented for thrashing out corn. At Stockholm a Foundling Hospital was erected, and the medical faculty were directed to take measures for the introduction of inoculation for the small-pox.

Rome makes no great figure in the history of this period. His Holiness the Pope, however, is twice mentioned as the recipient of goodly gifts. The new Cardinal of Cordova presented a box lined with crimson velvet, inclosing two vessels of gold each containing eight pounds of snuff, with a gold spoon to take out the aromatic powder. Sir William Stanhope, and three other English gentlemen, likewise offered to the successor of St. Peter a gold box filled with the best Turkey rhubarb, "which, being a drug much used by His Holiness, was very graciously received."

By a decree of the Duke of Parma, the day was divided into two equal parts, and the hours counted

from one to twelve, and not, as heretofore, from one to twenty-four.

The Duke of Modena evinced his fitness for governing his fellow-men by banishing from his territories all Jews who had not been thirty years resident. Those who remained were enjoined to wear "a uniform, in which are comprehended their breeches, stockings, and hats, half yellow, half green. But the last article is like to be bought off." Indeed, the decree was only a pretext for extorting money from that oppressed and defenceless race, who were expelled from Warsaw about the same time, on an allegation of encouraging robberies by the facilities they afforded for the sale of stolen goods.

The Empress Maria Theresa exhibited a similar amount of sagacity by a decree that no one should become a bookseller, or printer, in the city of Brussels, unless he had previously passed an examination in French, Latin, and Flemish, before the Commissioners of the Council of Brabant. No printer could commence business with less than two presses and eight sorts of type.

In Spain public attention was principally taken up by a proposed treaty with France for affording mutual aid and protection against the maritime preponderance of England. "The two courts," writes a

newspaper correspondent, "are in earnest to confine the English in America to their present limits, as the increasing power of their colonies is already become formidable and has excited jealousy."

The island of Malta then belonged to the Knights of that order, whose chief occupation was open war with the piratical states on the northern coast of Africa.

Corsica was under the domination of Genoa, though a fierce struggle was going on under De Paoli to throw off the yoke. It was in the latter part of 1756, or in the first few days of 1757, that Baron Neuhoff closed his troubled career. Twenty years before this he had landed in Corsica with a small supply of arms and ammunition from Tunis, and took a prominent part in the insurrection. For some time success attended his movements; the Genoese troops were everywhere defeated, and the bold adventurer was hailed by the malcontents as their ruler under the style and title of King Theodore. Fortune, however, soon deserted his banner, and he was obliged to flee the island. Shortly before his death he was thrown into prison in London for debt, but obtained his release by taking advantage of the insolvency act. On giving up his goods for the benefit of his creditors he was asked in what name

they should be registered, when he replied, "The King of Corsica." As soon as he was set at liberty he proceeded to the residence of the Portuguese Minister, who happened to be away from home. Having no money to pay the chairmen, he desired them to carry him to the house of a tailor in Soho, to whom he was known. This kind-hearted tradesman took pity on his distress, and afforded him gratuitous hospitality until his death, which took place, however, four days afterwards.

CHAP. IX.

PORTUGAL unhappily requires a more lengthened notice than the preceding, owing to the unparalleled disaster that overwhelmed her capital. This terrible catastrophe was occasioned, said the Portuguese, by the presence of so many English heretics; but, in the opinion of these heretics, it was rather attributable to the gross superstitions of the inhabitants themselves. Without stopping to consider which of these hypotheses is the more logical and scientific, it may be more to the purpose to give two instances of the degree of enlightenment then attained by the government and clergy of that kingdom. A letter from Lisbon in June, 1755, thus speaks of a notable scheme for the diffusion of Christianity among the natives of Africa. "The Ministry having resolved to people with Christians the country situate on the river Sena, otherwise the gold river, which is inhabited only by savages, public notice was given, that such families as were inclined to settle there,

should have lands allotted to them, and many other advantages; however, very few offered themselves; whereupon orders were given to take up all the loose and disorderly persons of both sexes, who can give no good account of themselves, and, after joining them in matrimony, put them on board the ship that is to transport them. As there are directions given to take up likewise such married folks as lead irregular lives, we shall be able to send over a considerable colony."

The following account of a solemn mummery, representing the crucifixion of our Saviour, as exhibited at Lisbon, March 28. 1755, was written by an eye-witness, the Rev. Mr. Whitfield: —

"Before, all used to be noise and hurry; now, all was hushed and shut up in the most awful and profound silence. No clock or bell had been heard since yesterday noon, and scarce a person was to be seen in the street. About two o'clock in the afternoon we got to the place where (I had heard some days ago) an extraordinary scene was to be exhibited. It was the crucifixion of the Son of God, represented, partly by dumb images and partly by living persons, in a large church belonging to the convent of St. De Beato. Several thousands crowded into it; some of whom, as I was told, had been waiting there ever

since six in the morning. Thro' the kind interposition and assistance of a Protestant or two, I was not only admitted into the church, but was very commodiously situated to view the whole performance. We had not waited long before the curtain was drawn up. Immediately, upon a high scaffold, hung in the front with black bays, and behind with silk purple damask laced with gold, was exhibited to our view an image of the Lord Jesus at full length, crowned with thorns and nailed on a cross between two figures of like dimensions, representing the two thieves. At a little distance on the right hand was placed an image of the Virgin Mary, in plain long ruffles, and a kind of widow-weeds. Her veil was purple silk, and she had a wire glory round her head. At the foot of the cross lay, in a mournful, pensive posture, a living man, dressed in woman's clothes, who personated Mary Magdalen; and not far off stood a young man, in imitation of the beloved disciple. He was dressed in a loose green silk vesture and bobwig. His eyes were fixed on the cross, and his two hands a little extended. On each side, near the front of the stage, stood two centinels in buff, with formidable caps and long beards; and directly in the front stood another yet more formidable, with a large target in his hand. We may

suppose him to be the Roman Centurion. To complete the scene, from behind the purple hangings came out about twenty little purple vested winged boys, two by two, each bearing a lighted wax taper in his hand, and a crimson and gold cap on his head. At their entrance upon the stage, they gently bowed their heads towards the spectators, then kneeled and made obeysance, first to the image on the cross, and then to that of the Virgin Mary. When risen, they bowed to each other, and then took their respective places over against one another, on steps assigned for them at the front of the stage. Opposite to this, at a few yards' distance, stood a black friar, in a pulpit hung with mourning. For a while he paused, and then, breaking silence, gradually lifted up his voice till it was extended to a pretty high pitch, tho' I think scarce high enough for so large an auditory. After he had proceeded in his discourse about a quarter of an hour, a confused noise was heard near the front great door; and upon turning my head I saw four long-bearded men, two of which carried a ladder on their shoulders, and after them followed two more with large gilt dishes in their hands, full of linen, spices, &c. These (as I imagined) were the representatives of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. On a signal given from the pulpit, they

advanced towards the steps of the scaffold; but upon their very first attempt to mount it, at the watchful centurion's nod, the observant soldiers made a pass at them, and presented the points of their javelins directly to their breasts. They are repulsed. Upon this a letter from Pilate is produced. The centurion reads it, shakes his head, and with looks that bespoke a forced compliance, beckons to the centinels to withdraw their arms. Leave being thus obtained, they ascend; and having paid their homage by kneeling first to the image on the cross, and then to the Virgin Mary, they retired to the back of the stage. Still the preacher continued declaiming, or rather (as was said) explaining the mournful scene. Magdalen persists in wringing her hands, and variously expressing her personated sorrow, whilst John (seemingly regardless of all besides) stands gazing on the crucified figure. By this time it was near three o'clock, and therefore proper for the scene to begin to close. The ladders are ascended, the superscription and crown are taken off, long white rollers put round the arms of the image, and then the nails knocked out which fasten the hands and feet. Here Mary Magdalen looks most languishing, and John, if possible, stands more thunderstruck than before. The orator lifts up his voice, and almost all the hearers express

concern by weeping, beating their breasts, and smiting their cheeks. At length the body is gently let down, Magdalen eyes it, and, gradually rising, receives the feet into her wide-spread handkerchief; whilst John (who hitherto stood motionless like a statue) as the body came nearer to the ground, with an eagerness that bespoke the intense affection of a sympathising friend, runs towards the cross, seizes the upper part of it into his clasping arms, and with his disguised fellow-mourner helps to bear it away. Great preparations are now made for its interment. It was wrapped in linen, spices, &c., and being laid upon a bier richly hung, was afterwards carried round the churchyard in grand procession. The image of the Virgin Mary was chief mourner, and John and Magdalen, with a whole troop of friars with wax tapers in their hands, followed after. Determined to see the whole, I waited its return; and in about a quarter of an hour the corpse was brought in, and deposited in an open sepulchre prepared for the purpose; but not before a priest, accompanied by several of the same order in splendid vestments, had perfumed it with incense, sung to, and kneeled before it. John and Magdalen attended the obsequies; but the image of the Virgin Mary was carried away and placed upon the front of the stage,

in order to be kissed, adored, and worshipped by the people. This I saw them do with the utmost eagerness and reverence. And thus ended this Good Friday's tragi-comical, superstitious, idolatrous droll, — a droll, which whilst I saw, as well as now whilst I am describing it, excited in me a high indignation."

On the 1st of November, 1755, a few minutes before 10 A.M. the inhabitants of Lisbon were alarmed by several violent vibrations of the ground, which then rose and fell several times with such force that hundreds of houses came toppling into the streets, crushing thousands of people. At the same time the air grew pitchy dark from the clouds of dust that rose from the crumbling edifices. Many persons ran down to the river side, in the hope of escaping to the shipping; but the water suddenly rose some yards perpendicularly, and swept away everything before it. The quay, with nearly 200 human beings standing on it, all at once disappeared. Large ships, which were lying high and dry, floated off, and were dashed against each other or carried down the river. In every direction the surface of the water was overspread with boats, timber, casks, household furniture, and corpses. The scene on dry land was yet more horrifying. Churches, government buildings, and private houses, were all involved in the same ruin.

Many thousands of trembling fugitives had collected in the great square, when it was discovered that flames were spreading in every quarter. Taking advantage of the universal panic and confusion, a band of miscreants had fired the city. Nothing could be done to stay the progress of the flames, and for eight days they raged unchecked. Whatever the earthquake had spared fell a prey to this new calamity. "It is not to be expressed by human tongue," writes an eye-witness, "how dreadful and how awful it was to enter the city after the fire was abated; and looking upwards one was struck with horror in beholding dead bodies, by six or seven in a heap, crushed to death, half buried and half burnt; and if one went through the broad places or squares nothing to be met with but people bewailing their misfortunes, wringing their hands, and crying, 'The world is at an end.' If you go out of the city, you behold nothing but barracks, or tents made with canvass or ship's sails where the poor inhabitants lye."

Another eye-witness is still more graphic. "The terror of the people was beyond description: nobody wept,—it was beyond tears;—they ran hither and thither, delirious with horror and astonishment—beating their faces and breasts — crying *miseri-*

cordia, the world's at an end; mothers forgot their children, and ran about loaded with crucifixed images. Unfortunately, many ran to the churches for protection; but in vain was the sacrament exposed; in vain did the poor creatures embrace the altars; images, priests, and people, were buried in one common ruin. * * * The prospect of the city was deplorable. As you passed along the streets, you saw shops of goods with the shopkeepers buried with them, some alive crying out from under the ruins, others half buried, others with broken limbs, in vain begging for help; they were passed by crowds without the least notice or sense of humanity. The people lay that night in the field, which equalled, if possible, the horrors of the day; the city all in flames; and if you happened to forget yourself with sleep, you were awakened by the tremblings of the earth and the howlings of the people. Yet the moon shone, and the stars, with unusual brightness. Long wished for day at last appeared, and the sun rose with great splendour on the desolated city in the morning. Some of the boldest, whose houses were not burnt, ventured home for clothes, the want of which they had severely felt in the night, and a blanket was now become of more value than a suit of silk."

The Spanish Ambassador was crushed in the doorway, as he attempted to escape into the street, and nine of his servants also perished, though his child, a boy only seven years old, was providentially saved. The King himself had a narrow escape, as also the Royal Family. For some days they remained in tents at Belem, none of the palaces being safe to be inhabited. There is something very touching in the conclusion of His Majesty's letter to the King of Spain. "I am without a house, in a tent, without servants, without subjects, without money, and without bread." Immediate measures, however, were taken to suppress brigandage, and every man detected in the act of plundering was hanged upon the spot. Orders were also issued for the burial of the dead, as the air became infected with the stench of 10,000 putrefying corpses. The rubbish likewise was rapidly cleared away, notwithstanding repeated shocks up to the 19th. Prompt succours were despatched from this country for the relief of the sufferers. Parliament voted 100,000*l.* for that benevolent purpose, which was partly laid out in purchasing provisions and other necessaries of life. Nor was the earthquake confined to Lisbon. Its sphere of action embraced many cities and states. St. Ubes was totally destroyed. At Cadiz the sea

broke down the outer wall, flooded the town, and drowned some hundreds of persons. The Cathedral of Seville was seriously damaged, several houses overthrown, and many persons injured. The shock was felt, indeed, throughout the whole of Spain, except in Catalonia, and also in Germany. In many parts of Great Britain the water in lakes and ponds was violently upheaved, and ebbed and flowed over the banks. A solemn Fast was consequently commanded to be observed on the 6th of February next ensuing, in the hope to avert, by prayer and penitence, a similar calamity from this country. A ship at sea, 100 leagues to the westward of Lisbon, had her cabin windows shattered to fragments, and many vessels in deep water quivered as if they had struck against a rock. In Morocco the effects of the shock were most disastrous. In Mequinez two-thirds of the houses were destroyed, and above 300 in Fez. A caravan of 200 persons going along the coast from Sallee to Morocco were overwhelmed by the sea, and a still more numerous caravan was swept away by the sudden rise of the inland rivers. In France and Holland earthquakes were repeatedly felt during the entire month of November, and occasionally even in December. The destruction of life in Lisbon itself was, no doubt, partly owing to

the great concourse of people to witness the Auto-da-fé by which All Saints' Day was wont to be celebrated. For the same reason there was comparatively little loss of life among the Protestants; for, as heretics were liable to be insulted by the true believers, they usually retired into the country on that day. Nevertheless, this very natural circumstance was converted into good capital by fanatical persons, incapable of perceiving the immeasurable distance between Infinite Wisdom and the petty feelings of humanity. Thus masquerades were put down, as if there were any connexion between that absurd amusement and the action of subterraneous gases.

According to the Abbé Montignot, member of the Royal Society of Nantz, Lisbon will always be liable to the recurrence of such a calamity. The earthquake of 1755 was felt precisely on the same spot as that of 1532. At both times the city of Lisbon was the focus or centre of it. Deep caverns have probably been formed by the sea beneath the foundations of the city, which become filled with bituminous and inflammable gases. The only hope of escape from the return of these dire explosions would be the formation of a volcano through which the subterranean matters would exhale as through a chim-

ney. Another writer, who signs himself "A Man of Business," literally pours a volume of abuse on the inaccuracies that pervade the various early accounts of this calamity. He calls their authors "dastardly mongrel insects, scribbling incendiaries, starveling savages, senseless yelping curs, blushless caitiffs, growling grovelling bipeds, scandal yelping crew, varlets lavish of falsehood, journalistical fire-eaters, superlative coxcombs, crack-brain'd dealers in absurdity, jack-a'-lanterns, pragmatical ghosts of entity, daring, blushless, heartless, freebooting aliens, crawling vermin, unnatural fry of barbarous insects." One is a heartless witling, that chokes himself with swallowing a flight; another a little griping understrapper with a dirt-raking mind and a spurious breast. "Villains, whatever be the climate in which they first drew their breath, are still ubiquitary abortions from human nature, whose hereditary soil is that of the gallows to which they are born, improbity being everywhere an exotic." In like strain does he account for the tremors that succeeded the first violent shocks. "I look on these last consumptive rumblings as the wasting efforts of the identic fluids caused by the settling of the earth in the several parts where nature reassumes its former posture; wherefore, in spite of the raw hypothesis

of some moderns, I still believe the above symptoms are but the ubiquitary effects of all vehement earthquakes."

The doctrine of Divine visitation by earthquakes naturally furnished the text for many sermons, and on the general Fast-day "the occasion was improved" in the most orthodox fashion. One reverend divine discovered that the destruction of Lisbon had been foretold in "Revelations," and wrote a dissertation to prove his hypothesis. The prophetic passage occurs at ch. xi. v. 13., and is couched in these words: "And the same hour there was a great earthquake, and the tenth part of the city fell, and in the earthquake were slain, of men, seven thousand."

THE

MEN OF THE DAY;

AND

WHAT THEY WERE DOING A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

CHAP. X.

LET us now glance at the intellectual giants who lived on the earth a hundred years ago. Like the arbutus which bears at the same time buds, blossoms, green, mature, and over-ripe fruit, the age was distinguished by its nascent, its brilliant, its fading illustrations. A few words must be devoted to each class, rather as notes of reference than as aiming at description.

It was in 1755 that VOLNEY was born. Having acquired a reputation in excess of his real merits, he is now estimated below his intrinsic value. The boldness and originality of his scepticism, at a time when it was possible for scepticism to be both bold

and original, invested his "Ruins of Empires" with a light mistaken by his contemporary admirers for the halo of the immortals, but which posterity has already pronounced an evanescent though brilliant coruscation. That same year was more bountiful to the arts. The city of York was enabled to boast of being the birthplace of FLAXMAN, to whom the present generation is mainly indebted for its appreciation of pure classical beauty in sculpture. Of humbler, but genuine merit, was HENRY BONE, a native of Truro, who achieved a high celebrity as a painter in enamel. His most celebrated performance was his "Bacchus and Ariadne," by Titian, for which he received 2200 guineas from that magnificent Mæcenas, Mr. G. Bowles. And bright was the smile of the Muse of Tragedy, when, in the dull Cambrian town of Brecknock, a strolling actor became the father of a female child. In the fulness of time this infant was destined to be a household word in the mouths of her countrymen to all generations. So long as Shakespeare is remembered, the name of SIDDONS can never be forgotten. In the following year GODWIN first breathed the breath of life, though thirty-eight years elapsed before he startled the world with "Caleb Williams." A great landmark is that book to those

who look back as they float down the stream of time. Only sixty-two years ago it was possible that such acts of tyranny could be perpetrated by British magistrates, that such misery should prevail in our prisons, that one who revealed the iniquity should be regarded as a seditious and disaffected citizen. Had Charles Dickens lived then, he too would have been held up to execration as one who believed in the impious and dangerous doctrine that mankind was a brotherhood, and that equal rights belonged unto all men. Coëtaneous with Godwin, was the infamous JOHN BAPTIST CARRIER, the most sanguinary monster that presided over the butcheries of the French Revolution. He perished on the guillotine, in the same year that witnessed the publication of "Caleb Williams." As some compensation to the human race for the disgrace brought upon them by this wretch, MOZART was given to attune the soul by celestial strains for celestial aspirations.

CRABBE, the simple and harmonious delineator of rural life, was then an infant scarce able to toddle along the floor. But little older was CHATTERTON, whose "noble rage" repressed by "chill penury" was to be the glory and remorse of his age. To him might be applied the first two

lines in the concluding chorus of old Marlowe's "Faustus:"

> "Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
> And burned is Apollo's laurel bough."

His senior by a year was MADAME DACIER, afterwards so famous for her scholarship, and whose notes on the classics are still reverenced by learned men. In the preceding year—1750—were born two men equally distinguished in their respective countries and walks in life, albeit widely differing in character and profession: the one, JOHN PHILPOTT CURRAN, a wit, an orator, and a patriot—the other, DAVID, the painter of history as it might be, a republican by taste, an imperialist by trade. JOHN WOLFGANG GOETHE was then exercising his precocious genius on Latin verses; while MIRABEAU'S ponderous *physique* was content with the triumphs of the nursery, and JEREMY BENTHAM was yet untroubled with visions for achieving "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." CHARLES DIBDIN, the naval bard of Britain, was a schoolboy two years older than the future DR. JOHN AIKIN, and as much the junior of LAVOISIER, one of the founders of chemical science. Nor should we forget the name of HENRY MACKENZIE,

whose sketches of character are a model of polished style and playful humour. Children, too, at this time, were LAVATER, the physiognomist; MADAME DE GENLIS, the instructress of Louis Philippe and his more sagacious sister, and the writer of pleasant tales now rather alluded to than read; and DR. JENNER, whose discovery of vaccination places him high in the roll of the benefactors of the human race.

A phalanx of great names was then entering on the duties and noble pursuits of mankind. The historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," before completing the eighteenth year of his age, had already twice changed his profession of religious faith, though still guiltless of "sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer." He was at this period residing at Lausanne, with M. Pavilliard, a Calvinist minister, and—what was of more consequence, but of rarer occurrence—a benevolent, well informed, gentlemanly man. Having settled his religious persuasion, for the moment, young GIBBON devoted himself to study with the most determined assiduity. At the close of 1755 he was able to make the following entry in his Journal:—

"In finishing this year, I must remark how favourable it was to my studies. In the space of

eight months, from the beginning of April, I learnt the principles of drawing; made myself complete master of the French and Latin languages, with which I was very superficially acquainted before, and wrote and translated a great deal in both; read Cicero's Epistles *ad Familiares*, his Brutus, and all his Orations, his Dialogues *De Amantiâ* and *De Senectute;* Terence, twice; and Pliny's Epistles. In French, Giannoné's History of Naples, and l'Abbé Bannier's Mythology, and M. de Bochat's Memoire sur la Suisse, and wrote a very ample relation of my tour. I likewise began to study Greek, and went through the Grammar. I began to make very large collections of what I read. But what I esteem most of all, from the perusal and meditation of De Crouza's Logic, I not only understood the principles of that science, but formed my mind to a habit of thinking and reasoning I had no idea of before."

Happy age when such beginnings are possible! Thrice happy the youth who feels the necessity of making them! In 1756, his studies were still more diffuse, and not less resolute. He carefully read through Virgil, Sallust, Livy, Vell. Paterculus, Valerius Maximus, Tacitus, Suetonius, Quintus Curtius, Justin, Florus, Plautus, Terence, and Lucretius, be-

sides deeply meditating on Locke "Upon the Understanding." In this same year he engaged in a vigorous correspondence with several learned men, on subjects far beyond the thoughts of most youths of his age. With M. Crevier he discussed a disputed passage in Livy. To Professor Breitinger he wrote, in Latin, on certain points in Justin; and in the same language to Professor Gesner—who addresses him as *vir doctissime*—concerning the Pisones of the "Ars Poetica," and the date of Catullus' death. For the benefit of a Swiss friend, he reviewed, in French, the Constitution of Berne, and entered into a keen discussion with M. Allamand, on Locke's "Theory of Innate Ideas." The last-named gentleman thus concludes a letter to his youthful correspondent, dated October 12th, 1756, in which he treats him as his equal in knowledge and sagacity:—

"Si la marche de 120 mille Russes n'est pas une fable, que va devenir la Majesté Prussienne? Ne croyez-vous, monsieur, que nous touchons à de grandes revolutions? Il y a longtemps que je soupçonne un plan formé de reduire le système général à trois grands empires (M. Allamand might possibly entertain a similar suspicion were he now to revisit the earth); celui des François à l'occident du Rhin, celui d' Autriche à l' Orient, et celui des Russes au

Nord. Il n'y en a pourtant rien dans l'Apocalypse. Qu'on partage la terre comme on voudra, pourvu qu'il y soit toujours permis de croire que ce qui est, est; et que les contradictoires ne peuvent pas être vraies en même temps. Au reste, ces trois empires auroient beau être grands, mesurés à nos toises, ils paroîtroient toujours bien petits vus seulement depuis la lune, et à quelle hauteur ne s'élèvent pas par delà des yeux philosophes.

"P.S. M. de N—— m'écrit que *tout va mieux que jamais* à present que Madame D—— sa nièce est bien malade, et que voilà 200 mille hommes prets à s'égorger pour 5 sols par jour. Il est de mauvaise humeur contre ce *tout est bien.*"

Early in 1755, OLIVER GOLDSMITH beggared himself by laying out on the purchase of tulips for his uncle the money with which his friend Mr. Ellis had supplied him for the purpose of quitting Leyden. Nothing daunted by the consequences of his Hibernian heedlessness, and too proud to apply a second time to his friend, he set out on his travels with one spare shirt, a guinea, and his flute. His knowledge of music, coupled with a tolerably good voice, stood him in excellent stead. "I passed," says the Philosophic Vagabond, "among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such

of the French as were poor enough to be very merry." In another place also he commemorates with honest pride the triumphs of his skill in music among our "lively neighbours."

> "Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
> Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
> How often have I led thy sportive choir,
> With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
> Where shading elms along the margins grew,
> And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr blew:
> And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
> But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancers' skill,
> Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
> And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
> Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
> Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
> And the gay grandsire, skill'd in jestic lore,
> Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore."

But French dancing masters are now-a-days as rare as French freemen. It is not easy to dance *par ordre*. And besides, there is little sympathy between Momus and Mammon. The peasantry, perhaps, are no longer "poor enough to be very merry." They certainly care as little now for the tabor as for the martial drum.

At Paris Goldsmith attended the chemical lectures of Rouelle, and the more genial performances of Mdlle. Clairon, to whose dramatic genius he bears such flattering testimony in the "Bee:" —

"Mdlle. Clairon seems to me the most perfect female figure I have ever seen upon any stage. Not perhaps that Nature has been more liberal of personal beauty to her than some to be seen upon our theatres at home. There are actresses here who have as much of what connoisseurs call statuary grace, by which is meant elegance unconnected with motion, as she; but they all fall infinitely short of her, when the soul comes to give expression to the limbs and animates every feature. Her first appearance is excessively engaging; she never comes in staring round upon the company as if she intended to count the benefits of the house, or at least to see, as well as to be seen. Her eyes are always at first intently fixed upon the persons of the drama, and she lifts them by degrees, with enchanting diffidence, upon the spectators. Her first speech, or at least the first part of it, is delivered with scarcely any motion of the arm; her hands and her tongue never set out together; but the one prepares us for the other. She sometimes begins with a mute eloquent attitude; but never goes forward all at once with hands, eyes, head, and voice. * * * By this simple beginning she gives herself the power of rising in the passion of the scene. As she proceeds, every gesture, every look, acquires new violence, till, at last trans-

ported, she fills the whole vehemence of the part, and all the idea of the poet."

He likewise became acquainted with VOLTAIRE, and on one occasion met the venerable FONTENELLE, then nearly one hundred years old, who attacked the English language and literature with a violence only excusable by his profound ignorance of either. DIDEROT endeavoured to take up their defence, but was evidently overmatched. However, the dispute, rather than discussion, was maintained until midnight, when Voltaire, who had hitherto remained apparently lost in a reverie, suddenly broke in upon the conversation. "His whole frame seemed animated. He began his defence with the utmost defiance mixed with spirit, and now and then let fall the finest strokes of raillery upon his antagonist; and his harangue lasted till morning." It was worth while to have lived a hundred years ago to have been present at such a scene. Who would not give a year of dull prosaic life for one such supper-party?

From France Goldsmith travelled into Germany and Switzerland, whence he sent to his brother a poetic description of the countries and peoples he had visited, which he subsequently developed into the "Traveller." At Genoa he obtained the appointment of tutor to the son of a London pawn-

broker, who was as mean as he was wealthy; but he was freed from this bondage on reaching Marseilles. From that seaport he trudged on, on foot, through Piedmont and other Italian states, where his flute, however, failed to procure him a subsistence, as every peasant was nearly as good a musician as himself. He had recourse, therefore, to another scheme. "In all the foreign universities and convents," said the Philosophic Vagabond to his father, "there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. With the members of these establishments I could converse on topics of literature, and then I always forgot the meanness of my circumstances."

It was probably at Padua that Goldsmith took his medical degree. Here also he heard of his uncle's death, which deprived him of the means for further travel. He was thus constrained to turn his face homewards, and manfully walked back throughout the entire length of France, accompanied by his faithful flute, and, in the early part of 1756, once more stood on English ground. He landed at Dover, whence he found his way to London, unaided by either music or philosophy. But London is a waste

howling wilderness to a man without friends, money, or letters of introduction: and Goldsmith was an Irishman to boot,—at that time a most unpopular nationality. It makes one's blood curdle to read of the disappointments endured by this exquisite genius, of the struggles to obtain a crust of bread borne by one of the most fascinating writers this country ever produced. We are told that he in vain endeavoured to obtain employment behind the counter of a village apothecary; that he then essayed his talent on the boards of a small provincial theatre; and that in February he was for a brief space usher in a London school, after which he acted as assistant to a chemist near Fish Street Hill. A few months later he encountered in the streets his old Edinburgh friend, Dr. Sleigh, who put him in the way of practising medicine among the poor about Bankside, and also procured him some hack-work from certain publishers. A journeyman printer now introduced him to Richardson, the novelist, by whom he was employed as Corrector of the Press at his establishment in Salisbury Court. Being occasionally admitted to the great man's parlour, he became acquainted with Dr. Young, the author of "Night Thoughts." After this we find him temporary manager of Dr. Milner's Boarding School at Peck-

ham, where his amiable peculiarities and child-like simplicity won the affection, if they failed to command the reverence, of his pupils. The Doctor happened to be one of the writers in the "Monthly Review," and thus poor Goldie became the literary bondsman of the Griffiths,—male and female,—who conducted that periodical. But it was not until April, 1757, that he took up his abode beneath their roof, bartering the virgin ore of genius for board and lodging and a small fixed salary.

JAMES WATT, the founder of a new era in the progress of human science, was in 1756 appointed mathematical instrument maker to the University of Glasgow. In that same year Sir Ralph Abercrombie commenced the military career which he terminated so gloriously on the plains of Egypt. Eugene Aram, innocent of human blood, was harmlessly occupied in preparing acts of parliament for registration in Chancery, and in teaching Latin and Caligraphy to the sons of London Cits. The voyages of Captain Cook had commenced, and Falconer, the poet, was acquiring that knowledge of life and death at sea, which he afterwards illustrated in the "Shipwreck," and attested by his own sad fate. Necker, introduced at the age of fifteen into Thelusson's Bank, was steadily laying the foundation of that financial reputation which accelerated the downfal

of his country. Fuseli had not yet been inconvenienced by "de d——d ignorance of de language," though Edmund Burke was already competent to prove the immense power and copiousness of his native tongue. Gainsborough and Benjamin West were yet students, but perhaps inwardly prescient of their future fame. Coëtaneous with them was Macpherson, the historian. Though somewhat his senior, Horne Tooke had not yet written the "Diversions of Purley," nor had Hoole distorted the *ottava rima* of Ariosto into English hexameters. A poet's dreams were now familiar to Cowper, and the hidden laws of harmony had been revealed to Haydn. Three Huttons were about to enter the fields of learning and literature. At Newcastle Dr. Charles Hutton had developed his talent for mathematics and exact science. At Edinburgh Dr. James Hutton was revolving in his mind the theory of creation, and collecting his arguments in favour of the Plutonian origin of dry land; while William Hutton, of Derby, was making himself master of local antiquities with a view to become the historian and topographer of his native county. George Colman was no doubt celebrated among his companions as a jovial humourist, but "Poll Honeycombe," his first performance, was not produced before 1760. A

greater laggard was Christopher Anstey, whose "New Bath Guide" was not ushered into the world till six years later. This inimitable piece of drollery was principally written at Trumpington near Cambridge, though local tradition still points out a bower in the garden of Horstead Rectory, near Norwich, as the scene of its composition. The copyright was sold for 200 guineas to Dodsley, who declared it to be the most profitable bargain he had ever made: eleven years afterwards he most generously returned the copyright to the author. Dodsley himself commenced life as a footman, in which humble capacity he perpetrated some verses entitled the "Muse in Livery" — "Polyhymnia in Plush Breeches" might have been still more suitable. Through the patronage of Pope and other influential persons he was subsequently enabled to open a shop in Pall Mall, where he projected the "Annual Register," and published many volumes of Fugitive Pieces in prose and verse, in a vain effort to arrest their flight to Limbo. To him Shenstone was indebted for the publication of much mawkish trash about Strephons and Corydons, Delias and Celias, besides some very objectionable pieces which, while striving to be humorous, only succeeded in being obscene. Goldsmith well described him as "a poet possessed of that warm imagination which made him ever fore-

most in the pursuit of flying happiness." In this wild-goose chase he contrived to ruin himself, by disfiguring his paternal acres with artificial ponds, and grottoes, and knolls, and valleys, in the same manner that he essayed to turn aside the noble stream of poesy into his dribbling Pastorals and Elegies.

Foremost among those whose intellect was in the full pride of strength rises the mighty form of SAMUEL JOHNSON. Long since distinguished for his learning, *imposuit colophonem*, he put the finishing stroke to his fame by the publication of his Dictionary of the English language. On the 25th of March, 1755, the following advertisement appeared in the "Gazette:"—

"*This Month will be published,*

"In Two Large Volumes in Folio,

(Price, bound, Four Pound Ten Shillings)

A DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE: In which the words are deduced from their Originals, and illustrated in their different Significations by Examples from the best Writers.

"To which are prefixed

"A HISTORY of the LANGUAGE, and a GRAMMAR,

"By SAMUEL JOHNSON, A.M.

"Printed for J. and P. Knapton, T. and T. Longman, C. Hitch and L. Hawes, A. Millar, and R. and J. Dodsley.

"Where may be had, Gratis,

"The PLAN of this DICTIONARY.

"Addressed to the Right Hon. the Earl of Chesterfield."

The degree of Master of Arts had been unanimously conferred "on the learned Mr. Sam. Johnson," on the last day of February, by the University of Oxford in full convocation. The pecuniary reward of his gigantic labours amounted to 1575*l.*, out of which, however, he had to purchase many books of reference and to pay his amanuenses. A considerable portion of this sum had been advanced at different times by Andrew Millar, who in return was constantly pressing for "copy." "When the messenger,—says Boswell,—who carried the last sheet to Millar, returned, Johnson asked him, "Well, what did he say?" "Sir (answered the messenger), he said, 'Thank God, I have done with him.'" "I am glad (replied Johnson) that he thanks God for anything."

Johnson's friends did not fail to contrast the result of his diligence with the tardy labours of the French Academy who, though forty in number, were thirty years in compiling their dictionary. On this hint Garrick spake:—

"Talk of war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance,
That one English soldier will beat ten of France:
Would we alter the boast from the sword to the pen,
The odds are still greater,—still greater our men!
In the deep mines of science, tho' Frenchmen may toil,
Can their strength be compar'd to Lock, Newton, and Boyle?
Let them rally their heroes, send forth all their powers,
Their verse-men, and prose-men, then match 'em with ours!

First Milton and Shakespear, like gods in the fight,
Have put their whole drama and epic to flight;
In satyres, epistles, and odes, would they cope,
Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope;
And Johnson, well-arm'd, like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French, and will beat forty more."

Johnson had originally dedicated his Dictionary to Lord Chesterfield, whose patronage he courted for a time. Being afflicted, however, with deafness and other physical infirmities that militated against the Graces, his lordship had of late withdrawn from the world, and neglected his rough but thin-skinned protégé. On the announcement of the early appearance of the Dictionary, the noble lord suddenly bethought him of his humble friend, and wrote two excellent papers in its praise, which were published in the "World." The tardy favour was spurned by the surly moralist. Perhaps all men whose position in society is inferior to their rank in the intellectual scale, become morose, disappointed, and envious. And these feelings stand sadly in the way of true dignity. Johnson, with all his mental superiority, was full of the littlenesses of human nature. He accordingly writhed under the patronising air assumed by Lord Chesterfield,—most likely, quite unconsciously,—and, in a vain attempt to assert his dignity, exhibited much rudeness and ill temper.

Nevertheless, there are many who profess to admire his "spirit,"—forgetful that it was not displayed until the coveted patronage was no longer necessary. His letter to Lord Chesterfield, dated February 7th, 1755, was couched in the following terms:—

"My Lord,

"I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the "World," that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When upon some slight encouragement I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could;

and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

"Seven years, my lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one word of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

"The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

"Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labour, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations, when no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from the dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's most humble,

"Most obedient Servant,

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

This famous letter, then, amounts simply to this. Seven years before it was written, an ungainly scholar took offence, that the most elegant man of the age was not as much fascinated by his profound erudition, as he himself was by the other's manners and address. Mistaking suavity of demeanour for heartfelt interest and sympathy, he imagined that he had made a most favourable impression, and that flowers were henceforth to spring up beneath his tread. But the statesman and orator had other matters to occupy his mind, than the image of the big, awkward man who was compiling a dictionary. The vanity of the latter was hurt by this apparent neglect—not his pride, for that would not have

prevented him from accepting any amount of favours. If he could not be all, he would be nothing. So he ceased to attend his lordship's levées, and, in consequence, was very likely forgotten. But when it was announced that Mr. Johnson's Dictionary was about to issue from the press, his lordship kindly took the trouble to anticipate its publication, by two most flattering notices, and this prepared the public for its favourable reception. It would no doubt have been more gratifying to Johnson's feelings, if his wife could have lived to hear his praises; but her death was certainly not imputable to Lord Chesterfield. And the assertion that he no longer needed a patron's aid was simply balderdash, for in the following year he was arrested for a paltry debt of 5*l.* 18*s.*, which Samuel Richardson—at his urgent request—sent him six guineas to discharge.

In the course of 1756 Johnson wrote numerous essays and reviews, and conceived the idea of editing Shakespeare—a conception which was fulfilled nine years afterwards. To his honour it must be stated that about this time he declined the offer of a good living in Lincolnshire, made by the elder Langton, alleging his unfitness for holy orders by reason of his habits and temper, as well as his unconquerable attachment to London.

During the two years under review a frequent

correspondence was carried on between Johnson and the Rev. Thomas Wharton, whose "Observations on Spenser's 'Fairy Queen'" were given to the world in 1754. The first volume of his "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope" came out in 1756. In the letters of these eminent men we find touching allusions to the poverty, and consequent depression of spirits, that were bringing down Collins' grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. The poet died at Chichester, in 1756, having too late received the small legacy bequeathed him by his uncle Colonel Martin. Another of their mutual friends was the author of the "Divine Legation of Moses." But it was not until 1759 that Warburton obtained his bishopric.

The same paper that announced the forthcoming appearance of Johnson's Dictionary, contained also the following advertisement:—

"*This Day is published,*

Beautifully printed on a Royal Paper, in two Volumes Quarto, and illustrated with Twenty-Eight new Copper-plates, designed by Hayman, and engraved by the best Artists,

"A New Translation of

The HISTORY and ADVENTURES of the Renowned DON QUIXOTE, from the Spanish of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra;

"To which is prefixed some Account of the Author's Life.

"By T. SMOLLETT, M.D.

"Printed for A. Millar, in the Strand; T. Osborne and J. Shipton,

in Gray's Inn; T. and T. Longman, C. Hitch, and L. Hawes, in Pater-Noster Row; J. Hodges, on London Bridge; and J. and J. Rivington, in St. Paul's Church yard.

☞ Such Noblemen and Gentlemen as have subscribed to the Author, will be pleased to send their Receipts and second Payments to A. Millar, in the Strand, who will deliver their Books."

In the March number of the "Gentleman's Magazine," Smollett's name is curiously coupled with Voltaire's. The article begins with a critical notice of the latter's "General History and State of Europe," and gives some account of the origin of chivalry and the institution of knighthood; and then, by way of illustration, proceeds to extract from "A New Translation of Don Quixote, by Dr. Smollett, the author of Roderick Random," the description of the ceremonials used by the Knight of La Mancha. This is almost as felicitous as would be an attempt to illustrate Hallam by passages from the "Comic History of England," or, in classic phrase—

> "Humano capite cervicem pictor equinam
> Fingere si velit."

In January, 1756, Smollett commenced the "Critical Review," under the patronage of the Tories and the High Church party, in opposition to the "Monthly Review," conducted by Dr. Griffiths and his wife, whom he somewhere describes as "an antiquated

female critic, and a dabbler in the 'Review.'" Shortly afterwards he edited for Dodsley a collection in seven volumes 12mo. of "Authentic and Entertaining Voyages, digested in a Chronological Series, and illustrated with a variety of genuine Charts, Maps, Plans, Heads, &c." This compendium included the wanderings of Vasco de Gama, Pedro Alvarez de Cabral, Magellan, Drake, Raleigh, Rowe, Monk, James, Nieuhoff, Wafer, Dampier, Gemelli, Rogers, and Lord Anson; together with histories of the conquest of Mexico and Peru; the discovery of Florida; a description of Iceland, Ceylon, Coromandel, and Malabar; memoirs relating to Russia; and his own account of the Expedition against Carthagena, in 1741.

CHAP. XI.

CONTEMPORANEOUSLY with these eminent men, flourished James Burnett, Lord Monboddo, who bestowed a tail upon Adam; Dr. Erasmus Darwin, who sang the "Loves of the Plants;" the two Fergusons — James, the philosopher and astronomer, and Adam, the historian and moral philosopher; Dr. John Akenside, whose "Pleasures of Imagination" is in every book-stall, but scarcely in any one's hands; and Samuel Richardson, thrice famous for his Pamela, Clarissa Harlow, and Sir Charles Grandison. The Rev. Hugh Blair was then edifying — perhaps annoying — an Edinburgh congregation, with his "Moral Sermons," but Robert Blair, the author of "The Grave," had been dead ten years. Charles Churchill, clergyman and poet, had begun to instruct his parishioners and delight his contemporaries, while another divine scandalised his more austere neighbours by the production of a tragedy, and yet more by witnessing its performance.

"The melancholy but notorious facts that one who is a minister of the Church of Scotland did himself write and compose a stage play, entitled "The Tragedy of Douglas," and got it to be acted on the theatre at Edinburgh; and that he with several other ministers of this church were present, and some of them oftener than once, at the acting of the said play before a numerous audience," so deeply affected the Presbyteries of Edinburgh and Glasgow, that they instructed their representatives in the next General Assembly to move for a vote of censure on these indiscreet and ungodly persons. They further express their opinion that "the unprecedented countenance given to the playhouse, in the instance mentioned, is greatly aggravated by a late Act of Parliament, rendering the stage (because not licensed) unlawful in Scotland, and also from the present circumstances of the nation with regard to the war we are engaged in, the dearth of provisions, and the awful tokens of the divine anger against us." Nevertheless, the name of Home will live in the grateful memories of his fellow countrymen so long as Norval and the Grampian Hills are associated with their earliest oratorical displays.

In 1754, had appeared the first volume of Hume's History of England. Dr. Robertson, though fa-

vourably distinguished as a preacher, was not known as a writer, until his History of Scotland issued from the press, in 1759. In that year, the reading public were electrified by a work of a very different stamp—by Tristram Shandy. "Leonidas" had already immortalised Glover. Dr. Arne was composing music by wholesale, with a facility only equalled by the rapidity of its oblivion. John Dyer, the poet of Grongar Hill, had warbled his last notes, and was now tottering on the verge of the grave. Hogarth, too, was drawing towards the goal of his existence, though in 1755 he produced his four illustrations of the Humours of an Election. In the same year Hooke, the Roman historian, allowed himself to be mixed up with certain Roman Catholic intrigues, which by no means improved his position in society. The extravagant and luxurious, but benevolent, Dr. Dodd, was advertising his sermons, but had probably not yet attempted forgery. The flowery-worded Hervey had concluded his Meditations among the Tombs.

In 1756 Howard, the philanthropist, was captured by the French, on his way to Lisbon, and thus became practically acquainted with the horrors of a prison. Dr. Hunter was then lecturing on surgery and anatomy, and enjoying a large practice in

midwifery. Inoculation had lately been introduced by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Lord Kaimes was still poring over the Elements of Criticism. John Wesley, and George Whitfield—the founder of the Calvinistic Methodists—were in the full vigour of life, and Swedenborg in the enjoyment of his most ecstatic visions. Allan Ramsay was passing away. Nor must we omit to mention

> "The polish'd Hurd, the pensive moral Gay,
> And thee, O Mason! lov'd of all the nine."

Dr. Hill, too, was in all his glory—by turns, apothecary, player, author, botanical gardener, doctor, quack, and knight; or, as he is addressed in Smart's "Hilliad,"

> "Pimp! Poet! 'Puffer! 'Pothecary! Player!"

One day he was in repute—on the morrow he was horsewhipped. No man was ever more industrious with the pen. In one year alone he made 1500*l.* by his writings. The king of Sweden having bestowed upon him the Order of Vasa, he assumed the title of knighthood and called himself Sir John. He died in 1775 of the gout, a complaint for which he professed to have discovered an infallible cure. His pompous manners and unblushing charlatanry rendered him

a butt for all the wits of the day. Garrick said of him,

"For physic and farces his equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic, and physic his farce is."

Another wrote;

"The worst that we wish thee for all thy vile crimes,
Is to take thy own physic, and read thy own rhymes."

To this it was objected,

"If he takes his physic first,
He'll never read his rhymes."

Anstey likewise has his jest:—

"'Come take my sage of ancient use,'
Cries learned Dr. H—ll.
'But what's the sage without the goose?'
Replies my master, Gill."

And in the Pasquinade we read,

"Yet still his pen provokes the fates' decree,
In scandal dipt, and elemental tea."

Among the oddities of the age may be mentioned the notorious miser Daniel Dancer, whose only dealings with his fellowmen consisted in selling them hay, and being continually robbed, though the only access to his lair was, by means of a ladder, through an upper window. Similarly distinguished was John Elwes, who hoarded to such effect that he left behind him half a million sterling. A still more

eccentric character was Alexander Cruden, the author of the Concordance. This harmless fanatic loved to call himself Alexander the Corrector, having long acted as corrector of the press in a large printing establishment in Wild Court, near Lincoln's Inn Fields. So early as 1739 it had been found necessary to confine him for several weeks in the Bethnal Green Lunatic Asylum, and again in 1753 his sister, Mrs. Wild, had him confined for a short time in a private mad-house at Chelsea, which he called his Chelsea Campaign. It was not safe, however, to interfere with him, on account of his propensity to litigation. A copy of the Concordance was presented by him in person to Queen Caroline, the week previous to her death. His great desire was to be appointed "Corrector of the People," and guardian of their morals. He also applied for the honour of Knighthood, and on another occasion presented himself on the hustings at Guildhall as Candidate for the representative of the City of London. The principal incidents of his life, much distorted and exaggerated, were published by himself in three parts. The first series of "Adventures"—dated "At the Dial above the Flying Horse, in Upper Moorfields, January 12, 1754"—is dedicated to H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, and contains an absurd account

of his "Chelsea Campaign." The second—dated "No. 25, over against the Watchhouse in Gloucester St. betwixt Red Lion Sq. and Queen Sq. March 30, 1754" —is dedicated to H. M. George II., and describes a trial in Westminster Hall, in which he was cast. But the third part is the most ridiculous. It professes to be a narrative of his wonderful escape from Bethnal Green, by cutting with a knife the bedstead to which he was chained, his application for knighthood, his standing for the City, and his law and love adventures. It is dated "Over against the Turk's Head in East St. near Red Lion Sq. Dec. 20, 1754," and is addressed to "the amiable Mrs. Whitaker, a lady of a pious and shining character, and of great revenues." In another place he speaks of this unfortunate lady, whom he persecuted with his amorous addresses to an intolerable extent, as "the amiable Lady of Silesia, who is a lady of an excellent character, being a person of a good understanding, of good principles, of a sweet temper, with a liberal education and an acceptable person, and in very opulent circumstances." Of himself he says, "It is still the opinion of the Corrector that Providence purposes to call him to great and important services, and that the afflictions of Alexander the son of William, have some resemblance to those of

Joseph the son of Jacob, and are designed by Divine Providence to be an introduction and preparation to his being a Joseph and a prosperous man." This tiresome fanatic—the "Mr. Dunn" of a hundred years ago—pretends to have laid siege to "the amiable Mrs. W. whom he most sincerely loves," for the space of twelve calendar months, but without making much progress. At the expiration of seven months, having in vain tried all sorts of expedients for "drinking a dish of tea" with her, and after several times obtaining admittance into her house, he sent her "Alexander the Conqueror's Declaration of War to the most agreeable and most amiable Princess Elizabeth." In this precious document he signifies his intention of carrying on hostilities with prayer-bullets for he affects a military phraseology —in the firm conviction that she is ordained to make him "a Joseph and a prosperous man." But enough of this poor lunatic.

No mention has been made of the most celebrated actors and dramatists of the day, as their names will recur when we allude to the theatres and other places of amusement. Quin had ceased to act. His last public performance was in 1753. Until Garrick appeared, he was confessedly without a rival on the stage. His conception of Falstaff has,

perhaps, never been equalled. On hearing some one commending the delivery of George the Third's maiden speech, he exclaimed with excusable pride, "Aye, 'twas I who taught the boy to speak." His own enunciation was remarkable for its distinctness, his attitude dignified, and his countenance, though somewhat forbidding in repose, wonderfully expressive. His gesticulation was so appropriate and significant, that even deafmen and those who did not understand the language, comprehended the general meaning of his words. In conversation he was humorous and original, but his good sayings had something of a rank flavour according to modern taste. His manners, however, were well bred, and his company was much sought after. Above all, he was held to be an honest and upright man. But although the dramatists may be passed over until a more fitting opportunity, not so Colley Cibber, the veteran poet laureate. His official poetry was so bad and so fulsome as to disgrace not only its author, but the times that could endure it. Here are some extracts from his Ode for the New Year, 1755, which was set to music by Dr. Boyce, and sung in the presence of the king and court:—

"Hail! Hail! auspicious day!
Advancing to prolong

The years of Cæsar's sway,
Be thine the festal song.
* * * * *
As Rome of old, for Halcyon days,
Sung Io's to Augustus' praise;
So happier Britons to their king
Redeunt Saturnia regna sing.
* * * * *
Still with the same paternal care
The sun and Cæsar bless the year.
* * * * *
Such a period of glory since the first Norman king
No monarch has known save the monarch we sing.
* * * * * *
Such be the song to Cæsar given,
The praise of Cæsar praises Heaven."

Of the same calibre is his Ode for His Majesty's birthday, which thus commences,

"Pierian sisters! hail the morn
That gave the world a Cæsar born.
* * * * *
When views like these our arms employ,
The fame be Cæsar's, ours the joy.
How blest our lot!—by Heav'n ordain'd,
Then to have liv'd while Cæsar reign'd.
CHORUS.
Io, distant regions round!
Io, Britannia! Io, Cæsar found!"

Equally contemptible was the Crambo the hireling bard produced in 1756; but in the following year he escaped any further damage to his former reputation by dying.

From France and Germany several great names

have been transmitted to our own times. Foremost among them is Voltaire, whose ubiquitous mind traversed every path of science and literature, and gilded even refined gold. But how strange does it appear to his reverential admirers that his contemporaries should speak of him with as little enthusiasm as in these degenerate days we should show to a third-rate *littérateur*. Thus we read in the Paris news of "Read's Weekly Journal," August 20, 1755, that on the first night of his *L'Orphelin de la Chine*, it was "received with the applause that always attends the performances of this justly celebrated writer." Justly celebrated writer! And this cold stereotyped phrase was all they had to bestow on one who was as the gods, knowing good and evil!

In the beginning of 1757 the venerable Fontenelle breathed his last, in the hundredth year of his age. Being asked shortly before his death, *s'il sentoit quelque mal*, he immediately replied, *Oui, je sens le mal d'être.*

Ganganelli, afterwards Clement XIV., was about this time lecturing on theology in the college of St. Bonaventure, at Rome; while Leonard Euler, first physician to the King of Prussia, read to his royal patron a paper to expose the fallacy of everybody's experience as to the danger of employing copper

vessels in the kitchen. D'Alembert and Diderot were both famous. Grimm, Kant, and Klopstock, were struggling into celebrity, and the last-named had published his "Messiah" when only twenty-three years of age. The attention of the learned had been drawn, however, towards Jean Jacques Rousseau, in consequence of the prize he had carried off from the Dijon Academy, by his attempt to prove that the revival of learning has not contributed to the improvement of morals. Marmontel was not unknown, Goldoni had established his reputation, and the elegant Buffon was teaching the world the result of his own observations of nature. Metastasio was poet laureate at Vienna. In 1755 died Montesquieu and Mosheim, and four years afterwards Handel joined the celestial choir. Is it superfluous to mention that about this time the Chevalier D'Eon, whose sex was so long a subject of dispute, was much favoured by the Czarina Elizabeth, and employed as the medium of her secret correspondence with the French king?

Having briefly alluded to some of the principal works published in the years under notice, it may not be uninteresting to take a cursory glance at some of the more obscure publications which were then passing through the press—as indicative of the

state of public feeling, and of the topics chiefly under discussion.

The war with France naturally gave rise to a multiplicity of books and pamphlets on associated subjects. The following present themselves at random :—

"The Wisdom and Policy of the French in the Construction of their Great Offices. 1s. 6d. *Baldwin.*

"The important Question concerning Invasions, a Sea War, Raising the Militia, &c. 1s. *Griffiths.*

"An Earnest Address to both Houses of Parliament upon the present Position of Affairs. 1s. *Whiston.*

"The Progress of the French in their Views of Universal Monarchy. 1s. *Owen.*

"French Policy Defeated. 1s. *Cooper.*

"French Encroachments Exposed. 1s. *Keith.*

"The Nature and Use of subsidiary Forces fully explained.

"A short Course of Standing Rules for the Conduct and Government of an Army. By the Rt. Hon. Lord Viscount Molesworth. 4s. *Dodsley.*

"A Miscellaneous Essay on the Courses pursued by Great Britain in the Affairs of her Colonies. 1s. 6d. *Baldwin.*

"The Destruction of the French foretold by Ezekiel. 1s. *Cooper.*

"Gallica Fides, or French Policy. *Cooper.*

"The Occasional Patriot; or an Enquiry into the Present Connections of G. B. with the Continent. 1s. *Payne.*

"Remarks on the French Memorials concerning the Limits of Acadia. With Two Maps. 2s. 6d. *Jefferys.*

"A Letter to the Inhabitants of G. Britain and Ireland, to stir them up to make all necessary Preparations to meet a perfidious Enemy who intend to invade our Land and attack our Liberties. 6d. *Johnston.*

"The Sentiments of a true Anti-Gallican, &c. By *John Free*, D.D. With a Postscript relating to the Anonymous Writers of a Monthly Review.

"Deliberate Thoughts on the System of our late Treaties with Hesse Cassel and Russia, in regard to Hanover.

"An Address to Persons of Quality who employ Frenchmen in their Service. By *Jack English*, a servant out of place. 6d. *Scott.*

"An Address to the British Army and Navy. 6d. *Buckland.*

"The Dream of England Invaded. *Lewes.*

"The Parallel; or the Conduct of Great Britain in regard to our present Contest with France. 1s. *Scott.*

"Britain's Glory; or, New Methods to raise Men and Money for supporting the present War without Additional Charge to the industrious Subject. 1s. 6d. *Corbett.*"

It would be tedious to swell this list any further. Substituting Russia for France, and Russians for French, it is very likely that many of these pamphlets might have been burnished up to do duty a second time during the late war. No doubt they would have been quite as good as new. Another subject that called forth a spawn of occasional publications, was the earthquake of Lisbon. On this head we find—

"Account of the Earthquake at Lisbon. 6d. *Payne.*

"An Account of the most memorable Earthquakes from the beginning of the Christian Period to the present Time. 1s.

"A Poem on the Earthquake at Lisbon.

"A View of Lisbon just as the Earthquake began (Oh, Mr. Herbert Ingram!), and another View of the Ruins, as it ended. 1s. *Bickham.*

"A Plan of Lisbon and Country adjacent, &c. *Boydell.*

"A Form of Prayer for Private Families and Particular Poems, occasioned by the late Earthquake. 3d.

"An Exhortation to the People of London, occasioned by the Proclamation for a Fast on the 6th of Feb. 6d. *Trye.*

"Reflections, Physical and Moral, upon the various Phenomena which have happened from the Earthquake at Lima to the present Time. 1s.

"The Corrector's (Alex. Cruden) Earnest Address to the Inhabitants of Great Britain, on occasion of the late Earthquakes, &c. 6d. *A. Dodd.*

"The Philosophy of Earthquakes. By Dr. Stukeley." &c. &c.

On religious subjects there were very numerous works of greater or less merit. But it is significant of the leaven that was beginning to work in men's minds, that there should be so many writers with philosophical and deistical views of religious matters. Lord Bolingbroke is the pivot round which they mostly turn, either as admirers or opponents. For instance we have—

"Two Discourses against Lord Bolingbroke. By Dr. Parker. 1s. *Baldwin.*

"A Treatise in explanation of Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy, extracted from the ethic Epistles of Mr. Pope, the divine Berkley's, and Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy, with which it agrees.

" A View of Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy. Part III. 4s. *Noone.*

" An Analysis of the Philosophical Works of Lord Bolingbroke. 2s. 6d. *Whiston.*

" Notes on the Philosophical Writings of Lord Bolingbroke. By C. Bulkeley. 2s. 6d. *Noon.*

" A Sketch of Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy. By R. Heathcote, A.M. 1s. 6d. *Payne.*"

Among social questions we meet with pamphlets in support of the principle of Fire Insurance, and a small volume on the danger of using copper vessels in cooking. But scarce any topic proved so prolific in publications as Matrimony. The recent enactments to put down the disgraceful scenes that so frequently occurred near the Fleet Ditch, had naturally drawn public attention in an extraordinary manner to this always popular subject of discussion. Thus such advertisements as these are regularly encountered in every weekly paper and monthly magazine:—

" Divine Institution of Marriage the Emblem of the Union between Christ and his Church. By M. Merrick, LL.B. 1s. *Withers.*

" Tunstal on the Powers of the State to prohibit clandestine Marriages. 1s. *Rivington.*

" Sayer on the Power of Society to annul the Marriages of Minors. 1s. *Millar.*

" Matrimony analysed. 1s. 6d. *Griffiths.*

" The Matrimonial Preceptor. 3s. *Payne.*

" Reflections on Matrimony. 1s. *Baldwin.*"

Books of note seem to have been exceedingly high priced, allowing for the difference in the value of money between those times and our own. But the quantity of low-priced trash offered for sale is really astounding, and says little for the mental culture of our honoured ancestors. The following advertisements are taken at random from the early part of 1755 :—

" The Adventures of Catherine Vizzani. 1s. *Sympson.*

" Witty Sayings of Little Father Andrew. 6d. *Baldwin.*

" The History of Polly Willis. 3s. *Reeve.*

" Collin and Lucy ; a Fragment. 6d. *Owen.*

" History of a Lady's Slippers and Shoes. Written by themselves. 1s. *Cooper.*

" Supplement to the sure Guide to Hell. 6d. *Imp.*

" A Vindication of the Reformation among the Ladies, to abolish Modesty and Chastity. *Griffiths.*

" The Man's Mistaken. 1s. *Swan.*

" Memoirs of Sobrina. 2 vols. 6s. *Woodyer.*

" The Centaur not Fabulous, in Five Letters to a Friend on the Life in Vogue. *Millar and Dodsley.*

" The Rival Mother. 6s. *Noble.*

" Osro and Tylo : a Poem. 1s. *Hitch.*

" Fanny ; or, The Amours of a Young Lady. 2 vols. 6s. *Manby.*

"A Voyage to the World in the Centre of the Earth. 3s. *Crowder.*

"The Love Encounter. 6d. *Cooper.*"

On which the reviewer pithily observes: If the author of this performance is mad, it is a pity that he is not in Bedlam; if he is not mad, it is a pity he is not in Bridewell.

"Chit-Chat. 5s. *Dodsley.*

"Paris; or, the Force of Beauty. 1s. *Reeve.*

"The Press-gang; or Love in Low Life. 6d. *Reeve.*

"Lydia; or, Filial Piety. 6s."

And the list might be continued to any length. It is likewise worthy of notice that the practice of bringing out expensive books in threepenny and sixpenny parts was greatly in vogue. Very popular too were the twopenny papers, or essays that appeared every Saturday, treating political and social questions with remarkable vigour and ability. The best were probably the "World" and the "Connoisseur;" the latter chiefly written by G. Colman and B. Thornton, the former by Lord Chesterfield, Cambridge, and E. Moore. In a lighter strain was the "Old Maid," conducted by Mrs. Brooke, authoress of the "History of Lady Julia Mandeville," assisted by Lord Cork and Orrery. To the same class belong the

"Prater," "by Nicholas Babble, Esq.," with the motto *Utile Dulci.* Far graver was the "Man," "a paper for ennobling the species," consisting of a series of very dry essays on man as a physical, social, and moral being. The "Monitor, or British Freeholder," with the motto *Pro rege et grege,* was avowedly the organ of liberal opinions in politics. Its object, as stated in its programme, was to uphold the throne, secure honour to the royal family, point out abuses in the collection and distribution of revenue, insist upon public economy, advocate only useful foreign alliances, and those exclusively with powerful states, and to recommend the maintenance of a mighty naval armament and an efficient militia, together with the gradual reduction of the standing army. The colonies were to be cherished, a federal union permitted of the North American States, monopolies put down, and manufactures encouraged both at home and in the plantations. Of the "Test," and the "Contest," mention has already been made. The newspapers, generally, were strictly what their name imports. Leading articles were as yet unknown. Events were narrated in a simple earnest manner, quite refreshing in comparison with the pretentious style that now obtains. Even the penny-a-liner possessed individuality. His "original paragraphs" were

artistic from their very artlessness. Hereafter I shall have occasion to quote rather fully from "our own reporter;" in this place can be given only a few examples of the style analogous to the monster turnip or unseasonable strawberry of provincial journals in our own times.

"Last Monday night one Mary Jones was committed to prison for picking a gentleman's pocket at the Romish Chapel, a thing which frequently happens, and is an argument of the strong attention to devotion on one hand, and of the extreme diligence of pickpockets on the other, who never fail to discover every inattention to property, and attend all public places where the eye and ear of the audience is employed."

"*Saham, near Wotton, in Norfolk, May* 12. There is at this time a rook's nest with young ones on the top of a chimney in this parish, a thing so remarkable that the oldest person here never saw or heard of the like."

"We hear from Cornwall that a few days ago a man in the parish of Eglosheal hanged his horse till he was dead, on his being informed that he choak'd lambs; and when the horse was just dying, beginning to paw with his feet, 'Oh!' says he, 'dost repent? I thought that thou wast guilty.'"

"On Sunday, towards the dusk of the evening, three men, supposed to be French valets, being finely embroidered and laced, having swords on, dodged a young woman into one of the woods in Kensington Gardens, and attempted to ravish her, but being overheard by three young men they went to her relief, and tho' unarm'd drub'd the principal while the other two fled. The Frenchman was well marked in the face by the fists of the young men."

Another tells how a noted butcher at the Hertfordshire election eat for dinner a large fowl and a pound of ham, two pigeons with crust in proportion, two pounds of roast beef, one half of a large turkey, half a roast lamb, two tansy puddings, two gooseberry tarts, two apple puffs; half-a-pound of Cheshire cheese; and drank four bottles of port, and a pint of rum made into punch, besides cider with his meat, "and was neither disguised in liquor nor disordered in his stomach."

And another describes the eccentricities of John Tallis, who died at Burcott, in Worcestershire, aged 80. For 30 years this monomaniac had remained in bed under an impression that he could not bear the fresh air. There was only one small window to the room, consisting of four panes, of thrice the ordinary thickness. Several yards of flannel were al-

ways wound round his head. His shirts were lined with swanskin, and the breast and sides quilted for fear of exposure; on either side of him was placed a row of small pillows to prevent any draught when he turned in bed,—a stopper was fitted into each nostril, and a woollen cloth thrown over his face.

"A few days since an old Satyr, who frequently haunts the sylvan scenes of St. James', particularly the shady side adjacent to the grove, was observed by a Caledonian son of Mars to be strongly soliciting a fair nymph, who treating him with scorn, he at last began to use her with great indecency, which excited her indignation so much that she gave him a very emphatical box on the ear, which the gallant Scot seeing stept up and bowing to the beauty, said: 'Pray, madam, leave this wretch to my correction; you confer too great a happiness in letting him feel those fingers any way.' Then turning to him, said: 'You scoundrel, for such you must be, as none but cowards could affront a woman. I'll try an experiment of the truth of the text, "that many waters can't quench love, nor the floods drown it."' On which he flung him into Rosamond's pond with as much facility as a boy would a ball, out of which with difficulty he got on shore, but in a condition very improper to address a nymph so nice and

of such note as her for whose sake he was so shockingly served."

The following is worthy of the "Morning Post:" —"Yesterday being His Majesty's birthday, it was distinguished with the usual public demonstrations of delight. At Court, the gentlemen and ladies seemed to vie with each other in magnificence of dress, and the fair so rivalled one another in attire and decoration, that it was difficult to determine which was the Phœnix till the Marchioness of * * appeared, rayed like the sun in gold, in innocence and beauty, displaying a Paradise in miniature —

"'Fair nymphs and well-drest youths around her shone,
While ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.'

"It was observed, notwithstanding the frigidness of the season, and the scarcity of a curtain against the ladies disclosing their secret charms, there was many

"'Innocent a Belle,
Who shew'd what beauteous ware she had to sell."

"Among other miracles that were remarked, not anything French was seen there, except servants to some foreigners and fribbles."

THE DARK SIDE OF SOCIETY.

CHAP. XII.

In those days the Press-gang was an institution of the state. So soon as hostilities with France "loomed" on the horizon, this system of legalized violence was put into full play. Such notices as the following are of frequent recurrence in the journals of the day.

"The press began on the river for sailors, where 500 men were carry'd off."

"His Majesty's yachts are cruizing in the Channel, to pick out all able-bodied seamen out of the homeward bound vessels."

"Last night there was a very hot press on the river, no less than forty press-gangs being out, who picked up above 1,000 hands, and even took the mates of ships."

"An embargo was laid on all the shipping in the ports of England and Ireland, and the hottest press begun for seamen that ever was known, all protections being disregarded, and the hands press'd from the merchantmen to the very mate and master. At the same time an order was sent to the justices of the respective counties, to take up all able-bodied vagrant poor, and to send such of them as refuse to serve in the army, on board the tenders. Orders were likewise sent to Scotland to lay an embargo on all shipping there."

The act for recruiting justified and enjoined yet severer measures, and practically ignored the liberty of the subject. It was enacted:—

"That the justices of the peace, commissioners of the land-tax, and magistrates of corporations and boroughs do make a speedy and effectual levy of such able-bodied men as are not younger than seventeen, nor more than forty-five, nor papists, nor less than five feet four inches high, and having no vote for parliament men, and who do not exercise any lawful calling or employment, or have not some other support or maintenance, to serve as soldiers. * * No bailiff's follower, or assistant, shall be deemed to have a lawful calling so as to secure him from being levied by this act. But country labourers having a

certificate, shall not be liable to the levy during harvest."

Brothels and gaols were equally searched for such persons as could be converted into heroes by dint of the lash. We read that James Clark, who had been confined four years in Norwich Castle for smuggling, was released by order of the Lords of the Admiralty, and sent to Yarmouth to serve for life in the navy. This was one of many cases. It is, therefore, not surprising that a service should be unpopular which implied companionship with thieves and ruffians. Accordingly, we hear of suicides among respectable men lately impressed, and of the most desperate resistance being offered to the gangs. Thus, a gang having broken into the house of a man named Sparrow, residing near Calne, and finding him in bed, desired him to get up and go with them. Sparrow assented, on condition that they did not bind him. One of the party, however, attempted to seize him from behind as soon as he was up, but was instantly stabbed to the heart with a short-bladed knife. A sailor one day entered a house at Kinsale, and demanded from the owner his only son. The father stoutly refused, but turning his back for an instant, the villain ran him through the body with his cutlass. At Hull, between two and three

hundred men having been kept under hatches in a tender during very hot weather, suddenly broke out into open mutiny, mortally wounded the captain, knocked one lieutenant into the river, and cut open the cheek of another, and, having overpowered the guard, effected their escape. Many of these men had been accused of various crimes, and had accepted the alternative offered them by the judge at Pontefract, rather than stand their trial. At Spithead a merchantman having refused to allow a tender to come alongside, the commander of the latter opened fire and wounded three sailors on board the vessel, whereupon the others submitted, and were impressed.

"*Portsmouth, May* 25. A tender arrived with 103 impressed men, who, on the hatches being opened to give them air, attempted to get upon deck and take the command of the vessel, in order to escape, nor could be perswaded to desist till the officers in their own defence, were obliged to reduce them by force, and in so doing wounded several of them."

"*Liverpool, June* 30. On the arrival of the *Upton* from Maryland, the *Winchelsea* sent her barge down the river to impress her hands; the seamen on board, confining their captain and officers,

refused admittance to the barge's crew, bidding them keep off, or they would sink their boat. The barge sheering off a little, the seamen took to their yawl, row'd up to the barge, and swore they would fire on their men if they did not row away immediately, or if they attempted to hinder their landing: upon which a bloody battle ensued. After exchanging each other's fire, they grappled, and the *Upton's* people attempting to enter the barge sword in hand, overset the yawl. The seamen, fifteen in number, were all taken up and impressed; several on both sides were mortally wounded, and the commanding officer shot through the cheek."

It is a curious result of discipline, that men who had recourse to such desperate measures to avoid enlistment, should afterwards be equally ready to force others into a career at that time dreaded and detested. The officers were either incompetent young men promoted to command through family interest, or brutal, tyrannical seamen who had worked their way up from the lowest grades. In Smollett's novels we are presented with types of both classes — of the former there is Captain Whiffle, of the latter, Captain Oakum and Lieutenant Crampley, and even Lieut. Tom Bowling, "the darling of the crew." It was in vain that the

royal bounty was every now and then augmented, or that additional rewards were offered by patriotic companies and individuals. The naval service continued to be shunned by all but men of the coarsest stamp, and thus the press-gang became a positive necessity.

On one occasion a press-gang was giving chase to a sailor on Tower Hill, who had almost escaped from his pursuers, when they loosed a bull-dog at him. The savage beast quickly overtook him, and seizing the calf of one of his legs between his teeth, tore it completely off. Another man offered forty guineas to a gang to release him, and, on their refusal of the bribe, deliberately cut off the forefinger of his left hand. He was nevertheless pressed into the service. It naturally followed that many surreptitious gangs were formed for the purpose of extorting money, and there is a story told of some "merry girls" in Cornwall who dressed themselves up as sailors, put cockades into their hats, and went in a body to a neighbouring quarry where their sweethearts were at work, who, on beholding the marine apparition, fled from the spot in the most ignominious manner. Sometimes, when a press-gang was expected, a preconcerted signal was given by the blowing of a horn, whereupon the mob's-men ran together and a tre-

mendous scuffle ensued, occasionally attended with loss of life. Now and then there was a touch of humour in the violence of these gangs. A bailiff and his follower having waylaid a naval captain in Ratcliffe Highway, they had no sooner given him "the familiar tap" than a number of men rushed out of a neighbouring court and carried them off to their ship. Sometimes, too, the press-gang fell into error, and was brought to strict account for transgressing its license. A party of sailors one day entered the house of William Godfrey, a liveryman of the City of London, knocked him down, and then dragged him through the streets, with only one slipper on, till they reached the waterside. There they took a boat and conveyed him on board a tender, wherein he was confined with many others for twelve hours in the hold, "from the stench of which place he was almost choaked and suffocated, to the great endangerment of his life." For this offence they were indicted at the Old Bailey. Again, sometime in the month of April, 1755, a body of sailors headed by a middy entered a carpenter's shop, in Coleman Street, where two men were at work. They attempted to seize one of them, but he, snatching up a hammer, fought his way to the stairs. Dashing up these he was pursued by the ruf-

fians, armed with oak bludgeons and hangers. The carpenter's man gained the kitchen in which his mistress and her woman were getting up the linen. These were terribly alarmed by the violent conduct of the gang, who smashed open the scullery door with their clubs, making use, the while, of the most disgusting language. One of them then attempted to enter the scullery by means of a ladder,—for a strong iron bolt kept together the shattered fragments of the door,—but the man struck him on the head with his hammer, while a constable tried to hit the former with his staff through the gaping rents. The master carpenter now came forward, and engaged that his man would surrender if they promised not to offer him any personal violence. To this they pledged their word, but as soon as he came out to them they seized him and treated him so roughly that he was again roused to resistance, and in the subsequent affray became seriously wounded. Finally, he was taken before the Lord Mayor, and at once discharged, while the gang were severely rebuked, and their commanding officer compelled to make a public acknowledgment of his error.

After all, Justice Fielding, eccentric though he might be, acted with the soundest sagacity. His plea was simply to advertise for adventurous lads,

disposed to serve their King and Country. These he clothed and sent on board free of all expense, after plentifully regaling them on plum-pudding.

The army was recruited out of the same bad materials as the navy. Vagabonds were usually allowed to elect for themselves the form of public servitude the least distasteful to them. But this was not always the case. Sometimes the alternative was simply between the gaol and one or the other modes of "serving" His Majesty. One Mills, a person of genteel appearance, wearing ruffles and a laced hat, who wandered about Norfolk swallowing fire and exhibiting sleight-of-hand tricks, was sentenced to one month's hard labour and a whipping, or to don the scarlet uniform and march against the King's enemies. Having so long eaten fire, Mr. Mills feared not to face it, and preferring glory to the cat-o'-nine-tails, pocketed, by way of bounty, two guineas and a crown piece. Sometimes the *chasse aux gueux* was attended with considerable danger. The poor wretches in their desperation would stand at bay, or attack their pursuers. An instance of this kind occurred on Sir Lewis Mackenzie's estate in Ross-shire. His servants, moved by a love of "sport," having joined the constables in a search after loose characters, the gardener, who hap-

pened to be in advance, attempted to seize an abandoned fellow, guilty of extreme poverty, when the latter, daring to prefer starvation with liberty to rations with discipline, suddenly turned upon his pursuer and stabbed him to the heart.

Sir John Fielding was a particularly active magistrate. Manning the navy was only a pastime with him—his mission was to "put down" highwaymen and footpads. He certainly did much good in this way. He was indefatigable in his attempts to introduce greater security for travellers in the streets and neighbourhood of the metropolis. It was indeed time that something was done to repress the lawless insolence of the minions of the moon. Their contempt for the constables and other guardians of the public peace had reached such a height that they would ride into Hyde Park in the dusk of the evening, fasten their horses to the rails, and proceed into the town on foot to stop sedan chairs and unarmed pedestrians. In St. Paul's Churchyard, a gentleman was robbed of his hat in broad daylight; the thief, however, let it drop on being hotly pursued. At an early hour of the morning three or four footpads had the audacity to stop a stage coach in Charles Street, Mayfair, and to rob the passengers of their money and watches. Berkeley Square

appears to have been a favourite scene for their exploits.

"On Thursday night (June, 1755) about twelve o'clock, as John Goodyer, Esq., was returning in a chair from the Cocoa Tree in Pall Mall to his own house, he was stopped by two footpads in Berkeley Square. He swore he would not be robbed, and ordered the chairmen to open the door. Whilst the hinder chairman was pulling the pole back, one of the rogues shot at him, and killed the poor fellow on the spot. They immediately made off; Mr. Goodyer pursued them, but to no purpose."

"At one o'clock this morning, (Oct. 4, 1756) the Hon. Captain Brudenel was stopt in his chair, just as it enter'd Berkeley Square, from the Hay-hill, by two fellows with pistols, who demanded his money; he gave them five six-pences, telling them he had no more, which having taken, they immediately made off; the captain then put his purse and watch under the cushion, got out, drew his sword, and being followed by one of the chairmen with his pole, and the watchman, pursued them up the hill, where the Hon. Captain West, who was walking, having joined them, one of the fellows having got off, they followed the other into Albemarle-mewse, where finding himself closely beset, he drew a pistol,

and presented it, upon which the captain made a lunge at him, and run him thro' the body; the fellow at the same time fired his pistol, which, the captain being still stooping, went over his head and shot the watchman thro' the lungs; at the instant the pistol was discharged, while the fellow's arm was extended, the chairman struck it with his pole and broke it: He was then seized and carry'd with the watchman to the round-house in Dover Street, where Mr. Bromfield and Mr. Gataker, two eminent surgeons, came; but the captain would not suffer the villain to be dress'd, till he discovered who he and his confederates were; when he acknowledged they were both grenadiers in Lord Howe's company. The poor watchman died in half an hour after he was shot; and the soldier was so disabled by his wound that he was carried in a chair to Justice Fielding, who sent him to New Prison, where he died."

So great was the feeling of insecurity in the suburbs that the inhabitants of Kentish Town subscribed for a patrol, during the winter months, to keep open their communication with the city. At a much later period the Angel Inn, Islington, was the rendezvous of merchants and others returning home in the evening from their offices, whose only

chance of safety was in forming a caravan. At Greenwich a society was formed for the purpose of offering rewards for the apprehension of offenders, in consequence of the frequency of robberies in that neighbourhood. For every highwayman or footpad, they gave 20*l.*; for a burglar, 15*l.*; and for minor delinquents, 2*l.* Descriptions of the personal appearance of these gentry are, of course, of common occurrence in the "Public Advertiser," and, judging by internal evidence, must have been written by an ancestor of the present "editor" of the "Hue and Cry." Here is a fair sample of the style. "Lost, (supposed to be stolen) by a Man about 5 feet 4 inches high, well set, but crooked Ankles; wears a blue great Coat, with broad white Metal Buttons, a flapped Hat and cut black Wig with a Country look, a greasy pair of Leather Breeches tied at the Knees, mostly wears Boots, one silver Watch, Maker's Name *King*, with a Glass over the Cock, supposed no Number, of a Middle Size. Whoever will apprehend the said Man and give Notice to John Fielding, Esq., at his House in Bow Street, Covent Garden, shall upon Conviction receive One Guinea Reward; or if the Watch be offered to be pawn'd or sold, pray stop it and the Party, and give Notice as above, and you shall have the same Reward."

It was worthy of the present Bishop of Bangor. However, the highwaymen were more dangerous and daring than even the footpads, though they seldom resorted to extreme violence when it could be avoided. There are many cases on record in which they displayed great considerateness, and a shadow of chivalrous feeling. One of the fraternity stopped two gentlemen on horseback near Maidenhead, and received from them thirty guineas; but on learning that they were on their road to Bath, he very politely returned them two guineas to defray their expenses. Another laid an embargo one day on the "machines" passing through Kensington *en route* to Abingdon, Newbury and Oxford. The last one alone had passengers, to whom the highwayman restored a sufficient sum for their *viaticum*. Charles Fleming, who was hanged at the latter end of 1754, went by the surname of The Visiting Highwayman. It was his custom to dress quite in the fashion, and to call at genteel houses and ask to see the lady. The apparition of a pistol naturally placed at his disposal whatever he desired. Did it happen that the mistress of the house had gone out, he would inquire by what road or street she was expected to return, and having waylaid her, would despoil her

of any valuables she bore about her, with every outward expression of respect and deference. One M'Lean once very nearly shot a gentleman by mistake, and was so chagrined by his awkwardness, that he wrote him two notes of apology, and offered to meet him at midnight at Tyburn, and sell him any of his own trifles he might wish to recover. They were not always, however, equally civil. The Blandford coach was stopped one day near Staines, the passengers ruthlessly robbed, the postillion who rode the leaders soundly thrashed, and the coachman ordered to look straightforward on pain of death. At mid-day "the machine" going from London to Chatham was stopped near Gravesend, by a single highwayman. The coachman told him he must speak French as the four gentlemen inside were foreigners. Going up to the window of the coach, he cried aloud: "Polly voo, damn your bloods, your money," and presented a pistol. Four purses were at once handed to him: the gold he appropriated, but the silver he disdainfully threw back to its proper owners. Of another, however, we read: "He behaved genteelly, and, by way of apology for what he did, told the passengers that his distresses drove him to it." To judge from the following letter, dated "Worcester, December 29th, 1754," there were greater

inconveniences to be encountered by travellers, in those days, than long bills and damp beds.

"I got here last night after a tolerable journey, considering how much the waters are out. Yesterday morning upon Broadway Downs my servant and I were met by two men, masked, who demanded my money. John, without waiting my orders, fired, and shot one of their horses; on which the rider made up to me and shot my horse. John fired again and shot that fellow in the arm, who immediately fell from his horse, which I mounted. We had a manifest advantage, and (I knew) a considerable charge. The other fellow drew a double-barrelled large-bored pistol, and proposed that I should take my bags off my dead horse and ride away; if I refused, he would shoot me immediately. This I consented to, having no pistols myself, my man's being discharged, and knowing my death might have ruined my family. It is reported that the wounded man was carried away by a company of five or six horsemen, and that they took the road for Gloucester."

A still more exciting adventure happened in May, 1755, and it is so graphically related in the papers of the day that no apology can be needed for its being given at full length.

"On Wednesday morning, about six o'clock, a highwayman stopt the York coach on Finchley Common, facing the Haymarket; a Frenchman on the coachbox (who is servant to Captain Pattison, Commander of the Royal Artillery in Scotland, and was going down to York to meet his master there), immediately took out a pistol and said:—'I'll shoot you, you dog;' upon which the highwayman fired at him (the coachman perceiving his danger dropt into the boot of the coach), then the Frenchman returned his fire, but they missed each other. The highwayman fired again at the Frenchman, and the ball just bruised his shoulder, and tore off large pieces of his coat and waistcoat; the Frenchman cried, 'You dog, I have another pistol, and will shoot you dead,' and presented his pistol, but prudently reserved his fire. The highwayman pulled out a third pistol, and after swearing at each other some time (the coachman all the while snug in the boot), he rode off without robbing anybody. Mr. Roberts, the hog salesman at Finchley, and several others, it being market day, saw the firing, and despatched two or three people on horseback, though without arms, who soon overtook and drove the highwayman into the little wood on Finchley Common. He told them several times if they came near him he

would shoot them; he was there near two hours, then rode to Bedstile Wood, they all the while after and within sight of him; he continued there some time, then turned to East Barnet full speed, crying out a highwayman, and riding up the hill towards Mr. Sharpe's, he broke his horse's fore leg, they both fell, and the highwayman got into the field, several on foot with guns, and the same horsemen after him, where he pulled off his great coat, then another coat, for he had three coats and two waistcoats on. Mrs. Draper's man at the 'Cat' told him if he did not surrender he would shoot him; the highwayman said he would shoot him first. They were pretty near each other, and each got behind a tree, but the highwayman shifting, Mrs. Draper's man fired at him, and his hand hanging down, the ball went through his hand into his thigh and he fell. They then carried him before Mr. Hassell, half dead, and, as believed, pretty much in liquor. He was not able to speak, or would not. He was lodged at Mr. Curtis', 'The Swan;' and Mr. Dancer, the surgeon, laid open his thigh four inches to extract the ball, but did not find it. He is known by some people in Barnet, and said to be concerned with smugglers and gamblers; he kept two good horses in London, and sometimes let them out. There

were found in his pockets the two pistols he had discharged, a bottle of brandy, a pint of red wine, bread, cheese, cold beef, a black wig (he had a grey one on), a powder horn with powder, three pence three farthings in money, and had bags on his horse with corn in them. He was yesterday committed to New Prison by the name of John French, but his real name is said to be Jonathan Whitmore; it is expected he will be brought to Newgate this evening."

Among other crimes prevalent at that period child-stealing was of frequent occurrence. The motives to this cruel offence were various. Sometimes it was committed for the sake of the clothes; at other times in the hope of extorting a reward from the agonized parents for the recovery of their lost darling — though I have met with no advertisement offering more than twenty guineas, and that was for a child thirty months' old. Occasionally also children were kidnapped to be brought up as chimney-sweepers. But the most iniquitous case was that of an old woman, who used to inveigle her innocent victims into a cellar, where she destroyed their eye-sight by applying heated brass plates, and when blinded, sent them out into the streets to beg. When this monster was discovered, four children

were found in her den stone blind, and several more in different stages of cecity.

The sister island, though exempt from toads and vipers, was not equally free from crime. We read in the papers of December 18th, 1756, of the doings of a gang of robbers who combined with their villainy a superstitious reverence for the Church worthy of Italian banditti.

"Tuesday a parcel of ruffians (with their faces blackened) entered the house of Mr. Geo. Gough, of Ballyclough, and robbed him and three gentlemen of their money, but would not take their watches. 'Tis supposed that these are the villains who robbed the priest, the old woman, and the friar at Abington, to the latter of whom they returned all they had robbed him of, and made the old woman swear she would pay the former what they took from him; after which they demanded something to eat, but refused cold meat as it was Friday, and at parting insisted on the Rev. Father's blessings. The same night they tortured one Banet with red hot tongs, to extort a confession of his money."

In September of the same year a gentlewoman was seized in the streets of Dublin, hurried into a coach, and driven off into the country. There the marriage service was read by an impostor in clerical costume,

and consummation was effected notwithstanding a strenuous resistance on the part of the unfortunate lady. A few days afterwards she was allowed to return to her friends, but in ignorance of the name and quality of her ravisher. After relating this startling incident, the journalist remarks: "This crime is become so common of late in Town (i. e. Dublin) that it cries aloud for the most exemplary punishment thereof."

CHAP. XIII.

THE practice of offering rewards for the apprehension of thieves and highwaymen induced a more atrocious crime than that which it sought to suppress. The story is so strange, and at the same time so picturesquely told, that the unconscionable length of the extract will be overlooked in the interest it inspires. It is entitled "Some account of Macdaniel, Berry, Egan, Salmon, and Blee, the Prosecutors and Witnesses against Kelly and Ellis, two Felons now in Maidstone Gaol."

"Macdaniel had kept an alehouse in Scroop's Court, Holborn, and afterwards became a thief-taker, and went into lodgings at the house of one Holewright, in the same place. Berry was also a thief-taker, and lived in the George Yard at the bottom of Hatton Garden: Blee was his servant. Egan was a shoemaker in Drury Lane; and Salmon a breeches-maker in Shoe Lane; all persons of infamous characters, the sons of Berry and Salmon

being pickpockets, and belonging to several gangs, out of which the fathers were to select some for the gallows, when they wanted money.

"Berry was the head of the gang and chief manager. In July last, the money which they had got by a fraudulent conviction of a man, who was hanged for a fact he did not commit, being spent, Berry sent for Macdaniel, and after some conference they called in Blee, and told him that money fell short, and that he must look out for two persons, with whom he might associate and commit a robbery. Blee at first refused, and said that their last project had been so bad, that he did not chuse to be concerned any more. He was then threatened that if he did not it should be the worse for him; and Blee, knowing that his life was already in Berry's power, at last consented.

"He went several days and loitered about the fields near Sir John Oldcastle's and Black Mary's Hole, in order to pick up two lads that were fit for the purpose, the rest of the gang being generally either in some of the adjacent fields, or in a publick-house.

"On the 15th of July (1754) they assembled at Sir John Oldcastle's, and in an arbor of the garden they settled the particulars of the robbery, as to

place and time, and agreed that it should be done near Deptford; because they would then be entitled to a reward of 20*l.* which was given by the inhabitants of East Greenwich, besides the other rewards for apprehending robbers within that distance of London. When they returned to town from these consultations, they were always very careful not to be seen together in the streets, and therefore parted at the door of the house where the council had been held.

"At a subsequent meeting at the Bell Inn, Holborn, it was farther agreed that Salmon, the breeches maker, should be the person to be robbed; that he should make two pair of breeches for that purpose, and mark them under the pocket with a particular mark. They agreed too, that they should be wrapped in a particular handkerchief, and Salmon engaged to have one of his marked with an eilet-hole at each corner; then they agreed it would not be amiss to have a tobacco box, and Macdaniel having a very remarkable one gave it to Salmon, that he might be robbed of that among other things; he also produced a pocket-piece, which Egan engaged to mark with an iron that he used to stamp the shoes with: but as yet they had not been able to find two persons with whom Blee might commit the fact.

"The next morning, therefore, Berry gave him three-pence, and sent him to look about the Fleet-market. Here he found Kelly and Ellis, of whom he had some knowledge; the one was about 19, and the other about 20; Ellis was a chimney sweeper; but they were both idle fellows, and had been used to pick pockets. Blee joined them and, after talking of indifferent matters, treated them with some gin and left them. When he reported this to Berry, Berry gave him threepence more, and ordered him to have some talk with them, and tell them that a parcel of linnen was to be had near Deptford, if they would make the attempt.

"Blee did as he was directed, and the lads consented to his proposal. The next day, at a meeting in an alehouse in Plumbtree Court, near Holborn, the rest of the gang were acquainted with the progress that Blee had made. He was ordered still to keep them company, and received sometimes threepence and sometimes sixpence from Berry, to treat them with gin and beer. However, after several days had passed, whether they suspected Blee of pretending to have found out two associates merely to get some money to spend on himself, or whether they wanted to anticipate the pleasure of their success by a sight of the victims, Blee found it necessary to contrive

that they should see the lads; he went, therefore, with them into the Fleet-market, and seeing Kelly and Ellis on a pea-cart, he joined them in the sight of Egan and Berry, who were at a small distance, and after talking a short time with them gave each an half-penny for some gin, and returned to the rendezvous.

"He asked Egan and Berry what they thought of them, and they, who had surveyed them only as a butcher does a steer to know whether he is fit for slaughter, replied, *by G—d they are two pretty lads, they'll do very well.*

"Blee contrived that they should be afterwards seen again by the gang in the artillery ground, and Berry again declared they would do; for that he had hanged less than they, and mentioned March and Newman, for whom they had received the reward some time before. Macdaniel was also of the same opinion, and said he had hanged less boys than they at Kingston.

"Blee still continued to keep the poor wretches company, who had been thus marked for destruction, treating them with gin at a penny expence, and sometimes procuring them a lodging for two-pence. At length a day was fixed for the expedition, but the whole project was in the utmost danger of mis-

carrying, by Ellis's having been detected in picking pockets; however, the mob was content to duck and dismiss him, and Blee following him till by degrees he was left by the crowd, consoled him for his misfortune, and gave him three half-pence to get something hot.

"The day was at length fixed to be Monday: Blee was sent to them in the morning, and Berry gave him a crown, as he said, to make a *flash* with to the boys; to pull it out all at once, and say he *made* that last night. Berry also gave Salmon 2*s.* 6*d.* to be robbed of with the rest of the things.

"About nine in the morning Blee went to the lads, having appointed the rest of his gang to go and wait at the Bell Inn, in the Borough, where he promised to call and drink a glass of gin, as a sure sign that he was going with them to Deptford. * * The signal having been now given to Salmon, who was to be in the way to be robbed, Blee went with the lads into the Borough-market and bought a breast of lamb, which they got fried for their dinner at the Black Spread Eagle, in Kent Street. Here Blee, the better to fit them for his purpose, made them almost drunk, and then set out with them for Deptford: But as it was now scarce one o'clock, and as their business could not be done till it was dark,

they went to sleep in the fields. The poor lads slept soundly, but Blee was busied in the execution of his project, and wanted only to pass the time till it could be executed; when the evening came he awaked his companions, and they all got to Deptford about an hour before it was dark.

"At Deptford Blee conducted them to the sign of 'The Ship,' an house that Berry and Salmon had appointed to come to. After they had been there some time Salmon came, and, pretending to be drunk, leaned against the dresser, and began to talk of going to London. About dusk Salmon went out, and Blee, telling the lads they had better take a walk till it was time to steal the linnen, led them to the four-mile stone, where it had been agreed Salmon should stop and wait till they came up. Blee saw him at a distance, and said, '*There is the old breeches maker* (for he was known by sight to all of them, and Kelly had picked pockets with his son), he is drunk, let us rob him.'"

The insidious proposition was accepted, and Salmon readily yielded up at their demand the breeches, handkerchief, tobacco-box, and money. With this booty they hurried back to town, and next morning again visited the "Spread Eagle." Here they were joined,

as if accidentally, by Egan, whom Blee pretended to recognise as a dealer in Rag Fair, and asked him if he would buy some leather breeches. A bargain was soon struck, and the tobacco-box was disposed of to the same willing customer for "a quart of two-penny." Blee then went out, under the pretence of getting himself shaved, but, instead of returning to his "gulls," made the best of his way to Uxbridge. Soon after his departure Macdaniel entered the room where the lads were sitting, and arrested them on a charge of robbery. Salmon being sent for, readily identified the stolen property, and the culprits were carried before a justice of the peace at Greenwich. As they refused to confess their guilt, they were committed to Maidstone gaol to stand their trial at the next assizes. In the meantime, having mentioned that Blee was concerned with them, and it being discovered that that individual was an accomplice of Macdaniel's companion, a warrant was issued against him. At length he was apprehended, just at the time when the other members of the gang happened to be at Maidstone, attending the trial of their victims. The evidence was conclusive, and Kelly and Ellis were convicted. But at that moment the four principal witnesses were themselves taken into custody, and subse-

quently tried at the Old Bailey, as accessories before the fact to the robbery of Salmon.

It then appeared that they had carried on this infamous traffic in guilt for some time past, and with such success that they had received as much as 1720*l.* from the Treasury, for the conviction of seventy offenders. In the course of Blee's examination it transpired that he had once prevailed upon a porter to accompany him to Edmonton, to assist in removing, by night, the chattels of a gentleman against whom an execution had been issued. On arriving at Edmonton, Blee left his companion for a short time at a public house, and on his return pretended that the business must be postponed till the following night. Having plentifully regaled the poor fellow, he set out with him on their way back to town. While walking along, Blee hinted that it would not be difficult to get money without working for it, but the porter refused to listen to him on such a subject. Presently a woman got out of a chaise, which drove on. Still the honest labourer declined having anything to do with such foul conduct. Blee however, lingered behind, and, on overtaking the porter offered him a part of the money which, he said, he had received from the female, but the offer was firmly rejected. Blee then took leave of him,

and the chaise again quickly came up to him. Out of it stepped the woman and Berry, the former of whom charged the porter with having held a knife to her throat while his comrade robbed her. Macdaniel coming up at the same time, he was taken into custody, tried, convicted, and executed at Tyburn. Another instance was discovered in April 1756, at the execution of John Symonds, *alias* Spanish Jack, for stealing a silver tankard from a public house in Rochester.

"As he was an old offender, and knew most of the thief-takers about London, he was particularly ask'd at the place of execution concerning them; when he declared that, at the instigation of Macdaniel and others, he did, in Sept. 1751, entice Wm. Holmes, John Newton, and Francis Mandeville, to commit a robbery in Whitechapel, who, in a few days afterwards, were apprehended by the gang of thief-takers, and were all three capitally convicted upon his evidence at the ensuing sessions in October, and afterwards executed at Tyburn, and tho' they had 420*l.* reward, he received only 10*l.*"

The sentence passed upon these villains was by no means commensurate with their crimes. They were condemned each to stand twice on the pillory, two at a time, to be imprisoned seven years in New-

gate, to find security of 1000*l.* each for their good behaviour for seven years, and to pay a fine. It is not surprising that immense excitement prevailed among the lower classes, or that they should have exhibited the most outrageous violence against these wretches who had sworn away the lives of so many less guilty men. Berry and Macdaniel were exposed together, and were so pitilessly pelted by the mob, that at the expiration of the first hour they were taken down quite speechless, and apparently insensible. At the same time a woman in the crowd was gored by an infuriated ox, and trampled under foot; a journeyman painter was pushed out of his cart, and fell to the ground with such force that he fractured his skull; several persons were run over and otherwise injured, and two pickpockets plying their light-fingered industry in front of the pillory, at the top of Fetter Lane, were so roughly handled by the spectators, that they had scarce strength to crawl away. "Egan and Salmon, the other two thief-takers, stood in the pillory in Smithfield, when the former soon received a mortal wound, of which he soon after died, and the latter many miserable bruises. The populace were so exasperated against these miscreants that the peace officers in vain endeavoured to restrain their fury. The coroner's

jury who sat upon the body of Egan brought in their verdict, wilful murder against persons unknown."

Exposure in the pillory was a punishment awarded to a great variety of offences. Rosa Beach was three times placed in the pillory at the entrance to Hatton Garden, for fortune-telling. Richard Nutt, the printer of the London "Evening Post," stood for the space of one hour in the pillory at Charing Cross, for publishing a libel. He was further sentenced to be imprisoned two years in the King's Bench, to pay a fine of 500*l.*, and to find two sureties in 500*l.* each for his good conduct for five years. One Govers was exposed at the Royal Exchange for defrauding several tradesmen, and was severely pelted by the populace. Akin to this was the exposure without pelting.

"At 12 o'clock at noon (May 7, 1755), Thomas Randall, late officer to the Sheriff of Middlesex, pursuant to his sentence, for arresting a servant of Count Haslang, was brought from Newgate before his Excellency's house in Golden Square, having on his breast a paper with the following words, viz.—'Thomas Randall, late an officer of the Sheriff of Middlesex, hath been adjudged by the Right Hon. Philip, Earl of Hardwicke, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain; the Right Hon. Sir Dudley

Rider, Knt., Chief Justice of our Lord the King, assigned to hold pleas before the King himself; and the Right Hon. Sir John Willes, Knt., Chief Justice of His Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, to be a violator of the law of nations, and a disturber of the publick repose, and stands convicted thereof upon a complaint made against him by Joseph Francis Zavarins, Count Haslang, envoy extraordinary, and minister plenipotentiary of his most serene electoral highness of Bavaria, at the royal court of Great Britain.' Randall was afterwards carried back to Newgate, there to remain three months, according to sentence."

In like manner was the infamy of public exposure inflicted upon Wheatley, a Methodist teacher — though John Wesley denied his being a Methodist, as he had been renounced by the fraternity some time before.

"The judge declared the said Wheatley to be a lewd, debauched, incontinent, and adulterous person; and that he had committed the crimes of adultery, fornication, and incontinence to the great scandal of good men, and pernicious example of others. And the judge decreed that the said Wheatley be enjoined a public penance, to be performed in a linen cloth, with a paper pinned to his

breast, denoting his crime, and condemned him in costs."

Offences *contra bonos mores* were punished somewhat severely by our ancestors. Whenever domestic vice is prevalent, public vice is sure to be rigorously prosecuted. Conjugal fidelity and purity of manners were certainly not the characteristics of society a hundred years ago. Polite profligacy flourished like a green bay-tree, while the law raged against vulgar debauchery. Thus a brothel-keeper in Cork was punished after this fashion. He was fastened to the tail of a cart by single handcuffs, and flogged by the bellman, who wore horns on his head instead of a coat on his back. In the cart sat "an unfortunate woman," with monstrous horns, and the horse was bestrode by a man similarly decorated, and blowing a ram's horn. The cart was preceded by the city trumpeters on horseback, with constables on all sides to keep the road clear for the ludicrous but barbarous procession. And the sheriff was also obliged to attend, to see that the sentence was fully carried out. This man may have been worthy of punishment, but were those guiltless whose incontinence and prodigality had encouraged him to run this risk? They were not a whit more civilised in Paris. A letter from that capital in the early part

of 1756 is couched in the following terms of indecent exultation.

"We are to be entertained this forenoon with the punishment of a famous bawd, who hath seduced a multitude of young girls. By an arrêt of Parliament, she is to be publicly whipt and marked with a hot iron. But she is first to be led by the common hangman to all the most public parts of the town, seated on an ass, with her face to the tail, a hat made of straw on her head, and on her back and breast a paper with these words: 'A Notorious Bawd.' Four of her prostitutes are to be tied to the ass's tail."

The only possible result of such a punishment must have been to raise the wages of prostitution, and thereby increase the temptation to sin. The evil can only be checked by laying the disgrace upon the right shoulders — upon the men.

Among contemporary delinquencies we find that of Henry Samuel, who was "convicted of being a common Sabbath Breaker, and prophaner of the Lord's Day, by suffering card playing on Sundays in his house in Duke Place, and fined 13*s.* 6*d.*, and ordered to be imprisoned three months in Wood St. Compter."

Profane swearing was likewise a more common

offence than at the present day. An "eminent undertaker" was one day convicted of having uttered 37 oaths, and fined a shilling for each. A naval lieutenant, having been mulcted in like manner to the amount of 34 shillings, sent for the Churchwarden and handed over the money to him, with the insulting remark that he had been fined for the benefit of the poor, but not of poor justices. In Scotland offenders were frequently banished to England, but I am not aware that magistrates ever carried their vindictiveness so far as to insist upon their returning to their native land. On the 10th December, 1755, there appeared the following paragraph in the newspapers:—

"John Grierson, the clergyman of the Savoy Chapel, being convicted of clandestinely marrying a couple, was sentenced to be transported for 14 years. It was said he had married 1400 couple in the same manner and place; whose marriages, by this verdict, are null and void, and the issue of them illegitimate."

Nine hundred of these brides were already cognisant of the pleasures, if not of the pains, of matrimony. The evil, indeed, had grown to such a frightful height that the Legislature had been compelled to interfere by means of most stringent enact-

ments, in the face of a determined opposition. The individuals who officiated at their stalls by the Fleet Ditch were men of infamous character, whose only principle was the receipt of money. But even after their suppression at the Fleet, clandestine marriages continued to be celebrated at the Savoy Chapel. That this evasion of the law was notorious cannot be doubted, for such advertisements as the following are of constant recurrence.

"BY AUTHORITY.

"MARRIAGES solemnized with the utmost Decency, Order, Privacy, and strictly conformable to the present Act of Parliament for the better preventing of clandestine Marriages, at the Antient Royal Parochial Chapel of St. John the Baptist in the Savoy, and County of Middlesex, where Marriages by Licence have been solemnized, Banns usually published, and regular and authentick Registers kept, from the time of the Reformation, being 200 years and upwards, to this Day.

"NOTE.—The poor married gratis."

Some one pertinently inquires with reference to these advertisements—

"Whether, if the Minister of the Savoy be permitted to marry people from all quarters, with impunity, it will not be necessary for all men of fortune, who have children, to attend the Savoy chapel, every Sunday in the year, to forbid the

mock publication of Banns there, in order to prevent their daughters from being stolen by Irish fortune hunters, footmen, or foot-soldiers."

The subjoined advertisement reads like a corollary of the foregoing one: —

"Any Gentlewoman desirous of lying-in privately, may be accommodated to her satisfaction in a healthy, retired, pleasant part of the town, assisted by a Midwife of long-established reputation for her Honour as well as Practice, and with a tenderness to which the Male Sex are strangers, by directing a line for W. Z., to be left at Mr. Adam's, Mathematician, Tycho Brahé's Head, Fleet Street; or at Mr. Stevens's, Oilman, in Portland Street, Soho.

"☞ The nicest honour may be relied on, whether Terms (which will include all requisites, — even the attendance of a Doctor, if necessary, — without further Bills, Impositions, or After-Claps) be agreed to or not; and as this is not meant to encourage intrigues, all overtures of the kind will be rejected."

The dreadful state of prisons at this period needs no illustration. It is sufficient to say, that Howard had not yet commenced his godlike career. There was a positive malady known as the Gaol Distemper, most deadly in its effects, and at times the Court and Jury at the Old Bailey were almost poisoned by the pestilential stench that reached them from Newgate. Two malefactors under sentence of death having succumbed to this dreadful disease, the reporter of the event bitterly complains that capital punish-

ment was thus avoided, and recommends that a shorter interval be allowed between judgment and execution: he is also willing that remedial measures be adopted to lessen the mortality in prisons. "But the continuance of the evil is a melancholy proof that preventive measures are not to be expected from the English, who seldom think of removing a burden till it grows too intolerable to be borne." Life, however, was held of little value. The laws were written in blood. Two lads were hanged for stealing a purse containing two shillings and a brass counter. Of ten criminals convicted at one sessions, four were hanged and six transported. Very often half a dozen were sentenced to death at a single sessions. On the 17th March, 1755, eight malefactors were hanged together at Tyburn. It was recorded as a matter of surprise, that, "only six convicts received sentence of death at Gloucester Assizes." One of these was a woman named Anne Ockley, who was executed on the following day, on the charge of murdering an illegitimate child. To the last she denied her guilt, except in not having called in medical advice for her infant after a bad fall. She took the Sacrament, and begged for more time to prepare herself for the change; this favour being denied, she remained

praying for two hours on the drop before she would give the signal. Everybody knows the fictitious case in "Sir Launcelot Greaves,"—fictitious perhaps in some of the details, but certainly based on truth.

"He was clerk of the assize, gemmen, in a certain town, not a great way distant; and having a blank pardon left by the judges for some criminals whose cases were attended with favorable circumstances, he would not insert the name of one who could not procure a guinea for the fee; and the poor fellow who had only stole an hour-glass out of a shoemaker's window, was actually executed, after a long respite, during which he had been permitted to go abroad, and earn his subsistance by his daily labour."

This is a truly terrible picture of justice. Not a glimpse of mercy pierces through any part of the laws as they were then administered. A man named Thompson was actually executed for not having surrendered after he was gazetted a bankrupt, though he was not aware that a commission had been taken out against him.

A hundred years ago, too, the shipping intelligence contained such items as these:—

"The *Basnet*, Leslie, is arrived at Antigua, from Africa, with 188 slaves."

"The *Knight* Galley, Boats, at Barbadoes, from Africa, with 400 slaves."

Suicides were also of fearfully common occurrence, notwithstanding the barbarities practised on the senseless corpse. One Barlow, a bookseller in Star Alley, Fenchurch Street, shot his own child, but failed to kill himself upon the spot. He died of his wounds, however, a few days afterwards at the Compter, and his body was carried away by his friends and buried. But by the Lord Mayor's orders it was taken up again and thrust into a hole, with a stake driven through it, at the cross road at the upper end of Moorfields. His lordship was, apparently, as determined as Sir Peter Laurie to "put down" suicide.

The "Connoisseur" severely satirises this monstrous folly, which it attributes in a great degree to "the noble sport of free-thinking, which has diffused itself among all ranks of people. The libertine of fashion has too refined a taste to trouble himself at all about a soul, or an hereafter;" while the vulgar fellow attended philosophical disputations until quite convinced that every one had a right to do as he pleased, and so, accusing Providence of all the ills he endures, "comforts himself that he was inevitably

destined to be tied up in his own garters." The same writer goes on in a humorous manner to describe the various causes of suicide. These are, attending Newmarket races, keeping mistresses, electioneering, lotteries, French claret, French lace, French cooks, "White's," Chinese temples, a country seat and a town-house, fortune-hunting, a tour through France and Italy, Lord Bolingbroke, the Robin Hood Society, an equipage, a dog-kennel, "Covent Garden," plays, operas, concerts, masquerades, routs, drums, keeping the best company, &c. &c. He then remarks that a verdict of lunacy was always returned in the case of genteel people, for "it is well known that the inquiry has not been made into the state of mind of the deceased, but into his fortune and family. * * A penniless poor dog who has not left enough to defray the funeral charges may perhaps be excluded the churchyard; but self-murder by a pistol genteelly mounted, or the Paris-hilted sword, qualifies the polite owner for a *sudden death*, and entitles him to a pompous burial, and a monument setting forth his virtues in Westminster Abbey."

A contributor to the "Gentleman's Magazine" is still more facetious, and publishes the following advertisement, regardless of his reader's time, for the

benefit of those who contemplated removing themselves from this "vale of tears."

"Whereas many noblemen, gentlemen, and others, who, in the polite world, are distinguished by the name of *men of pleasure*, have by *fast living*, now commonly called *sporting*, formerly stigmatized by the name of *w* —— and *drunkenness*, brought upon themselves, at the age of forty, all the pains, aches, and infirmities of four-score: and others, by fashionably spending their whole fortunes, by contracting debts which they cannot pay, and ruining their wives, wards, children, and creditors, have incurred such reflexions as render life intolerable. And whereas it has been proved by the late great Lord Bolingbroke and others, to the full satisfaction of all gentlemen of *wit*, *humour*, *men of pleasure*, and *sporters*, that after this life there is nothing either to hope or fear; so that to put an end to it, in such circumstances, is greatly for the advantage of themselves and the community. And whereas, such is the prejudice still remaining among the great and little vulgar that this necessary and heroic act reflects indelible dishonour upon such men of *wit*, *humour*, and *pleasure*, and their families, and makes the expence of bribing a coroner's jury to perjury absolutely necessary, to prevent a forfeiture of their personal estate, if any such there be. And whereas there is at present no known method by which this necessary measure may be *decently* and *privately* executed, the razor, sword, and halter, having been universally exploded, and the effect of the pistol, as it is commonly used, being very uncertain, sometimes causing a great effusion of blood, sometimes blowing the brains about the room, spoiling the paintings and other furniture, and leaving the body bloody and mangled, the countenance distorted, and the features defaced; and at the same time alarming, not only the family, but the neighbourhood; so that all attempts to conceal it by pretending apoplexy or sudden death, are ineffectual. Notice is hereby given, &c. &c. &c."

There is no doubt that the besetting sin of intemperance had much to do with swelling the heavy catalogue of crime. In 1750, between the Hermitage and the Bell Wharf, one house in seven was a gin-shop. In the city of London there were 16,000 houses, of which 1050 were held by licensed victuallers. Of the 17,000 houses that constituted the borough of Westminster, 1300 were licensed. Of the 7066 houses in the parish of Holborn, 1350 were devoted to the sale of wine, beer, and spirituous liquors. Of the 2000 houses in the parish of St. Giles, 506 were gin-shops, "besides 82 two-penny houses of the greatest infamy where gin was the principal liquor drank." In 1724 it was estimated that 1,172,494 barrels of strong ale, and 798,495 of small beer were consumed in London, and this was complained of as a decrease in consequence of the growing use of wines and spirituous liquors. In 1728 there were imported 30,044 tons of wine; namely, 18,208 tons from Portugal, 10,255 from Spain, 1105 from France, and 476 from Holland and Germany. In 1733 the spirituous liquors consumed in London alone amounted to 11,200,000 gallons; namely, 56,800 gallons of arrack, 1,315,000 of brandy, 330 of citron water, 316 of cordial water, 380 of Geneva, 316 of Hungary water, 103 of

rackee, 327,700 of rum, 12 of vizney, 154 of usquebaugh, 8,601,290 of malt spirits, 12,527 of cider spirits, and 890,320 gallons of molasses spirits. The lowness of price had, naturally, much to do with this excessive indulgence in exciting beverages. Thus, British brandy was only 4*s.* a gallon, old Cognac, 7*s.* 9*d.*, Jamaica rum, 3*s.* in bond, or 7*s.* 6*d.* retail, duty paid, Goa or Batavia arrack, 9*s.* 6*d.*, red port wine and white Lisbon, 17*s.* for 13 bottles, mountain, 18*s.*, Madeira from West Indies, 27*s.* Valencia wine, 3*s.* 6*d.* per gallon. Country squires, curates, and, indeed all classes of society, appear to have been deeply imbued with this degrading appetite. Even the fair sex was not exempt. Phenix Knowler, in acquainting the public with the interesting fact that he had taken Sam's coffee-house in the Piazza, Covent Garden, thus concludes his advertisement:—

"☞ Fine Hartshorn Jellies, and Punch in small quantities."

The subjoined advertisement is still more conclusive.

"TO THE PEOPLE OF FASHION.

"At the Rich Cordial Warehouse, in Cross Street, near Carnaby Market, Golden Square,

Are continued to be sold the following

LIQUEURS: *viz.*:—

"Oil of Venus, Spirit of Saffron, Spirit of Cinnamon, Barbadoes Citron Cream, Orange Flower, Mint, Tansey, Spirit of

Adonis, Viper Water, Usquebaugh, green, yellow, white, Coffee Water, Chocolate Water, Belle de Nuit, Turkey Visney, Fine Clarey, Lilly-cum-Valley, Marasquino, Flora Granata, red and brown Jacomonoodi, Parfait Amour, Eau Cordiale de Genève, Fenouilette de l'Isle de Rhé, Eau divine, Orangasse, Eau des Millefleurs, Eau d'Or, Limette des Indes, Cedra rouge et blanc, Eau de Bergamotte, Ratafias of Orange Flowers, Quinces red and white, Chamberry, Neuilly, Fine Cholic Water, Surfeit, Plague, and Peppermint Waters."

The Rich Cordial Warehouse offers an abundant choice, at least if the names signify aught. A satirical writer of the day thus comments upon this catalogue of temptations. "Who would imagine," he asks, "that *Flora granata* should be intended only to signify a dram? For my own part, I should rather have taken Marasquino for an Italian fiddler, and have concluded that Jacomonoodi was no other than an opera singer. * * Sipping rich cordials is no less detestable than, in the vulgar idiom, 'Bunging your eye.' What signifies it whether we muddle with *Eau de Millefleurs*, or plain Aniseed? Or whether we fetch our drams from the Rich Cordial Warehouse, or the Blackamoor and Golden Still?" The lower classes seem to have been equally addicted to this species of euphemism. "Madam Gin has been christened by as many names as a German princess; every petty chandler's shop will sell you Sky-blue, and every night-cellar furnish you with

Holland-tape three yards a penny. Nor can I see the difference between Oil of Venus, Spirit of Adonis, Parfait Amour, for the use of our quality, and what among the vulgar is called Cupid's Eye-water, Strip-me-naked, and Lay-me-down-softly." The College of Physicians erased from the London Dispensatory the cordial known as Hungary Water, "because it was a lure to the female sex to dram it by authority, and to get tipsy *secundum artem.*"

It is needless to observe that in the sister kingdom equal devotion was paid to the *natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis.* We have an account of a political dinner given on the birthday of the Duke of Cumberland by 49 leading members of the Strabane Patriot Club, at which 25 toasts are enumerated, with the indefinite "&c. &c.," to follow. Some of these are so characteristic of the race that it would be unpardonable to omit the list. 1, The King; 2, The Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family; 3, The Duke and the Army; 4, The 15th of April, 1721; 5, The ever memorable Battle of Culloden; 6, The immortal memory of the glorious King William; 7, The Marquis of Hartington, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; 8, The Speaker, late Chancellor of the Exchequer; 9, The 17th of December, 1753; 10, The Earl of Kildare and Liberty; 11, The Patriot

Club of Tyrone; 12, All the patriot clubs of Ireland; 13, Firmness and Resolution to the patriots of Ireland; 14, May the Mis-representor be truly represented; 15, May we never again have cause to think of the government of Strafford and Tyrconnel: 16, May all corrupt Ministers be speedily banished the presence of His Majesty; 17, Right to those who suffer Wrong, and to every Knave a Halter; 18, From bartering Places for Votes, and all Manner of Corruption, Good Lord Deliver us; 19, May all the Prelates be for ever deterred from attempting to influence the House of Commons of Ireland; 20, Welsh Curates' Half-pay to all Archbishops, Bishops, and Inferior Clergy, who are enemies to Ireland; 21, Shame and disgrace to all mercenary Lord Lieutenants, packed Privy Councillors, deceitful Secretaries, and corrupt Judges; 22, Amendment and Repentance to those who make themselves tools to Avarice or Ambition; 23, May the People ever distinguish between the ambitious views of a Minister, and the true interest of the Crown; 24, May the Rights of the People and the Prerogatives of the Crown be equally dear to the Governors of Ireland; 25, May His Majesty's Virtues descend with his Crown to his latest Posterity, &c. &c.,

THE FRIVOLOUS CLASSES

AND

THEIR FRIVOLITIES.

CHAP. XIV.

Place aux Dames! The post of honour must be assigned to the weaker sex in folly as well as in virtue. A hundred years ago ladies of fashion comported themselves in a very ridiculous and contemptible manner. They are accused by their contemporaries of indulging in a loose style of conversation, and of encouraging on the part of their male satellites *double entendres* of very equivocal import. And yet, to do them justice, they oftener lost their reputation than their virtue. Their object was simply to be talked of. Some of them, indeed, ventured a little too far, and having yielded to vice sought only to escape from scandal. These were

usually married women, who affected everything French, even to receiving their "Beaux" at their toilettes. They were fond of dressing so as to appear undressed, of speaking loud and laughing incessantly, and of addressing their acquaintances of the other sex in the most familiar manner. A contemporary satirist declares that "ladies of pleasure" only differ from "fine ladies" of this stamp "in professing a trade which the others carry on by smuggling. A Lady of Fashion who refuses no favour but the last, or even grants that without being paid for it, is not to be accounted a Lady of Pleasure, but ranks in an order formerly celebrated under the title of Demi-Reps." And another writer is good enough to explain that a Demi-Rep "is a lady whom everybody thinks what nobody chooses to call her." It is not surprising that the French morality of that period should have accompanied the introduction of French frivolities, when we reflect that from their earliest childhood ladies of fashion were intrusted to the training of French instructors. The innocent and plastic offspring of English parents must have "a Madame Gouvernante who never suffers her to speak English, and a French dancing-master to teach her to hold up her head and come into the room like a little lady."

Their employments and pastimes were equally frivolous and without meaning, except to distract their attention from the true end and object of life. In all the novels of the day they are portrayed, even the best of them, as mawkish insipid creatures, without ideas or individuality. And the only things advertisers can offer for their particular use, besides dress and cordials, are prints "for diagonal and concave glasses" and "a great variety of shells fit for flowers." One favourite occupation was to attend auctions, and purchase an infinity of oriental baubles, Chinese knick-knacks, cockle shells, and butterflies. The day was usually inaugurated by a cup of chocolate in bed. Then favoured visitors were admitted, the scandal of the preceding day discussed, and schemes devised for "getting through" the present one and the morrow—beyond which point imagination was at fault. Sunday evening was specially devoted to card-parties. On other nights existence was rendered endurable by means of Vauxhall and Ranelagh, routs and masquerades, plays and operas. But the one engrossing subject of thought and anxiety was dress. "Mobs and handkerchiefs," says the "Connoisseur" "answer the end of covering, but the main purpose of dress is to reveal." "In accordance with this dogma," he continues, "the stays

and petticoats have been so unmercifully pruned and cut away in order to discover latent beauties, that, if those of the present mode were to fall into the hands of our distant posterity, they would conclude that the present race of women must have been a generation of pigmies; for they could never possibly conceive that they were of common size, and wore by way of dress any garments so little calculated either for use or ornament." To carry out the fashionable notion of dress to perfection he recommends that a sect of "Evites" be started, who should wear only a pompon and a fig-leaf—ornamented agreeably to individual taste—with the addition, in cold weather, of a thin, close-fitting garment of flesh-coloured silk. The hoop, of oval form, measured from end to end about twice the height of the wearer, and was admirably adapted to display considerably more than the foot and ankle. Short sacks and *négligées* having been recently introduced from Paris were also much in vogue, "for, as all men will agree, next to no cloaths at all, nothing is more ravishing than an easy *dishabille*, our ladies for that reason perhaps come into public places as if they were just got out of bed, or as if they were ready to go into it." But notwithstanding the cynical objections of the satirist, the *négligée* maintained and increased its popularity. It

was not a mere loose wrapper as its name would import, but a costly and highly wrought garment. In an advertisement for a lost or missing trunk, its contents are described as "a scarlet tabby négligée trimmed with gold; a green tabby petticoat trimmed also with gold; a white damask négligée trimmed with a blue snail blond lace, with a petticoat of the same; a silver brocade silk négligée trimmed with pink-coloured silk; a white fustian riding habit, turned up with blue and laced with silver; a petticoat of the same, and a waistcoat trimmed also with silver."

The bride of Sir Launcelot Greaves, it will be remembered, wore a négligée of plain blue satin, her only ornament being a small sprig of artificial roses. On a similar occasion Serafina—in the Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom—appears at the altar in a sack of white satin; while Narcissa captivates the eye of Roderick Random "in a sack of white satin, embroidered on the breast with gold; the crown of her head covered with a small French cap, from whence descended her beautiful hair in ringlets." Sometimes the hair was braided; more frequently it was adorned with a sprig of spangles or artificial flowers. Hats were much worn, and we are told that, whether of silk or straw, whether the

lady's or the lady's-maid's, their flaps were turned up perpendicularly both before and behind, with two waving pendants of ribbon hanging down from the brim on the left side. But the most odious form of head-dress was that which converted "Miss Fanny and her lovely tresses" into "Cybele the Berecynthian goddess, with all her turrets on her head." This dirty and abominable fashion is cleverly ridiculed in the "Old Maid."

"Miss Sprightly having paid her (Fanny) some compliments on the crispness of her curls, beg'd to know how long her hair had been dressed. The question seemed odd, but the answer astonishing: 'Three weeks last Tuesday,' replies Miss Fanny. 'Three weeks, madam,' said I, 'ha'n't you been a bed since that?'

"'Regularly, every *day*.'

"'Pray, madam, don't that lay you under the necessity of dressing your hair every *evening* when you rise?'

"'O Lord, sir,' says miss, smiling at my ignorance, 'a head properly made up with pins, paste, and pomatum, will *keep* a month very well.'

"As she talk'd of her head in the style of pickled pork, I ventured to ask her whether the paste and pomatum would *keep* as long.

"'Certainly,' said she, 'if prepared with the *véritable eau de fleur des arbres.*'

"'I suppose, miss,' said I, 'this fashion is peculiar to the young ladies, as the married are more liable to have their locks discomposed?'

"'Not at all,' says she, 'Lady Lazy dresses her hair but once a quarter; 'tis true we are enjoined to lie in one position, which, to be sure, is an inconvenience; last night I went to bed somewhat earlier than usual, and was consequently restless, so happening to turn on one side *deranged* the right wing a little, but Betty has *raccommoded* it *passablement bien.*'

"'I perceive, madam,' said I, 'that a comb is a very unnecessary article on a modern toilette.'"

Worse, however, than this monstrous deformity was the use of paint. The vile practice pervaded all classes. The common sort of women, we are told, were content with a sort of cheap rough-cast for their faces. The middle classes painted in size or in oil. But women of fashion had recourse to a superfine stucco, or plaster of Paris, which did not require daily renewal, would last as long as their head-dress, and stand the collision of the gentleman's lips. The *crême de la crême* went still further, and employed "the transcendent and divine pearl powder, with an exquisite varnish superinduced to fix it."

Among other recently introduced fashions was the "Cardinal." "Not a great while ago," says a contemporary writer, "*long shades* made their appearance, from whence soon afterwards *short ones* sprung; these were succeeded by the *long Cardinal* with pigeon-holes, which was succeeded by the *lapelled one*, which was succeeded by the *tied-up one;* and the *Roman Mantle* of the *Pompadour Hue* is now (1756) the mantle most adored; but I imagine it will soon be deposed by the *Russian Furs.*"

A poetaster has described the origin and nature of the Cardinal, and indicated a scandal as the primary fountain of inspiration. These are some of his lines:—

"No praises now unto the hoop belong,
The hoop no more shall grace each female song:
The sportive maiden shall no longer coop
Her spreading beauties in the expanded hoop:
No more shall fear each neighbour's envious eye,
The Cardinal shall every want supply."

In times of yore, on a festival eve, a fair damsel withdrew from the gay and noisy throng into a dense and shady thicket, and there longed to commune with Jove. That amative deity listened so complacently to her sighs, that seven months afterwards

. . . . . "she found
Her form increasing to a bulky round."

Thereupon she complains to her mighty lover, and implores him to save her character. Jove is nonplus'd by this, to him, novel request, and accordingly convenes the gods and asks their advice.

"They all consult—but all in vain consult—
For they, alas! could come to no result:
Could find no way to hide from mortal eyes
The great increase of this fair creature's size.
Jove then resolv'd to change her to a dove,
But first consulted with the Queen of love:
Venus sat smiling, and declar'd that she
Would this fair nymph from all her troubles free.
And straight unto the god a cloak disclos'd
Of several pleats and foliages compos'd;
The ground was blue, with silver flowers wrought,
By Venus work'd, from Cythera brought.
Let her wear this! th' exulting goddess cries,
And live quite free—secure from curious spies.
Jove, pleas'd, the gift approv'd, that instant sent
Unto his love the female ornament.
Hence sprung, ye British fair! the cloak we call
The neat, the pretty, useful cardinal."

Another poetical effusion describes the whole mystery of female costume in the year 1755:—

"THE BELLE.

"Best of painters, show thy art,
Draw the charmer of my heart:
Draw her, as she shines away,
At the mart, or at the play.
Carefully each mode express,
Woman's better part is dress.

Let her cap be mighty small,
Bigger just than none at all:
Pretty, like her sense, and little—
Like her beauty — frail and brittle.
Be her shining locks confin'd
In a threefold braid behind:
Let an artificial flow'r
Set the frizure off before:
Here and there weave ribbon pat in,
Ribbon of the finest satin.
Circling round her iv'ry neck,
Frizzle out the smooth Vandike,
Let the ruff that heretofore
Good Queen Bess's maidens wore:
Happy maidens, as we read,
Maids of honour, maids indeed!
Let her breast look rich and bold
With a stomacher of gold;
Let it keep her bosom warm,
Amply stretch'd from arm to arm.
Whimsically travers'd o'er,
Here a knot, there a flower,
Like her little heart that dances,
Full of maggots, full of fancies.
Flowing loosely down her back,
Draw with art the graceful sack,
Ornament it well with gimping,
Flounces, furbelows, and crimping.
Let of ruffles many a row
Guard her elbows white as snow.
Knots below and knots above,
Emblems of the tyes of love.
Let her hoop, extended wide,
Show what petticoats should hide,
Garters of the softest silk,
Stockings whiter than the milk;
Charming part of female dress,
Did it show us more or le s.

Let a pair of velvet shoes
Gently press her petty-toes:
Gently press, and softly squeeze,
Tott'ring, like the fair Chinese,
Mounted high, and buckled low,
Tott'ring every step they go.
Take these hints, and do thy duty,
Fashions are the tests of beauty:
Features vary and perplex,—
Mode's the woman and the dress."

There were probably some ladies, however, who looked down upon the vanity of dress. These were the strong-minded women—women who entered the lists with men in argument and oratory. Perhaps they had a presentiment of the modern definition of woman, and resolved to show its injustice beforehand: for somebody has said that woman is a creature that cannot reason, and which pokes the fire from the top. These ladies, headed by Elizabeth Wilson, advertised a Female Lyceum at the little theatre in the Haymarket. Only ladies were allowed to speak in this arena. There was also a rival debating forum at the new theatre in the Haymarket. It was called the Female Inquisition, and was conducted by Mr. George Alexander Stevens. The first dissertation was on "The superiority of the lovelier and better sex over their pretended lords and masters:" which was followed

by a discussion between a "Disquisitor" and the Lady of the Inquisition. The evening's entertainments concluded somewhat incongruously with Miss Arabella Wilkinson's performances "on the wire—perhaps in allusion to the wire-drawn speeches of the oratresses — and a proœmium and peroration by Mr. Stevens.

The Parliament of Paris about this time was obliged to publish an *arrêt* forbidding women to practise any branch of medicine or surgery, except midwifery — so prone has the sex ever been to pluck at the fruit of the tree of knowledge, notwithstanding its first experience that the mellow-looking apple was, in verity, a sour crab.

Probably the worst characteristic of women at that time was their passion for gambling. No grade was exempt from that *dulcis insania.* "If their passion for gaming — writes the "Connoisseur" — continues to increase in the same proportion that it has for some time past, we shall very soon meet with abundance of sharpers in petticoats; and it will be mentioned as a very familiar incident that a party of female gamblers were seized by the constables at the gaming-table." When the higher classes set the example of vice, the lower soon overtake and outstrip them. Women are but the echo, or rather the

shadow, of the men. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at, however much it may be lamented, that they should have become infected with a moral disease that raged intensely among those from whom they habitually receive their impulses and motives of action.

CHAP. XV.

THE Beau of those days was—a thing; and a very absurd thing, to boot. His actions and manners were all for the sake of effect, all regulated by some imaginary standard of fashion; there was nothing genuine about him. His movements were mechanical, and he could give no reason why he should do one thing rather than another. All that was expected of him was to drink deep, swear lustily, ride well, use an eyeglass—it was also then fashionable to be purblind and wear a pane of glass in one's eye—and to be able to shoe his own horse. It was likewise "quite the thing" to affect deafness, and to lisp. Of course, every thing French was pronounced perfect. A mistress, a four-wheeled postchaise, and a French valet, were indispensable. Some one remarked that he lived like a man of quality, for he had a postchaise and never rode in it, a wife and never saw her, and a mistress and never lived with her. A first-rate Buck was called a Stag, but to earn this honourable epithet he must have made the grand

tour, and acquired the genteel oaths of every people he visited.

> "Don Lumber had tour'd all Europe about,
> Contracted the vices, the virtues left out.
> Could bluster like thunder, a tempest each word,
> Would d—n in ten languages, a Thraso at sword."

Garrick, too, was justly severe against these Frenchified fops, in his epilogue to the tragedy of "Athelstan":—

> "The youths to whom France gives a new belief,
> Who look with horror on a rump of beef:
> On Shakespear's plays with shrugg'd-up shoulders stare—
> 'These, plays? They're bloody murders—*O, Barbare!*
> And yet the man has merit, *entre nous*,
> He'd been damn'd clever, had he read Bossu.'
> 'Shakespear read French!' roars out a surly cit:
> 'When Shakespear wrote, our valour match'd our wit;
> Had Britons then been fops, Queen Bess had hang'd 'em;
> Those days, they never read the French—they bang'd em!'"

"Roderick Random" tells us, in his veracious autobiography, how he conducted himself at the theatre, in the hope of being set down as a Beau of the first water.

"I rose and sat down," he says, "covered and uncovered my head twenty times between the acts; pulled out my watch, wound it up, set it, gave it the hearing again; displayed my snuff-box, affected to take snuff that I might have an opportunity of

showing my brilliant, and wiped my nose with a perfumed handkerchief; then dangled my cane, and adjusted my sword knot, and acted many more frivolities of the same kind, in the hopes of obtaining the character of a pretty fellow."

One of these fine gentlemen visiting a country cousin, or some other provincial boor, is represented as complaining that "not a drop of Benjamin wash, nor a dust of almond powder, could be procured there, nor indeed in all the parish, and I was forced to scrub my hands with filthy wash-ball, which so ruined their complexion that laying in gloves will not recover them this fortnight." There was, besides, no pomatum for his hair; nor was there any snuff, or smelling-salts, to be had, of decent quality. These small miseries would very naturally appear intolerable grievances to those who deemed it essential to comfort to possess such an armoury for the toilette as we find described in the good-humoured exaggerations of the "Connoisseur."

"Having occasion one morning to wait on a very pretty fellow, I was desired by the valet-de-chambre to walk into the dressing-room till his master was stirring. I was accordingly shown into a neat little chamber hung round with India paper, and adorned with several little images of pagodas and

brahmins, and vessels of Chelsea China, in which were set various coloured sprigs of artificial flowers. But the toilette most excited my admiration; where I found every thing was intended to be agreeable to the Chinese taste. A looking-glass, enclosed in a whimsical frame of Chinese paling, stood upon a Japan table, over which was spread a coverlid of the finest chintz. I could not but observe a number of boxes of different sizes, which were all of them Japan, and were regularly disposed on the table. I had the curiosity to examine the contents of several, and in one I found lip-salve; in another a roll of pigtail; and in another the ladies black sticking-plaister; but the last which I opened very much surprised me, as I found nothing in it but a number of very little pills. I likewise remarked in one part of the table a tooth-brush and sponge, with a pot of Delascot's opiate, and on the other side water for the eyes; in the middle stood a bottle of *Eau de Luce*, and a roll of perfumed pomatum; almond pastes, powder puffs, hair combs, brushes, nippers, and the like, made up the rest of this fantastic equipage; but among many other whimsies I could not conceive for what use a very small ivory comb could be designed, till the valet informed me that it was a comb for the eyebrows."

A correspondent of the "Gentleman's Magazine" describes himself as a physician of considerable knowledge and ability, but unable to command a suitable practice because his manners were too simple and untutored. He therefore proceeded to London, and acquired the necessary polish after the following manner.

"I took an elegant set of lodgings near St. James', in the neighbourhood of an eminent physician, that I might have an opportunity of transplanting from him what was wanting in myself. I learned to dance of Pierot, and to fence of Bond. My clothes were made in the true medical taste by Lambert; my wigs by Shevreau,—and my cane and snuff-box were purchased of Tomkins. Thus equipp'd, I sauntered from one coffee-house to another, gleaning politicks from some and atheism from others. At Sadler's Wells and the midnight oratory I learn'd grimace; and at the publick theatres I improv'd in assurance. Hoyle tutor'd me in the several games at cards, and under the name of guarding me from being cheated, insensibly gave me a taste for sharping. At last, to give the finishing stroke to my medical character, I learn'd the various methods of intrigue under the ingenious Mrs. Douglass of Covent Garden."

The buck, though a contemptible, was usually a harmless creature, except to himself. Not so the Blood. This was a vicious brute; baboons in men's clothes could not act more savagely, or more mischievously, than these wretched samples of humanity. This is a description of the simious ruffian: — "He is a blood of the first rate; Sherlock has instructed him in the use of the broadsword, and Broughton has taught him to box. He is a fine gentleman at assemblies, a sharper at the gaming-table, and a bully at the casinos. He has not yet killed his man in the *honourable* way; but he has gallantly crippled several watchmen, and most courageously run a drawer through the body. His scanty pay will not allow him to keep a mistress; but it is said that he is privately married to a woman of the town."

The young Templars seem to have been as notorious in their way as were medical students less than a quarter of a century ago. The "Prater" pretends to transcribe a brief entry from a Templar's diary, supposed to have been picked up accidentally. "*Saturday.* Engaged to sup this evening with the same party at *Shakespear's Head. Sunday.* Past four o'clock afternoon — got up immensely sick — at *Shakespear's Head* till *five* this morning — four dozen claret, and eight bowls of punch. Burnt our

hats and wigs by general consent. Tossed empty bottles out at window — demolished two pier-glasses — six china bowls — twenty-three wine-glasses, one table, and seven chairs. Bruising match between *Tom Driver* and *Dick Knucklebone* — *Tom* sconced with the first blow — recovers; closes up *Dick's* eyes with a full tankard of hot negus — sallied out in a body — set the watch-house on fire — carried to the round-house, from thence to Justice Fielding — gave bail. N.B. *Ned Bumper* has just sent me word we shall certainly come off for a cool *fifty* a piece."

The following escapade is worthy of the *Maison Rouge*. It happened at the "Castle."

"Some bloods being in company with a celebrated *fille de joye*, one of them pulled off her shoe, and in excess of gallantry filled it with champagne and drank it off to her health. In this delicious draught he was immediately pledged by the rest, and then to carry the compliment still further, he ordered it to be drest and served up for supper. The cook set himself seriously to work upon it. He pulled the upper part (which was of damask) into fine shreads, and tossed it up in a ragout; minced the sole; cut the wooden heel into very thin slices, fried them in butter, and placed them round the dish for garnish.

* * As this transaction happened just after the French king had taken a cobbler's daughter for his mistress, Tom Pierce (who has the style as well as art of a French cook) in his bill politely called it, in honour of her name, *Du soulier à la Murphy.*"

There is an article in the "Connoisseur" especially devoted to the flagellation of these extravagant humourists:—

"The noblest exploit of a man of the town, the highest proof and utmost effort of his genius and pleasantry, is The Frolick. This piece of humour consists in playing the most wild and extravagant pranks that wantonness and debauchery can suggest; and it is the distinguishing characteristic of the buck and blood. These facetious gentlemen, whenever champagne has put them in spirits, sally out 'flown with insolence and wine,' in quest of adventures. At such a time the more harm they do the more they show their wit; and their frolicks, like the mirth of a monkey, are made up of mischief. * * * Whatever is in violation of all decency and order, is an exquisite piece of wit; and, in short, a frolick and playing the devil, bear the same explanation in a modern glossary.

"It is surprising how much invention there is in these exploits, and how wine inspires these gentlemen

with thoughts more extraordinary and sublime than any other man could ever have devised. I have known a whole company start from their chairs, and begin tilting at each other merely for their diversion. Another time these exalted geniuses have cast lots which of them should be thrown out of the window; and at another make a bonfire of their cloaks, and run naked into the streets. It was no longer ago than last winter that a party of jovial templars set out, an hour or two after midnight, on a voyage to Lisbon, in order to get good port. They took boat at the Temple-stairs, and prudently laid in, by way of provisions, a cold venison pasty, and two bottles of raspberry brandy. But when they imagined themselves just arrived at Gravesend, they found themselves suddenly overset in Chelsea Reach, and very narrowly escaped being drowned. The most innocent frolicks of these men of humour are carried on in a literary way by advertisements in the newspapers, with which they often amuse the town; and alarm us with bottle-conjurors, and persons who will jump down their own throats. Sometimes they divert themselves by imposing on their acquaintance with fictitious intrigues, and putting modest women to the blush by describing them in the publick papers. Once, I remember, it was the frolick to

call together all the wet-nurses that wanted a place; at another time to summon several old women to bring their male tabby cats, for which they were made to expect a considerable price; and not long ago, by the proffer of a curacy, they drew all the poor parsons to St. Paul's Coffee-house, where the bucks themselves sat in another box to smoke their rusty wigs and brown cassocks. But the highest frolick that can possibly be put in execution is a genteel murder: such as running a waiter through the body, knocking a poor feeble watchman's brains out with his own staff, or taking away the life of some regular scoundrel, who has just spirit enough to —— and drink like a gentleman. The noblest frolick I ever remember, happened a few years ago at a county town. While a party of bucks were making a riot at an inn, and tossing the chairs and tables and looking-glasses into the street, the landlady was indiscreet enough to come up stairs, and interrupt their merriment with her impertinent remonstrances; upon which they immediately threw her out of the window after her own furniture. News was soon brought of the poor woman's death, and the whole company looked upon it as a very droll accident, and gave orders that she should be charged in the bill. * * * It is but a few years since,

a gentleman on his travels, who was completing a town education by the polite tour, shot a waiter through the head; but the joke was so ill received, that the gentleman was hanged within four and twenty hours."

The "Satirist" proposes that an "Irish Brigade" should be formed of the bloods, the gamesters, and Irish fortune-hunters. "The attacks of these dauntless heroes, have indeed been chiefly levelled at the other sex; but employment may be found for these amorous knight-errants, suitable to their known firmness and intrepidity; particularly in taking places by storm, where there is a necessity for ravishing virgins and committing outrages upon the women." He also suggests that the press-gang would be equally well employed in enlisting other useless members of society.

"First, that idle body called country squires, many of whom are born only for the destruction of game and disturbance of their neighbours. They are mere vegetables, which grow up and rot on the same spot of ground; except a few, which are transplanted into the Parliament House. Their whole life is hurried away in scampering after foxes, leaping five-bar gates, trampling upon the farmers' corn, and swilling October. As they are by their pro-

fession, excellent marksmen, and have been used to carry a gun, they might employ their powder to more purpose in fetching down a Frenchman than a pheasant."

He also recommends that some of these rustic heroes should be mounted on their own hunters, to serve as light cavalry, though he expresses an apprehension that if a fox crossed their path they would soon be "gone away." He then advises the press-gang to pounce upon "every vagrant about town, who, not having any lawful calling, from thence takes upon himself the title of gentleman, and adds an esquire to his name." *Item*, the nominal Law Students, "who, under the pretence of following the law, receive, as it were, the sanction for doing nothing at all." *Item*, "the tribes of Playhouse and Coffee-house critics, and that collective body called the Town." And finally, all the Free-thinkers, particularly the members of the "Robin Hood" Society; and the appointment of the Clare-Market orator—of whom more hereafter—to the chaplaincy of the regiment.

It would have been strange if, in such a vicious state of society, there had not existed a deep passion for gambling. It prevailed to a frightful excess and, in the government patronage of lotteries, may

be said to have received the sanction of authority. Severe, and therefore inefficacious, enactments were levelled against games of chance, by the legislature, but were easily evaded or lightly enforced. The E. O. table, indeed, was obliged to be put down at the ridottos and masquerades held in the Haymarket, on account of the numerous sharpers who swarmed at such places in search of prey; but no restrictions were placed upon card-playing. At Newmarket there was a hazard-table, almost as celebrated as "Crockford's" in our own times. It was here that Selwyn, remarking the heavy stakes played for by Ponsonby, Speaker of the Irish Parliament, observed to a friend: "See with what expedition the Speaker passes the Money Bills!" In private society, as many as ten or a dozen tables would be set out at a time: no conversation was allowed, and no refreshments provided. This species of entertainment was termed a Rout.

"Polite assemblies," complains the "Connoisseur," "neither aim at wit and humour, nor make the least pretence to cultivate society. Their whole evenings are consumed at the card-table, without the least attempt at any other conversation, but the usual altercations of partners between deals. Whist has destroyed conversation, spoilt society,

and murdered sleep. * * * Such are the agreeable evenings passed at White's, and the other coffee-houses about St. James's. Such is the happiness of routs, drums, and, hurricanes; and without gaming and intrigues, what insipid things are even masquerades and ridottos!"

A magazine writer laments that more stringent measures are not adopted for the suppression of gambling, in order to prevent both nobles and plebeians from ruining themselves, and that foreigners should no longer be able to say, that we have better laws and worse executed than any other people. Not that foreigners were at all proof against the allurements of this fascinating vice. On the contrary, it was remarked of two gentlemen in the suite of the Duke de Mirepoix, that, although Frenchmen and men of the highest rank, they frequented neither the bagnios nor the gaming-tables. It was also customary to lay heavy wagers about the most absurd and insignificant, as well as the most serious matters. Thus, my lords Rockingham and Orford made a match against each other for 500 guineas, as to whether five turkeys or five geese would in the shortest time perform the journey from Norwich to London. The result vindicated lord Orford's sa-

gacity, for, though at first the turkeys had it all their own way, the geese waddled past them at night, while they were lazily roosting in the trees beside the hedgerow. Then, lords Sandwich and Stamford publicly announce their intention of fighting a main of cocks, for 100 guineas a battle, with 1000 guineas depending on the greater number of the eleven encounters. When Captain Paulett was brought before a Court-martial for returning home in the Barfleur, without his admiral's special orders, on the day before his trial his acquittal was backed by 100 guineas to 5. So also, in the case of Admiral Byng, a considerable amount of money was staked on either side, though ready odds were given against him. Horace Walpole tells us of a man being carried into White's in an apoplectic fit, when the gentlemen present gathered round him, and laid wagers on his recovery or death. A surgeon having arrived, and proceeding to take blood from him, it was objected that this was unfair and would vitiate the bets. Smollett also alludes to this silly practice, in the "Adventures of Ferdinand, Count Fathom."

"The whole mystery of the art," he says, "was reduced to the simple exercise of tossing up a guinea, and the lust of laying wagers, which they indulged to a surprising pitch of ridiculous intemperance. In

one corner of the room might be heard a pair of lordlings running their grandmothers against each other, that is, betting sums on the longest liver; in another, the success of the wager depended upon the sex of the landlady's next child."

The subject of dress was one that much occupied the thoughts of both bucks and bloods.

"I was dressed," says one, "in my blue riding frock with plate buttons, with a leather belt round my waist, my jemmy turn-down boots, made by Tull, my brown scratch bob, and my hat with the narrow silver lace cocked in the true sporting taste."

The wardrobe of a "pretty fellow" is thus described in Roderick Random: —

"My wardrobe consisted of five fashionable coats full mounted, two of which were plain, one of cut velvet, one trimmed with gold, and another with silver lace; two frocks, one of white drab with large plate buttons, the other of blue with gold binding; one waistcoat of gold brocade, one of blue satin, embroidered with silver, one of green silk trimmed with broad figured gold lace, one of black silk with fringes, one of white satin, one of black cloth, and one of scarlet; six pair of cloth breeches, one pair of crimson, and another of black velvet; twelve

pair of white silk stockings, as many of black silk, and the same number of fine cotton; one hat laced with gold *point d'Espagne*, another with silver lace scolloped, a third with gold binding, and a fourth plain; three dozen of fine ruffled shirts, as many neckcloths; one dozen of cambric handkerchiefs, and the like number of silk. * * * A gold watch with a chased case, two valuable diamond rings, two mourning swords, one with a silver handle, and a fourth cut steel inlaid with gold, a diamond stock-buckle, and a set of stone buckles for the knees and shoes; a pair of silver-mounted pistols with rich housings; a gold-headed cane, and a snuff-box of tortoise-shell mounted with gold, having the picture of a lady on the top."

A metrical description of the buck as he appeared in public is also given in the "New Bath Guide:"—

"For I ride in my chair, with my hands in a muff,
And have bought a silk coat, and embroider'd the cuff;
But the weather was cold, and the coat it was thin,
So the tailor advis'd me to line it with skin:
But what with my Nivernois hat can compare?
Bag-wig, and laced ruffles, and black solitaire?—
And what can a man of true fashion denote,
Like an ell of good riband tied under the throat?"

Here is another,—a pendant to the picture of "The Belle," at page 289:—

"THE BEAU.

"PAINTER! once more show thy art,
Draw the idol of my heart:
Draw him as he sports away,
Softly smiling, sweetly gay.
Carefully each mode express;
For man's judgment is his dress.
Cock his beaver neat and well,—
Beaver size of cockle-shell;
Cast around a silver cord,
Glitt'ring like the polish'd sword;
Let his wig be thin of hairs,—
Wig that covers half his ears.
Be his frock quite *à la mode*,
Short, lest his steps it incommode;
Short as his waiscoat was of yore,
When dull men long garments wore.
Let the ruffle grace his hand,—
Ruffle, pride of Gallic land.
Be his waistcoat blue or yellow,
That befits a pretty fellow:
Let it be well trimm'd with lace,
Adding lustre, adding grace.
Make his breeches of Nankin,
Most like Nature, most like skin:
Let a ribband deck the knees,—
Dangling ribbands always please;
With stockings, of the finest silk,
Soft and shining, white as milk.
Let him wear the nice-made shoes,
Buckling just above the toes,—
Buckles of a fashion new,
Bigger almost than the shoe.
Thus equipt, he'll far excel
Every Beau, and charm each Belle."

Here is a sketch of a naval puppy. "Captain Whiffle," says Roderick Random, was "a tall, thin, young man, dressed in this manner: a white hat, garnished with a red feather, adorned his head, from whence his hair flowed upon his shoulders, in ringlets, tied behind with a ribbon. His coat, consisting of pink-coloured silk lined with white, by the elegance of the cut, retired backward, as it were, to discover a white satin waistcoat embroidered with gold, unbuttoned at the upper part to display a brooch set with garnets, that glittered in the breast of his shirt, which was of the finest cambric, edged with right Mechlin. The knees of his crimson velvet breeches scarcely descended so low as to meet his silk stockings, which rose without spot or wrinkle on his meagre legs from shoes of blue Meroquin, studded with diamond buckles, that flamed forth rivals to the sun! A steel-hilted sword, inlaid with gold and decked with a knot of ribbon, which fell down in a rich tassel, equipped his side; and an amber-headed cane hung dangling from his wrist. But the most remarkable parts of his furniture were a mask on his face and white gloves on his hands, which did not seem to be put on with an intention to be pulled off occasionally, but were fixed with a curious ring on the little finger of each hand."

A white coat and a blue satin vest, both embroidered with silver, was considered a becoming dress for a bridegroom. Physicians usually wore a black velvet coat; and never failed to sport a cane, a snuff-box, and tie-wig,—the former articles being made to contain salts and other aromatic scents to lessen the danger of infection. Of wigs there was a great variety, as witness the advertisement of one William Philips, who professed to "manufacture all his own hairs." This respectable tradesman offered the public: Brown Bob-wigs, cut or dressed, 14*s.*; Scratches, for the same price; Grizzle Bag-wigs for 21*s.*; ditto, Grizzle Bobs, cut or dressed; Dark Majors were 18*s.*, and Brown Bag-wigs only 15*s.* But the Grizzle Major cost 25*s.*, and Grizzle Tyes, 2*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* It may be likewise stated for the benefit of those who flatter themselves that they are the original inventors of "portable" great coats, &c., that their idea is a hundred years old. Mrs. E. Wigley, a widow residing in Cock Court, St. Martin's-le-Grand, advertised oiled silk and lawn great coats, to wear in wet weather, of so light a substance, that they could be easily carried in the pocket.

AMUSEMENTS AND PASTIMES.

CHAP. XVI.

Our forefathers prided themselves on the degree of perfection horticulture had attained in their times; and the "Gentleman's Magazine," for January, 1755, complacently records the fact that on New Year's Day a large plate of fine ripe duke cherries was served up at his Majesty's dessert after dinner. Much attention, too, was paid to floriculture, and prizes were awarded to the exhibitors of the finest flowers. In "Read's Weekly Journal," we find a circular letter addressed to "the Virtuosi in Flowers," requesting them "to meet a Friendly Society of Gardeners and Flowerists at Robert Symonds, at the sign of the Swan, at Crayford, in Kent, at one o'clock precisely; there to Dine with your Friends and Servants."

"The person that shews the best whole-blowing

Flowers, three Flakes, and three Besants, one of a sort, of his own blowing, shall be entitled to a prize of a guinea; ditto the seed, half a guinea; and the second best man, five shillings. N.B. That if any one shews more than six Flowers, he shall not be entitled to any Prize at all."*

In the absence of large zoological collections, no small excitement was created by the announcement of any novelty in the way of foreign animals, or even of *lusus naturæ*. Advertisements to the following effect are constantly met with:—

"To be seen this week, in a large commodious room at the George Inn, in Fenchurch Street, near Aldgate, the Porcupine Man and his Son, which has given such great satisfaction to all that ever saw them: their solid quills being not to be numbered nor credited till seen; but give universal satisfaction to all that ever see them: the Youth being allowed by all to be of a beautiful and fine complexion, and great numbers resort daily to see them."

"A Bullfinch, that pipes, 'Britons rouse up your great magnanimity,' at command, also talks, is to be sold at the Cane Shop facing New Broad Street, Moorfields; likewise to be sold, two Starlings that whistle and talk extremely plain.

"☞ Great Variety of fine long Walking Canes."

* It is likewise advertised that—

"The most famous and beautiful Tulip Tree at Waltham Abbey, Essex, is now in Bloom, and there is as great a shew of Tulips as has been for many years; the height of the Tree is 57 feet, girth round 9½ feet in the body, and will hold its beautiful Bloom six or seven weeks longer."

"*This is to acquaint the Nobility and Gentry, and others,*

"That there is just arrived in England, and to be seen at the Charing Cross Coffee House, opposite the Turk's Head Bagnio, Charing Cross, a wonderful DROMEDARY from Grand Cairo, in Egypt, the like of which was never seen in Europe. This curious and surprising creature is eight feet high, and has a broad flat horn on his breast, somewhat resembling the hoof of an horse. He can walk 120 miles without resting, in a short time (being swift of foot), and carrying two men and a great burthen on his back. From the hair of this creature they make Castor Hats, and abundance of very fine Stuff. His food in summer is Leaves of Trees; in winter, he lives entirely upon Paper and Pease, and drinks but once in seven days.

"☞ He is to be seen by any number of persons from nine in the morning till nine at night. The price for tradespeople, sixpence each: the gentry give what they please."

"The Italian Giant, a Giant indeed!

"Who, though but 19 years of age, is eight feet high, and of admirable symmetry, is to be seen from ten in the morning till eight at night, in a commodious apartment at the Ship, next door to the Blanket and Carpet Warehouse in the Poultry.

"Price 1s. each Person."

The next advertisement shows that Captain Siborn's prototype flourished a century ago: —

"To be seen at Brown's Coffee House, in Spring Gardens, facing the passage into St. James's Park,

"That excellent performance of the siege and battle of Vienna, between the Christians and 200,000 Turks, in 1683; representing a real engagement, by 40,000 figures in the space of nine feet by six, which was never attempted before; it also

shows the greatest variety of Armour, Positions, Actions, Passions, Accoutrements, &c.

"The whole labour of 20 years, and finished to the greatest perfection. Likewise, an Egyptian mummy, 3000 years old, and a curious Musical Instrument that is always in Tune, with a great variety of other uncommon things in art and nature. Where, at a small expense, the Daily Advertizers, Gazettes, Votes, and the other Publick Papers, regularly digested for 30 years, may be searched."

That distinguished public character, the Herr Van Joel, may likewise be said to have lived a hundred years ago, in the person of the Herr Cloesong, "from Leige in Germany"—

"Who has performed with universal applause at Macklin's Inquisition, in imitating the singing of Birds, viz., Nightingale, Chaffinch, Blackbird, Thrush, Robin Red-breast, Skylark; also, the Skirmishes of Dogs and Cats, without the Assistance of any instrument."

Though, fortunately, not endowed with a musical genius, the people of this country have ever been distinguished for their appreciation of that "vitæ dulce lenimen," and their liberal patronage of skilful artists. As in our own time, so was it in 1755-56. The Hanover Square Rooms of those days were located in Dean Street, Soho. Here was performed Acis and Galatea "by consent of F. Handel, Esq., the composer of it." The Court lent the sanction of its authority to the national taste for sweet sounds,

by listening with becoming enthusiasm to the vocal and instrumental performance of the Poet Laureate's congratulatory Ode on the King's Birth-day, and on New Year's Day: this dreary affair usually came off in His Majesty's apartment, adjoining the Council Chamber at St. James's. At the great Concert Room in Dean Street, subscription concerts were given by Signor Degiardino and Signora Frasi, the tickets for which cost three guineas each, or five guineas to admit two persons. The prices of opera tickets, however, were tolerably reasonable: pit and boxes were half a guinea a head, and the gallery 5s. The ordinary price of admission to the better style of concerts was also about 5s. Oratorios were sometimes given at the New Theatre in the Haymarket. For instance, Pope's "Universal Prayer" was performed there as an oratorio, "with solos upon the violin and German flute, and a concerto on the hautboy:" after which, "a great concerto with Clarionets, French Horns, and Kettle Drums." The guitar became all the rage in consequence of Miss Macklin having played on that instrument in "The Chances." Advertisements accordingly appeared, offering to give instructions on "the Citter, otherwise Guittar, otherwise Lute or Pandola." It must be acknowledged that the musical taste of the public

was not very refined in those days. At all public places of amusement, music was indeed put forth as a chief attraction, but it was also found necessary to add, as a makeweight, dancing on the tight-rope, or some other absurdity. The vocal music at Vauxhall and Ranelagh Gardens mostly consisted of mawkish love-songs, set to a jingling accompaniment nearly devoid of tune. And it must be remembered that those places of entertainment were then frequented by quite as good society as may now be seen at the Crystal Palace, or the Surrey Gardens. This is a common form of advertisement:—

"At the old Playhouse on the Bowling-Green, Southwark: Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music: Box, 2s. 6d.; Pit, 1s. 6d.; First Gallery, 1s.; Upper Gallery, 6d. Doors open at 5: begin at 6.

"Between the two parts of the Concert will be presented, gratis, the usual diversions of Sadler's Wells, consisting of Rope-dancing by Mrs. Preston and others. Particularly, Mrs. Preston will dance a Rigadoon with a pair of baskets tied to her feet: Likewise, to the tune of Horse to Newmarket, in a pair of Jack-boots and spurs, and several other feats of activity. With a variety of Rope-dancing and Tumbling. Singing by a young Gentleman and Mrs. Yates. With several new Equilibres on the Wire, by Monsieur Formasi.

"The whole to conclude with a Pantomimic Entertainment, called

"The INVENTION.

"☞ The House will be properly warmed."

The favourite performer on "the Wire" at that time was Miss Arabella Wilkinson, whose forthcoming introduction to a London public, was duly preluded by all sorts of notices in prose and verse, after the following fashion:—

"EPIGRAM

"On hearing Miss Bella Wilkinson beat the Drum on the Wire.

"What more than usual raptures wake the drum?
Say, is it Mars?—or is Minerva come?
'Tis Bella, born to please us and surprise,
That thunders to the lightning of her eyes."

G. A. Stevens.

"We can now certainly assure the Public that this extraordinary young Lady will appear in a very short time at the polite end of the Town."

Soon afterwards the drum-beating phenomenon makes her appearance, and then the world is informed that—

"Miss Bella Wilkinson has not only complied with the vulgar method of printing bills; but, as a more elegant form of invitation, has sent complimentary cards to all the ladies of distinction."

And Miss Bella Wilkinson had her reward. It may be here incidentally mentioned that calling, or message-cards, as they were then termed, were

introduced in 1756. They were generally stamped and decorated with some favourite device.

The performances at the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, commenced at half-past seven, which was considered very late, as being thirty minutes later than either of the two great theatres. The prices of admission to Drury Lane and Covent Garden were *5s.* to the boxes, *3s.* to the pit, *2s.* to the first gallery, and *1s.* to the second gallery. It was an object of ambition to "fine gentlemen" to get behind the scenes; and "fast men" were wont to enter the boxes after the second act in a state of semi-intoxication, so as to draw all eyes upon them by reason of the noise and uproar they affected to make. A particular division of the upper boxes was cynically designated the Flesh Market. "There is frequently," remarks the "Connoisseur," "as much art used to make the flesh exhibited there look wholesome, and (as Tim says, in the farce,) 'all over red and white like the inside of a shoulder of mutton,' as there is by the butcher to make the veal look white; and it is often rank carrion and fly-blown." The pit was especially appropriated to the critics. The middle or two-shilling gallery was filled with common people, who went really to see the play and be amused, while the denizens of the upper gallery

appeared to regard it as their peculiar mission to create the greatest possible noise and riot. So heartily did they act up to their assumed vocation, that a contemporary writer expresses a regret that they did not content themselves with discharging the inferior duties of "seeing that the play begins at the proper time, that the music between the acts is of due length, and that the candles are snuffed in time." It was commonly announced in the advertisements that the house was well ventilated, or wellwarmed, according as the season might be. The latter consideration had probably the charm of novelty, for it was a new thing at least to warm churches and chapels. Some one writes to a newspaper, in agreeable surprise, to say that he had discovered a chapel, near Piccadilly, possessed of two stoves, and that he had heard that a stove had been introduced into a Dissenting Chapel at Newbury. He further intimates his opinion that it would be a good thing to have a stove in every church on cold or wet Sundays. A great annoyance, connected with the theatres, was the necessity of sending one's servants a couple of hours or more before the commencement of the performance, to take chairs for the ladies, and occupy them till their mistresses arrived.

Some idea may be formed of the prevailing taste

of the day, in theatrical matters, from a summary of the pieces acted at the two great theatres during any one month — say January, 1755. At Drury Lane, Barbarossa was performed five times, the Mournful Bride thrice, the Man of Mode twice; twice also Much Ado about Nothing; the Careless Husband, Fop's Fortune, the Busy Body, and Love for Love, each once; the "Entertainment" being generally Proteus, or Harlequin in China. At Covent Garden we find the Rehearsal, and Œdipus, each three times; the Beggar's Opera, the Careless Husband, the Suspicious Husband, and the Nonjuror, each twice; and Venice Preserved only once. The "Entertainment" was frequently varied. Scapin was acted eight times, Harlequin Sorcerer six times, Harlequin Skeleton four times; and on one occasion there was dancing. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber were the two great luminaries at Drury Lane; among the lesser stars were Mossop, Havard, Davies, Usher, and the Misses Macklin and Minors. At Covent Garden shone Foote, Sheridan, Shuter, Ridout, Barrington, Mrs. Bellamy, and Peg Woffington. The last-named actress once recited an epilogue after a performance for the benefit of the Lying-in Hospital for Married Women, which would produce no other result, in the present day,

than that of emptying the house. Our ancestors were not so squeamish. *Ecce signum.*

* * * * *

"Think ye 'tis strange that play'rs — that wicked we
Should aid this matrimonial charity?
The drama's laws from Hymen's never stray;
We tip you marriages in ev'ry play.

* * * * *

Methinks I spy some am'rous pairs above,
Drawn here by tender flames of mutual love:
Close-pack'd they sit — and who, with secret squeeze,
With conscious elbows, sympathetic knees —
Go on, my friends, — true to con ial law,
And leave to us the women in the straw.
Sure the good folks who fill that middle station,
Must give this charity their approbation;
Ye pit gallants, while thus we succour wives,
You know the trade of cuckold-making thrives.
Some green box doves I hear (and well I may,
For they speak loud enough at ev'ry play)
Cry, 'It is very hard' — then flirt the fan —
'That all are not included in this plan,'" &c. &c. &c.

This is pretty well, it must be acknowledged, but it is far surpassed in coarseness and vulgarity by an epilogue spoken on a similar occasion by Mr. Shuter, in the character of a Man-midwife.

Enters with a child.

"Whoe'er begot thee has no cause to blush,
Thou'rt a brave, chopping boy (*child cries*), nay, hush! hush! hush!
A workman, faith! — a man of rare discretion,
A friend to Britain, and to our profession;

With face so chubby, and with looks so glad,
O, rare roast beef of England — here 's a lad !
[*Shows him to the company.*
Child cries again.
Nay, if you once begin to puke and cough,
Go to the nurse. Within, here ! Take him off !" &c. &c. &c.

But what are we to think of the gentle and antiquated Sylvanus Urban, when such verses as the following could obtain a place in the "Gentleman's Magazine"?

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

IV.

"'In vain,' cry'd she, 'fond youth ! you sue,
To church with me you first must go ;'
Of which the swain approv'd.
Then to the grove again he led
The ripen'd, panting, melting maid,
Where both dissolv'd in love.

V.

"When bliss was past, young Colin cry'd,
'Had you at first thus far comply'd,
I ne'er had seen thee more.'
'Be hush'd,' cry'd she, 'I knew thy will ;
For Hodge, who lives at yonder mill,
Once serv'd me so before !'"

And these elegant verses were set to music, and, no doubt, warbled by many a fair damsel to her admiring friends gathered round the family harpsichord. It is, of course, a matter of habit and edu-

cation, though it is difficult to reconcile impurity of language and ideas with purity of conduct. It is impossible to refrain from smiling at the complacency of Smollett's declaration, in the preface to the second edition of Peregrine Pickle, that "he had expunged every adventure, phrase, and insinuation that could be construed by the most delicate reader into a trespass upon the rules of decorum." In the same manner, a writer in the "Universal Magazine," for February, 1755, quietly remarks: "The ancient comedies were coarse, obscene, and scandalous; but the moderns have in a great measure corrected these faults, and rendered plays more chaste; so that whoever compares the ancient comedies with the modern will doubtless be pleased to find the old gross dialogue changed in the last and present century, for eloquent and ingenious morality."

In addition to the regular Theatres there were many places of amusement, such as the Vauxhall and Ranelagh Gardens, the site of the latter being now occupied by the houses that hem in Chelsea College; the Rotunda, famous for its music, its gardens, and its piece of water; Bellsize House and Gardens on the Hampstead Road, where tea, coffee, and other refreshments could be had, together with music, from seven in the morning,—with the

advantage of having the road to London patrolled during the season by twelve "lusty fellows," and of being able to ride to Hampstead by coach for sixpence a-head; Perrot's inimitable grotto, which could be seen by calling for a pot of beer; Jenny's Whim, at the end of Chelsea bridge, where "the royal diversion of duck-hunting" could be enjoyed, "together with a decanter of *Dorchester*" for sixpence; Cuper's Gardens, in Lambeth, nearly opposite Somerset House, through which the Waterloo Road was ruthlessly driven; the Marble Hall, at Vauxhall, where an excellent breakfast was offered for one shilling; Sadler's Wells, celebrated both for its aquatic and its wire-dancing attractions; the Floating Coffee-House on the River Thames, the Folly House at Blackwall, Marybone Gardens, the White Conduit-House, and a multitude of others, to enumerate which would be tedious and unprofitable. On Sunday, we are told, the "snoboeracy" amused themselves by thrusting their heads into the pillory at Georgia, by being sworn at Highgate, or rolling down Flamstead Hill in Greenwich Park. Some regaled their wives and families with buns at Chelsea and Paddington; others indulged in copious draughts of cyder at the Castle, in the pleasant village of Islington; while the undomestic sit, in claret-

coloured coat and white satin vest, sipped his beer and smoked his pipe at Mile End, or at the "Adam and Eve" in Pancras, or "Mother Red Cap's" at Camden.

The Ranelagh Gardens were open early in the morning, and breakfast was included in the half-crown demanded for admission. In the evening, well-dressed people listlessly walked up and down the alleys, listening, or affecting to listen, to the strains of a very indifferent orchestra.

"What are the amusements at Ranelagh?" sneeringly demands old Matthew Bramble. "One half of the company are following one another's tails, in an eternal circle, like so many blind asses in an olive mill, where they can neither discourse, distinguish, nor be distinguished; while the other half are drinking hot water, under the denomination of tea, till 9 or 10 o'clock at night, to keep them awake for the rest of the evening. As for the orchestra, the vocal music especially, it is well for the performers that they cannot be heard distinctly."

The irritable old gentleman is equally severe on Vauxhall, which he describes as —

"A composition of baubles, overcharged with paltry ornaments, ill-conceived and poorly executed, without any unity of design, or propriety of dis-

position. It is an unnatural assemblage of objects, fantastically illuminated in broken masses, seemingly contrived to dazzle the eyes, and divert the imagination of the vulgar. Here a wooden lion, there a stone statue; in one place, a range of things like coffee-house boxes covered a-top, in another a parcel of ale-house benches, in a third a puppet-show representation of a tin cascade, in a fourth a gloomy cave of a circular form, like a sepulchral vault, half-lighted, in a fifth a scanty slip of grass plot, that would not afford pasture for an ass's colt. The walks which Nature seems to have intended for solitude, shade, and silence, are filled with crowds of noisy people, sucking up the nocturnal rheums of an aguish climate; and through these gay scenes a few lamps glimmer like so many farthing candles."

The "Connoisseur" complains that the suppers at Vauxhall were unreasonably expensive, and amusingly relates the small miseries of a worthy citizen dragged thither by his wife and two daughters. The ladies resolve to have some supper, and the damsels confess to a longing for "a chick." Papa objects that it will cost at least half a crown, and be no bigger than a sparrow. This opposition, of course, increases the desire of the damsels, and the "chick" is accordingly ordered. In due time it makes its

appearance in company with some almost invisible slices of ham, charged at the rate of one shilling per ounce, or sixteen shillings per pound. Beef, custards, tarts, cheesecakes, and a pint of Port wine, are successively called for, and, finally, the "little bill." To the citizen's horror and dismay it amounts to thirteen shillings and twopence, to which he is obliged to add threepence for the waiter.

"The family now prepared themselves for going; and, as there were some slight drops of rain, madam buttoned up the old gentleman's coat, that he might not spoil his laced waistcoat, and made him flap his hat, over which she tied his pocket-handkerchief to save his wig; and as the coat itself, she said, had never been worn but three Sundays, she even parted with her own cardinal, and spread it the wrong side out over his shoulders. In these accoutrements he sallied forth accompanied by his wife, with her upper petticoat thrown over her head, and her daughters with the skirts of their gowns turned up, and their heads muffled up in coloured handkerchiefs."

CHAP. XVII.

In small provincial towns, the polite company were accustomed to assemble every Sunday evening in tea-gardens, usually called Little Ranelagh, where they regaled themselves with tea-cakes and fine home-brewed ale. On moonlight-nights—for otherwise there was some difficulty in finding one's way home,—concerts were sometimes held in these gardens. Occasionally, too, strolling players would arrive, and give a performance in a barn. Nor were there wanting at times sights to "make the vulgar stare," such as the Colossus, the Dwarf, the French Sampson, the Hermaphrodite, Mr. Powell eating red-hot tobacco pipes, and Mr. Church playing on the Jew's-harp. This Mr. Powell was a famous fire-eater, who used to swallow red-hot coals, broil steaks upon his tongue, and swallow draughts of liquid fire. In his printed handbills he set forth that "he had shewn away not only before most of the crown'd heads in Europe, but even before the Royal Society of London, and was dignify'd with a curious and

very ample silver medal, that he said was bestowed on him by that learned body as a testimony of their approbation for eating what nobody else could eat." An exhibition of this kind must have been truly a boon to the dull society of the provinces. The country squires are every where described as a coarse, overbearing, illiterate race, solely devoted to the stable, the kennel, and the bottle. And it was only natural that it should be so, while the Parliamentary Session was held between November and May. During this period the lovers of country sports were not likely to be lured up to town, and in the summer months there was still less temptation. Thus, the gentry were divided into two absolute classes; the one dwelling mostly in town, intelligent, rational, and comparatively refined—the other, mere clod-hoppers, bloated wine-skins, canine in tastes, habits, and feelings. The "World," indeed, complains that this state of things was passing away. The Christmas season is described as losing its ancient jollity, partly because it was less observed as a religious festival, and partly because dinners had become feasts, wine-drinking, or debauch; and play, gaming. But "the most fatal revolution, and what principally concerns this season, is the too general desertion of the country, the great scene of hospitality. Of all the

follies of this age, it is the least to be accounted for. How small a part of such as throng to London in the winter are those who either go upon the plea of business, or to amuse themselves with what were formerly the pleasures of the place. There are the theatres, music, and, I may add, many other entertainments which are only to be had in perfection in the metropolis; but it is really a fact, that three parts in four of those who crowd the houses which are already built, and who are now taking leases of foundations which are to be houses so fast as hands can make them, come to town with the sole view of passing their time over a card-table."

Nevertheless, this same "World" draws a picture of country society which fully justifies any amount of emigration to town. The scene is laid at the comfortable seat of a rich squire, a sportsman, a magistrate, and an expectant M. P. It was the race week. Accordingly, the company start off in a body to the market-town, and, after travelling five or six miles over a bad road, arrive at the Red Lion in time for the ordinary. The dinner consisted of cold fish, lean chickens, rusty hams, raw venison, stale game—and here, be it remarked, the taste for a gamy flavour was one of the latest fashions, and the "Old Maid" laughs at the idea of "clothing putre-

faction under the modish phrases of *haut goût*, and *bien mortifié*,"—green fruit, and grapeless wines. Two hours were wasted over this dreary banquet. Then the diners adjourned to the race-ground, where they remained till nearly dark, in the midst of a drunken and disorderly mob. The "sport" being over, there was a rush to get back to the town to dress for the Assembly, which was held over a stable redolent of anything but Sabæan odours. The dancers, however, seemed to enjoy themselves, save a few fashionable young men who blocked up the door all night, and would neither dance, drink tea, nor speak to any one. At midnight, cold chicken and negus were handed round; and, at two in the morning, the party broke up.

Any gentleman, who did not intend to dance, could go to an assembly in boots. It was not an uncommon thing for a gentleman to present a lady with a ticket, escort her alone to the assembly, and dance with her all night. A formal introduction was not absolutely necessary to entitle a gentleman to address a lady. If a gentleman became involved in a fracas, or if anything transpired unfavourable to his character, the rest of the company would join in a note requesting him to withdraw from their society. If he still persisted, he was certain to be

called to account by some expert swordsman. Insults, and even actual violence, were not unfrequent. At one of the Windsor assemblies, an individual, jealous of Peregrine Pickle's elegance and Emilia's beauty, endeavours to move them out of their place in a country-dance. On being remonstrated with, he refuses to comply with the rules of good breeding. Peregrine, enraged, snatches off his wig, and throws it in his face. The aggressor then shows the white feather, and declines the satisfaction supposed to be afforded by being run through. Peregrine, therefore, watches his opportunity, and administers a sound cudgelling.

Private balls, when much crowded, were called drums; and a drum, on a large scale, was familiarly termed a squeezer. A drum, writes a contemporary satirist, is—

"A riotous assembly of fashionable people of both sexes at a private house, consisting of some hundreds; not unaptly styled a drum, from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment. There are also drum-major, rout, tempest, and hurricane, differing only in degrees of multitude and uproar, as the significant name of each declares."

Subscription balls of some note were held at the Great Concert Room in Dean Street, Soho, every

Wednesday, for a course of six weeks. Ladies' tickets, two guineas; gentlemen's, three: non-subscribers to pay respectively half-a-guinea and fifteen shillings. Coffee and tea were provided at a sideboard; and the doors opened at nine o'clock.

A grand ball having been announced at His Majesty's theatre, the advertisement thus continues:

"Strict orders are given not to deliver any bottles and glasses from the sideboard, and to shut them up early.

"If any subscriber, or others, have any tickets to spare, they are desired not to give them to their servants, but to send them to the office in the Haymarket, where the money they cost shall be returned, any time before nine o'clock, to prevent their falling into bad hands.

"A sufficient Guard is appointed within and without the House, to prevent all Disorders and Indecencies, and to oblige Persons guilty of them immediately to quit the place."

The festivity was often kept up to a very late hour, even at Court. Thus we read:—

"The Ball at St. James's on Twelfth Night was not over till early on Tuesday morning. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales danced with the Marchioness of Rockingham. His Majesty withdrew from the hazard table soon after eleven o'clock; and H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland was the most considerable winner."

Masquerades fell into disrepute for a time after the earthquake at Lisbon, though, after a while, they

recovered in a great measure their former popularity. About this period it was that silk masques were first introduced. The advertisers of masquerade costumes generally conclude their invitation to the public with a postscript after this fashion: —

"☞ The new invented silk masques, with all other kinds of Masks."

And thus: —

"Likewise masques of a new invention, made of silk, which are free from the inconveniences of those made with wax."

The Dances most in vogue were the Minuet and the Country Dance. The latter was considered sufficiently important to merit a place in monthly periodicals for any new figures that might happen to be invented. Thus, "Miss Nanny Frowns" is described in this manner: —

"First and second couple foot partners, then foot sideways; cross over second couple; lead up to the top and cast off; the man whole figure at bottom, and woman the same at the top at the same time; hands across at bottom; right and left at top."

In the "New Year's Day in the Morning,"

"The first couple cast off one couple; the man hands three round with the third couple, and the woman with the second couple; the man heys with

the third couple, and the woman heys with the second; hand six round; and right hand and left."

It evidently required some practice to master the many different varieties of country dance, and accordingly there are many advertisements of teachers offering to give the necessary instruction to old or young pupils. N. Duke was the most sedulous advertiser in this line.

"At Duke's LONG ROOM, in Paternoster Row, GROWN Gentlemen or Ladies are taught a Minuet, or the Method of Country Dances, with the modern Method of Footing; and that in the genteelest, and most expeditious, and private Manner. And for the greater expedition of such gentlemen as chuse to dance in company, there's a compleat Set of Gentlemen assemble every Monday and Wednesday evening for the said purpose. Gentlemen or Ladies may be waited on at their own Houses by favoring me with a line directed as above. Likewise to be had at my House, as above, a Book of Instructions for the figuring part of Country Dances, with the Figure of the Minuet annex'd thereon, drawn out in Characters, and laid down in such a Manner, that at once casting your Eye on it, you see the Figure directly form'd as it is to be done; so that a person, even that had never learnt, might, by the help of this book, soon make himself Master of the figuring Part. Such as reside in the Country, I doubt not, would find it of immediate Service, as they have not always an Opportunity of having Recourse to a Dancing Master. Price 10s. 6d. N. Duke's, Dancing Master."

A favourite pastime with young men, and even—as has before been shown—with strong-minded

young women, was to attend the different Debating Societies, and there, in short oratorical flights, essay their unplumed talent. At this period was established the well known society, called the Cogers' Hall — from the Latin *cogito* — the scene of whose rhetorical displays in Bride Lane, Bridge Street, Blackfriars, is still a popular resort with aspiring debaters, whose eloquence expands under the influence of the Juniper — beloved of poets. There were many other clubs of this stamp, such as the "Free and Easy under the Rose," which numbered 1200 members, the "Anti-Gallicans," the "Belgrades," &c.; but far above all stood the Robin Hood Society, notorious for the liberalism of their views on religious, as well as political subjects. The meetings of the last named fraternity were often advertised after this manner:—

"A HIGH BORLACE will be held this evening at the Robin Hood, in the Butcher Row, Temple Bar, to which all *Choice Spirits* in general are invited.

"The STARS will shine early."

Besides these private societies there were public disquisitions on general, political, social, and literary questions, conducted by G. A. Stevens, Macklin, and Foote. These were chiefly distinguished by

the bitter spirit of rivalry that actuated the leaders, and which frequently degenerated into low personal abuse. The nature of these disquisitions will be best understood from the following advertisements taken at random from the *Public Advertiser* :—

"At the New Theatre in the Haymarket,

"This Day, and Friday next, for the last Times, will be continued the Writ of Inquiry on the Inquisitor (Macklin),

"By Mr. FOOTE.

"On the last of these Days the Jury will be discharged, the Process concluded, and Judgment given. The Inquisitor will be delivered up to the Public, when it is not doubted but the Goodness of his Head, and the Integrity of his Heart, will be amply rewarded by a discerning and munificent Public. . . . The doors to be open at Half an Hour after Five, and the Inquiry to commence at Seven."

"At GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS' Disquisition (held at the New Theatre in the Haymarket), on Monday next, the Comic Lectures will be continued.

"The Proemium will be on the Use of Allegory in Speech, and a Specimen of true Allegory.

"In the Genealogy of Riches, and the Adventures of Flattery, the Monuments and Hieroglyphicks of the Orators will be explained and commented upon.

"A Specimen of Triumvirate Oratory.

"A Dissertation on the Contention of modern Disputants, with the Quadrupede Syllogism.

"A Proposal for a Coalition of Orators.

"An Orator's (Macklin) Head dissected.

"To conclude with a new Peroration in Verse, not written by George Alexander Stevens.

"☞ As there is Nothing in this Undertaking contradictory to the Rules of Good Manners, the Ladies need not be alarmed, nor fear that Decency should meet with the same Usage there she has suffer'd in other Oratories."

"*Nemo Me Impune Lacessit!*

"BLACK NIGHT, the First.

"For the Entertainment of LAUGHERS only.

"At MR. MACKLIN'S Great Room in Hart St., To-morrow will be exhibited a humorous, dull, sensible, foolish, tragi-comical, panegyrical Satyr upon his Serene Lowness (Foote), the Egregious Sam Slanderwell, late of the Haymarket, Mimic, Buffoon, Haberdasher of small Wit, and Bankrupt.

"To which will be added a Definition, Analyzation, and Description, of a Mimic,—what kind of Animals they are in Society,—that they are by nature Thieves,—the Difference between them and Actors.

"After which will be sold by Auction the genuine and invaluable Effects of the said Egregious Slanderwell, particularly his Scandal Shop, vulgarly called a Theatre, which may be enter'd upon on Saturday next; his Patent, and his matchless Collection of Bronzes, deem'd by the curious the most extraordinary that ever were exhibited to public View: with all his Truths, Lies, Scandals, Insinuations, and other egregious Effects.

"☞ The Story of the French Plate and the Pumping will be introduced.

"The whole to be conducted with the utmost Decency and Politeness by his notorious Highness Shylock Billingsgate, S. P., and occasional Professor of Fish-wife Eloquence, and sometime Student under the Egregious Slanderwell, whose unparallel'd

and masterly Manner the Pupil will humbly endeavour to imitate : —

"'Tua nunc tibi Munera reddo ;'

"Viz., —

"The Inquisition will be held again on Monday, when the Lecture will be upon Cuckolds of all sorts, what the World thinks of them, and what they think of the World.

"The first Question will be, Which is the most pernicious Character in Society, a Miser or a Prodigal ?

"The second will be, Whether Genius is the Gift of Nature, or the Consequence of Education ?

"The third, Which is the most difficult Production, a Tragedy or a Comedy ?"

GLIMPSES OF SOCIETY.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE population of London in 1756 was about 700,000 souls: that of Paris, 430,000; of Amsterdam, 210,000; of Rome, 125,000; of Madrid, 80,000; of Lisbon, 160,000; and of Venice, 115,000. The extreme length of Paris, from the Faubourg St. Honoré to that of St. Antoine, measured only three miles, or no more than the breadth of London, the length of which in the shortest part was nearly seven miles. In 1725 the consumption of the metropolis was estimated at 369,600 quarters of flour, 98,000 beeves, 60,000 calves, 70,000 sheep and lambs, 187,000 swine, 52,000 sucking pigs, 115,000 bushels of oysters, 14,750,000 mackerel, 1398 boatloads of cod, haddocks, and whitings; 16,366,000 lbs. butter, 21,066,000 lbs. cheese, five million gallons

of milk—the use of which had decreased owing to the fashion of taking tea, coffee, and chocolate—and 475,000 chaldron of coals: the present consumption is about 2,800,000 chaldrons. At Leadenhall Market, on the 27th and 28th September, 1734, were sold upwards of 34,000 geese, and the supply fell short of the demand. About 30,000 acres of land in the immediate neighbourhood were devoted to the production of vegetables and fruit. Maitland, who wrote the History and Survey of London in 1760, with excusable complacency, expresses a doubt if "any other great city abounds with such an affluence and cheapness of the necessaries of life (except wine) as this does; but especially in fewel, whereby the meaner sort to their great comfort are enabled to keep good fires in winter, whilst others of the same condition in the great cities of neighbouring kingdoms are forced to submit to a rigorous season at the expense of many of their lives." He tells us that some years previously he had entertained an apprehension, lest the excessive indulgence in tea-drinking might enhance the price of meat, as so many farmers gave up fattening beasts for slaughter, finding it more profitable to keep cows, in order to supply the tea-tables with butter. Fortunately, or unfortunately, however, the increased consumption of spirituous

liquors had so much enervated the stomachs of the populace as to render them incapable of digesting animal food, and even inspired them with an aversion for it. The consequence was that the demand for butchers' meat fell off very considerably "to the no small loss of the landed interest." The worthy topographer is sensibly affected by the prospect of the decay that seemingly awaited that interest. He says:—"The nobility and gentry in this city seem to have conspired the destruction of the landed interest by the ruin of their own estates, in keeping their servants (who are many thousands in number) at board wages, by which they seemingly save money for the present; but their domesticks, instead of a plentiful table as formerly, are reduced to take up with what they can get; and having fallen into drinking spirituous liquors, require but little food."

When, in 1766, the corporation of London resolved to remove some of the chief inconveniences and obstructions that disgraced the city,—according to Malcolm—"it appeared in evidence that the streets were badly paved, very dirty, and not sufficiently lighted; and that the signs prevented a free circulation of the air and view of the streets, while the posts contributed to impede the passenger. Nor were the penthouses less injurious; these, loaded with flower-

pots, often occasioned dangerous hurts by the fall of the latter; and the watering of the plants in them contributed with the projecting spouts in rainy weather to sluice the citizen, who at the same time steered his undulatory or zig-zag way thro' wheelbarrows and bawling owners. Another comfort peculiar to this period was the ambition of shopkeepers, who encroached upon the footways by bow-windows. When an example was set the whole fraternity, fired with emulation, thrust each new one beyond his neighbour. * * The extravagant use of signs had been complained of early in the century, when they were described as very large, very fine with gilding and carving, and very absurd. Golden perriwigs, saws, axes, razors, trees, lancets, knives, salmon, cheese, black's heads with gilt hair, half-moons, sugar-loaves, and Westphalia hams, were repeated without mercy from the Borough to Clerkenwell, and from Whitechapel to the Haymarket."

These signs were oftentimes enormously heavy. The weight of a huge sign caused the whole front of a house to fall down, opposite Bride Lane, in Fleet Street, and kill two young ladies, a cobbler, and the king's jeweller: this happened in 1718. The result of the corporation's inquiries in 1766 was the abatement of this nuisance. The names of streets

were also fixed up at the corners, the houses were numbered, and brass-plates attached to many doors. The kennel, however, was still permitted to flow in the middle of the street, which was paved with round stones, and flag stones for pedestrians were as yet unheard of.

Smollett, speaking in the character of "Matthew Bramble," alludes to the vast improvements that had taken place in the seven years previous to 1764. Land which at that time was alive with cattle, or waving with meadow-grass, now bore crops of red-brick houses. In Westminster alone 11,000 houses had been erected. Pimlico and Knightsbridge were become almost united to Chelsea and Kensington. The river Thames was spanned by three handsome bridges. One sixth of the entire population of the kingdom was now concentrated in the capital, and the country was in consequence becoming rapidly depopulated. Luxury had invaded every class. The country squire could no longer be content unless he had his town-house likewise. A quarter of a century before this only a few of the most opulent citizens kept a carriage or servants in livery, and even these sat down to a joint of plain roast or boiled meat, with "a bottle of port and a tankard of beer." But now every broker and attor-

ney must have a couple of footmen, a coachman, a postilion, a coach, and a post-chaise. His wife and daughters must wear the richest stuffs, and bedeck themselves with diamonds and costly jewels. They must frequent the Court, the Operas, the Theatres, and the Masquerades. When they gave an entertainment at home, nothing would go down but Bordeaux, Burgundy, and Champagne. "The substantial tradesman who went to pass his evenings at the ale-house for 4½*d.*, now spends 3*s.* at the tavern, while his wife keeps card tables at home; she must also have fine clothes, her chaise, or pad, with country lodgings, and go three times a-week to public diversions. Every clerk, apprentice, and even waiter of a tavern or coffee-house, maintains a gelding by himself, or in partnership, and assumes the air and apparel of a *petit-maître.* The gayest places of public entertainment are filled with fashionable figures, which, upon inquiry, will be found to be journeymen tailors, serving men, and abigails, disguised like their betters."

Another writer complains that every female is called a lady, but nobody a wife, except the parson's wife in the country.

"Every tradesman—says the *World*—is a merchant, every merchant is a gentleman, and every

gentleman one of the noblesse. We are a nation of gentry, *populus generosorum;* we have no such thing as common people amongst us; between vanity and gin the species is utterly destroyed. The sons of our lowest mechanics, acquiring with their learning at charity schools the laudable ambition of becoming gentlefolks, despise their paternal occupations, and are all soliciting for the honourable occupations of tidewaiters and excisemen. Their girls are all milliners, mantua-makers, or lady's-women, or presumptuously exercise that genteel profession which used to be peculiarly reserved for the well-educated daughters of deceased clergymen." Attorneys' clerks and apprentices dress like cornets of dragoons, keep mistresses and hunters, criticise at the play, and toast at the tavern. The merchant leaves the city for St. James's; the squire his own affairs for those of the nation, to the detriment of both; commoners aim at a peerage; peers plunge into debt and dependence, and even in this downward career are outstripped by their imitators. This same grumbler at innovations complains with equal acerbity of the diffusion of science and literature, and of the revolution introduced into the kingdom of letters.

"In short, it has fared with our learning as with

our pine-apples. At their first introduction amongst us, the manner of raising them was a very great secret and little less than a mystery. The expences of compost, hot houses, and attendance were prodigious; and at last at a great price they were introduced to the tables of a few of the nobility and gentry. But how common are they grown of late! Every gardener that used to pride himself on an early cucumber, can now raise a pine-apple; and one need not despair of seeing them sold at six-a-penny in Covent Garden, and become the common treat of taylors and hackney coachmen."

Booksellers, too, kept authors in their pay to write on any prescribed subject.

"Our loose papers and pamphlets, periodical as well as occasional, are for their bulk equally profuse of instruction. Monthly magazines which some years since were nothing more than collections to amuse and entertain, are now become the magazines of universal knowledge. * * * The men of this generation have discovered that what their fathers called solid learning is a useless and cumbersome accomplishment, incommodious to the man who is possessed of it and disgustful to all who approach him. Something, however, of the sort that sits light and easy upon us we are willing to attain to: but surely for this there

is no need of going to the expense of massy bullion, when our own leaf gold, or a little foreign lacker, will answer the purpose full as well, and make a better figure in the world."

In the "Connoisseur" are several amusing and satirical papers on the pretentious pomposity of the lower branches of the middle class. A cheesemonger, he says, having recently died in Thames Street, was taken to Whitechapel in a stately hearse, followed by three mourning coaches, each drawn by six horses, and accompanied by many hired mourners bearing flambeaux in their hands, to dispel the darkness of the night. The hearse was originally introduced to convey to their family vaults persons of distinction who had all their lives been used to state and parade. But it is absurd for "a tradesman who has trudged on foot all his life to be carried after death scarce one hundred yards from his own house, with the equipage and retinue of a lord; and the plodding cit, whose ambition never soared beyond the occasional one-horse chair, must be dragged to his long home by six horses." Such folly is after the manner of "the highwayman who sold his body to the surgeons that he might have a mourning coach and go to the gallows like a gentleman." In the beginning, when the hearse was the exclusive appendage of people of

note, it was hung round with escutcheons blazoned with the arms of the deceased, and an "atchievement" was affixed to the front of the house to tell the passer-by that sorrow was a guest within. This custom probably derived its origin from the time of the plague when a mark was put upon every house visited by the pestilence, and the rich, indulging in "the luxury of woe," introduced a new fashion into the dreary realms of grief. But now the most ordinary plebeian must do the same as his lordly patron and customer; and a tavern-keeper having lost his wife stuck up the Royal Arms, the sign of his hostelry, as a hatchment. Another ridiculous and ostentatious practice was beginning to prevail—that of putting the whole household into mourning. "The kitchen wench scours her dishes in crape, and the helper in the stables rubs down his horses in black leather breeches. Everything must put on a dismal appearance; even the coach must be covered and lined with black," and yet was regularly seen at night awaiting at the door of the Opera House or the Theatre. A story too is told of a young lady who wore "a ring set round with death's heads and cross marrow-bones, for the loss of her father, and another on the same finger prettily embellished with burning hearts pierced through with darts, in respect

to her lover." A letter to a relative, though filled with the most frivolous nonsense, must be written on black-edged paper, and sealed with black wax. "A friend, ever since the death of his wife has made use of black sand, and writes with nothing but a crow-quill pen." Even in these trifles the commonalty learned to ape their betters, and grudged them even the distinction of their follies. Both black and gilt-edged paper, were in as great demand in the city as in the more fashionable regions west of Temple Bar. And not only did the citizens treat themselves to mourning paper, even their shop-books were edged with black. An ingenious and enterprising stationer, proposed to carry out the conceit to the utmost, and to manufacture mourning paper on the principle of the paper for amatory epistles, lately introduced from France. "As the margin of the other is prettily adorned with flowers, true lovers' knots, little cupids, and amorous posies, in red ink; he intends that the margin of his paper shall be dismally stamped in black ink, with the figures of tombstones, hour-glasses, bones, skulls, and other emblems of death, to be used by persons of quality when in mourning."

Another hobby of wealthy citizens was to possess a villa, or "Box," a few miles from Town, built in a

row, but detached, with a scrap of garden in front to catch the dust of the road, and a summer house perched on a wall commanding a view of the highway. There was, also, usually a fountain—occasionally discharging water to the height of four feet, with frogs hopping about below, enjoying the damp. Statues of Harlequin, Scaramouch, Pierot, and Columbine, adorned the grounds, and imparted a town flavour to the otherwise unseasoned pleasures of suburban country. The "Box" of a certain Common Councilman—as described by the "Connoisseur"—stood about ten miles from the City by the roadside, but separated from it by a dry ditch, crossed by a bridge of two planks, giving a baronial touch to the affair. On the other side of the road was a high hedge which shut out every view except from the garret windows, whence, however, could be enjoyed "a beautiful vista of two men hanging in chains on Kennington Common, with a distant view of St. Paul's Cupola enveloped in a cloud of smoke." The entrance "hall" was decorated with a large map of London, a plan and elevation of the Mansion House, and smaller views of other public buildings on one side, and on the other a coloured print of Overton's "Death of the Stag." Over the parlour door was affixed a couple of stags' horns, and over

these a red Roccelo and an amber-headed cane. In the parlour itself, above the chimney-piece, hung a portrait of the host "drawn bolt upright, in a full bottom'd perriwig, a laced cravat with the fringed ends appearing through a button hole, a black linsey gown, a snuff-color'd velvet coat with gold buttons, a red velvet waistcoat trimm'd with gold, one hand stuck in the bosom of his shirt, and the other holding out a letter, with the superscription 'To Mr. ——'." Another portrait in the same room was that of "my friend's wife's great-great-uncle, who had been Sheriff and Knighted in the reign of King James I. Madam herself filled up a panel on the opposite side, in the habit of a shepherdess smelling to a nosegay, and stroking a ram with gilt horns." The garden was some twenty feet in length, and contained a dozen pots on either side of the path, filled with lilies and coxcombs, trained up against old laths painted green and surmounted with the bowls of tobacco-pipes—probably to catch the earwigs. The object of this "Box" was the better avoidance of the Sabbath, to attain which desirable consummation one half of Saturday was lost in "papering up cold chickens, bottling brandy punch, sorting clean shifts and night-caps for the children, pinning baskets, and cording trunks; and one half of Monday was wasted in

undoing the same packages and putting away the things on their return to Town."

A few years later Smollett makes "Matthew Bramble" complain bitterly of the levelling and admixture of all ranks and classes in the once exclusive city of Bath.

"Every upstart of fortune," he writes, "harnessed in the trappings of the mode, presents himself at Bath, as in the very focus of observation. Clerks and factors from the East Indies, loaded with the spoil of plundered provinces; planters, negro-drivers, and hucksters, from our American plantations, enriched they know not how; agents, commissaries, and contractors, who have fattened in two successive wars, on the blood of the nation; usurers, brokers, and jobbers of every kind; men of low birth and no breeding, have found themselves suddenly translated into a state of affluence, unknown to former ages; and no wonder that their brains should be intoxicated with pride, vanity, and presumption. Knowing no other criterion of greatness, but the ostentation of wealth, they discharge their affluence without taste or conduct, through every channel of the most absurd extravagance; and all of them hurry to Bath, because here, without any further qualification, they can mingle with the princes and nobles of

the land. Even the wives and daughters of low tradesmen who, like shovel-nosed sharks, prey upon the blubber of those uncouth whales of fortune, are infected with the same rage of displaying their importance; and the slightest indisposition serves them for a pretext to insist upon being conveyed to Bath, where they may hobble country dances and cotillions among lordlings, squires, counsellors, and clergy. These delicate creatures from Bedfordbury, Butcher Row, Crutched Friars, and Botolph Lane, cannot breathe in the gross air of the lower town, or conform to the vulgar rules of a common lodging-house; the husband, therefore, must provide an entire house, or elegant apartments in the new buildings. Such is the composition of what is called the fashionable company at Bath; where a very inconsiderable proportion of genteel people are lost in a mob of impudent plebeians, who have neither understanding nor judgment, nor the least idea of propriety and decorum; and seem to enjoy nothing so much as an opportunity of insulting their betters."

The worthy Doctor conveniently forgets that "their betters" had always availed themselves to the utmost of the opportunities they had so long exclusively enjoyed of insulting the "mob of impudent plebeians." But the *lex talionis* can scarcely be

expected to be very popular with those against whom it may happen to be directed.

Notwithstanding this mixture of people Bath was still a very gay place, and not even thought of as the battle-field for devotees of the High Church and the champions of the White Choker interest. Beau Nash, indeed, had outlived the grandeur and plenitude of his power, but Momus still reigned supreme in the ancient city of King Bladud. Prince's Row, Harlequin's Row, and Bladud's Buildings were then all new, and regarded as very pleasant and fashionable streets. The Crescent was only in contemplation, after the designs of the same architect who had planned the Circus; of which Smollett certainly speaks too contemptuously.

"The circus is a pretty bauble; contrived for show, and looks like Vespasian's amphitheatre, turned inside out. * * * If, instead of the areas and iron rails, which seem to be of very little use, there had been a corridor with arcades all round, as in Covent Garden, the appearance of the whole would have been more magnificent and striking; those arcades would have afforded an agreeable covered walk, and sheltered the poor chairmen and their carriages from the rain, which is here almost perpetual. At present, the chairs stand soaking in

the open street, till they become so many boxes of wet leather, for the benefit of the gouty and rheumatic, who are transported in them from place to place."

Hackney coaches, Hansom's cabs, and full-grown perambulators, have long since superseded the "boxes of wet leather;" while the Sunday excursion trains have effectually subverted the old aristocratic tone and aspect of Bath. People in those days amused themselves in much the same frivolous and unsatisfactory manner, as in our own times, and must have yawned through the daylight with equal persistency. At eight in the morning, the fashionable world of Bladonia proceeded in dishabille to the Pump-room, where they drank the mineral waters, while a noisy band thundered away in the gallery. Beneath the pump-room was the King's Bath, "a huge cistern, where you see the patients up to their necks in hot water. The ladies wear jackets and petticoats of brown linen, with chip hats, in which they fix their handkerchiefs to wipe the sweat from their faces." Honest Bramble declares his conviction, that there is "some regurgitation from the bath into the cistern of the pump," in consequence of which "the patients in the pump-room swallow the scourings of the bathers." He therefore tried the old Roman

baths in Abbey Green, but found that they were situated directly under an old burial ground belonging to the Abbey. The former of these unpleasant fancies is thus alluded to in the "New Bath Guide:"—

"And of all the fine sights I have seen, my dear mother,
I never expect to behold such another:
How the ladies did giggle and set up their clacks
All the while an old woman was rubbing their backs!
Oh, 'twas pretty to see them all put on their flannels,
And then take the water like so many spaniels!
And though all the while it grew hotter and hotter,
They swam just as if they were hunting an otter.
'Twas a glorious sight to behold the fair sex
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks,
And view them so prettily tumble and sprawl
In a great smoking kettle as big as our hall;
And to-day many persons of rank and distinction
Were boil'd by command of an able physician:

* * * * *

So Tabby, you see, had the honour of washing
With folks of distinction and very high fashion;
But, in spite of good company, poor little soul,
She shook both her ears like a mouse in a bowl.

* * * * *

So while little Tabby was washing her r——,
The ladies kept drinking it out of a pump."

Close to the pump-room was a coffee-house for the ladies, the head-quarters of scandal. The booksellers' shops are described as "charming places of resort, where we read novels, plays, pamphlets, and

newspapers, for so small a subscription as a crown a quarter." A part of the regular day's routine was to call at "Mr. Gill's, the pastry-cook, to take a jelly, a tart, or a small bason of vermicelli." The principal scenes of entertainment, however, were "the two public rooms, where the company meet alternately every evening. They are spacious, lofty, and, when lighted up, appear very striking. They are generally crowded with well-dressed people, who drink tea in separate parties, play at cards, walk, or sit and chat together. Twice a week there is a ball, the expence of which is defrayed by voluntary subscription among the gentlemen; and every subscriber has three tickets." Gentlemen also frequently gave public breakfasts, enlivened by the strains of horns and clarions. Parties, too, were made for the Spring Gardens, on the other side of the river, opposite the Grove, "a sweet retreat, laid out in walks and ponds, and parterres of flowers; and there is a long room for breakfasting and dancing." It was here that Sheridan quarrelled with Miss Linley in a grotto, in allusion to which he afterwards addressed her the well-known lines, beginning,—

"Uncouth is this moss-covered grotto of stone."

How the afternoon was got through, we may learn from old Bramble's hearty growl: —

"You ask me, why I don't take the air a-horseback during this fine weather? In which of the avenues of this paradise would you have me take that exercise? Shall I commit myself to the high-roads of London or Bristol, to be stifled with dust, or pressed to death in the midst of post-chaises, flying waggons, and coal horses; besides the troops of fine gentlemen that take to the highway to show their horsemanship; and the coaches of fine ladies, who go thither to show their equipages?"

However, not to be tedious, let it suffice to sum up the gaieties of Bath in "Sister Jenny's" lively measure,—

"O, the charming parties made!—
Some to walk the South Parade,—
Some to Lincombe's shady groves,
Or to Simpson's proud alcoves;
Some for chapel trip away,
Then take places for the play;
Or we walk about in pattens,
Buying gauzes, cheap'ning satins.
* * * *
If the weather, cold and chill,
Calls us all to Mr. Gill,
Romeo hands to me the jelly,
Or the soup of vermicelli."

Brighton at this period was a mere fishing village, as yet undiscovered by the most adventurous wan-

derers from Cockayne. Harrowgate, however, was in all its glory. The fashionable company there lodged in five hotels, in different parts of the common, and every morning repaired in their private carriages to the well. The lodgers in each hotel formed a distinct colony, or society of their own. Sometimes there were as many as fifty under one roof. Breakfast was set out on separate tables in a long public room; the hours for this repast, which was taken in dishabille, being from eight to eleven. In this room the company assembled at tea in the afternoon, the ladies in turn giving the entertainment. Later in the evening there was dancing and card-playing, and every night a ball was held at one or other of the hotels, to which strangers from the other houses were admitted by tickets.

CHAP. XIX.

MUCH of the frivolity of the upper and middle classes was, unquestionably, attributable to the insufficiency of the education imparted in youth. Still more, perhaps, was it due to the very inferior position in society occupied by the ministers of religion. Roderick Random, though scandalizedby the oaths and obscene songs of the curate at the roadside inn, was not at all surprised to "find a cheat in canonicals." The vicar, a "rosy son of the church," on alighting from his horse, "stalked with great solemnity into the kitchen, where, sitting down by the fire, he called for a bottle of ale and a pipe." When he had finished his beer and his tobacco "he rose and moved with prelatical dignity to the door, where his journeyman stood ready with his nag. He had no sooner mounted than the facetious curate, coming into the kitchen, held forth in this manner: 'There the old rascal goes, and the d—l go with him. You see how the world wags, gentlemen. By God, this rogue of a vicar does not deserve to live; and yet

he has two livings worth 400*l.* per annum, while poor I am fain to do all his drudgery, and ride twenty miles every Sunday to preach, for what? why, truly, for 20*l.* a-year,'" &c. &c. However, the army and the medical profession were treated by Smollett quite as disrespectfully. He represents Weazel, an old valet-de-chambre, as receiving an ensigncy from Lord Frizzle, on marrying that nobleman's cast off mistress. And surgeons are throughout spoken of as coarse charlatans, whose occasional success was entirely due to nature favouring their reckless and unfeeling assurance. Female education was especially neglected. A town lady, during a visit to the country, writes to one of her fashionable friends and says: "You will excuse my employing Lettice to write this while I dictated: as the girl was a parson's daughter, she has a good education, and can spell tolerably well." What constituted a sound education may be gleaned from the following advertisement:—

"At Mrs. Highmore's Boarding School, at Bow, in Middlesex,

"YOUNG ladies are compleatly finished in every polite, as well as useful branch of education: viz., French, Music, Dancing, Writing, Fine Work, Plain Work, Child-bed Linen, &c. There is great care taken of their health, a strict regard to the improvement of their morals, a very proper method used to make

them good housewives. The Shading is taught by the true rule, and the Brussels Lace and Dresden Work done in a new and perfect taste. Any lady may be waited on by sending a line, and inform'd of further particulars. My terms are very reasonable, which I hope will be no objection, as I have had several years' experience, which makes me acquainted with the disposition of all sorts of children, both foreigners and natives; so that I don't fear making an improvement in the most unpolish'd young ladies from any part of the world, to the satisfaction of any parent or disposer of children that will please to favor me with their commands. Parlour Boarders are admitted after 15 years of age. I also take half Boarders."

Here is one of a different description, for the benefit of both sexes:—

"To such PARENTS and GUARDIANS as live near HART'S United Academy in Essex St. in the Strand, and Lemon St. Goodman's Fields,—

"MR. HART takes this Method to inform them that he has appointed separate Days and Hours on which he teaches Masters and Mistresses to dance (who are under seventeen Years of Age), at the Rate of a Guinea Entrance, and a Guinea a Quarter. And the French Language is likewise taught them on the same terms by a Gentleman who is a Native of Paris and has had a University Education; and such as chuse it may learn the Italian on the same condition; and there is a Harpsichord always kept in order for the convenience of those that learn to play on that instrument. The Days and Evenings of Attendance for the above Purpose on Mondays and Thursdays. Grown Persons continue to be taught Musick, Dancing, Fencing, &c., with as much Privacy and Expedition as can possibly be wish'd for, without any Connection with the above. The Practising and Assembly Nights continue as usual.

"There are Back Doors to both Academies."

Here is a promising opportunity for "young gentlemen:"—

"Young Gentlemen are boarded and instructed by Habit, as well as Rule, in the Latin and Greek Languages, with the French; and by the Help of Geography and other Sciences, compleated in the Classics. Those grown up and designed for the Bar may, by Conversation, soon reap a fine Harvest of Literature: and others, younger in Age, and intended for Commerce, may acquire a large Share of the same Divine Knowledge, left chiefly to the Recluse Scholar; and at the same Time taught by a proper Assistant that useful Branch, Accompts and Writing, so necessary to the Commonalty. Please to direct a Letter for Mr. B. Z., to be left at the Bar of Peele's Coffee House, Fleet St."

Do-the-Boys Hall is frequently represented in the advertisements of that period. Thus, the Rev. Peter Rumney, Master of the Free Grammar School, at Kirby Hill, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, proposes to board, clothe, and educate twenty boys, and no more, for 12*l.* a head per annum. In the same neighbourhood a Mr. Head and a Mr. Lamb undertake to do the same for 10*l.* each.

But the state of moral culture may, perhaps, be best illustrated by the amount of ridiculous superstitions that disgraced the middle classes, especially in the provinces. A maiden with connubial propensities would search the coffee-grounds, or the bottom of her tea-cup, for some outward and visible

sign of her destined lover. On May morning she would wander into the fields to hear the cuckoo, and if that "single speech" bird did utter his imbecile note, she would straightway pull off her left shoe, in the expectation of finding therein a hair such as adorned the head of her "young man." On Midsummer Eve the Dumb Cake was made to further these delicate investigations. The materials must be mixed by two, baked by two, and broken by two, while a third damsel was called in to put the pieces under the pillows of the others. If not a word had been uttered from the commencement to the conclusion of the operation, they might lay them down in the sure and certain hope of dreaming of the lucky swain who was to initiate them in the mysteries of Hymen. At midnight of that same festival, others would sow hemp-seed, saying to themselves the while,—

"Hemp-seed I sow,
Hemp-seed I hoe,
And he that is my true love
Come after me, and mow."

Could he do otherwise than obey the spell? Others again would take a clean shift from the drawer, turn it inside out, and hang it over the back of the chair. At the witching hour the shadowy lover would come,

luckily not in the flesh, and restore the privileged garment to its proper outs and ins. On Midsummer Eve, too, if you walked backwards, and in silence, into the garden, gathered a rose, and kept it in a clean sheet of paper till Christmas Day, it would then be as fresh and fair as on the night it was plucked. Put it boldly in the bosom of your dress, and he who snatched it thence would surely be your lord and master in the fulness of time. Or if it be your lot to repose in a strange bed, before lying down make nine knots in your garter, and wind the mysterious ligature nine times round a bed-post, saying to yourself,—

> "This knot I knit, this knot I tye
> To see my love as he goes bye,
> In his apparel and array,
> As he walks in every day."

This charm was infallible. Nor did it less avail to boil an egg hard, take out the yolk, fill up the hollow with salt, and eat it, shell and all, without drinking or speaking. That night your dreams would issue through the portal of transparent horn. The beauty harassed by many admirers, had a simple method for determining her choice. She wrote the names of her tormentors on separate pieces of paper, and,

rolling each up in a small ball of clay, dropped them into a basin of water: the one that first rose to the surface was her true lover. But a truce to such child's play.

Good-humoured satirists of contemporary follies ridiculed, also, the growing affectation of preferring French cookery to our own, as if every nation did not understand, by instinct or experience, what best befits its peculiar climate and habits. Old-fashioned housewives, we are told, complained that at Christmas "the solid substantial Protestant Mince-pie had given place to the Roman Catholic amulets, and the light puffy heterodox *Pets de Religieuses.*" Another grumbles at the banishment from the table of joints of roast beef. Their disappearance had been effected gradually. At first they were placed upon a side-table and screened from view "by a parcel of queue-tailed fellows in laced waistcoats." They were next brought up cold, and concealed behind the hats of the company. Finally, they were driven forth into exile. French cookery was especially affected at White's and Pontac's, and likewise at the Star and Garter. In the city, the Crown and the King's Arms were the most famous for their calipash and calipee. At Dolby's and at Horseman's the proper thing was a beefsteak and a gill of ale; the same could be

enjoyed in equal perfection at Betty's, with the additional attraction of a pretty girl behind the bar. The "Connoisseur" recommends his readers to "take a beefsteak in Ivy Lane,a mutton chop behind St. Clement's, or, if you chuse it, an extemporary sausage or black pudding over the farthing fries at Moorfields or the Horse Guards." The same authority informs us that the taverns about the purlieus of Covent Garden were "dedicated to Venus as well as Ceres and Liber;" and mentions a grand entertainment given by a person of distinction, at which a young bear fattened on bread, sugar, and milk, was served up whole as a roast. Lovingly does he speak of the Beefsteak Club, "composed of the most ingenious artists in the kingdom," who "meet every Saturday in a noble room at the top of Covent Garden Theatre, and never suffer any dish except beefsteaks to appear." It will be remembered, too, that the gridiron seized by Ferret when Tom Clark threatens to trounce him, is said to shine as bright "as the emblem of good old English fare, which hangs by a red ribbon round the neck of that thrice honoured sage's head, in velvet bonnet cased, who presides by rotation at the genial board distinguished by the title of the Beefsteak Club, where the delicate

rumps irresistibly attract the stranger's eye, and while they seem to cry 'Come cut me — come cut me!' constrain, by wondrous sympathy, each mouth to overflow."

The Sublime Society of the Beefsteaks dates from the year 1735, when it was founded by Henry Rich, who first introduced the character of Harlequin on the English boards. The fare was restricted to beefsteaks, punch, and port wine. Among the earliest members were Lord Peterborough, Sir James Thornhill, and Hogarth, followed by Bubb Doddington, Aaron Hill, Hoadley, Glover, Johnson, Wilkes, Churchill, Lord Sandwich, and an uninterrupted succession of wits and sages down to our own degenerate days — degenerate, at least, in the consumption of beef and *αἴθοπα οἶνον*. Particular taverns and coffee-houses were frequented by particular sets of men. St. Paul's Chapter Coffee House was chiefly patronised by publishers and country parsons — now alas! shut up, the harbinger of woe to the rubicund department of the church militant. The Bedford Coffee House was sacred to wits and scholars, and White's to the votaries of deep play, who there sometimes staked a cool thousand upon the rubber. Slaughter's was the haunt of Frenchmen and foreigners; the Cocoa Tree of the genuine John

Bull; and Forester's Coffee House of the Scotch, then noted for "an itching palm" — both physically and morally — and who swarmed to London in such numbers that there was a Scotch Walk upon 'Change.

The dinner hour was uncomfortably early, and destroyed the afternoon. Public dinners are commonly announced for three o'clock, and, as it was the custom to pass the bottle freely, the company were apt to be considerably elevated before bed-time. Notwithstanding the inferior degree of refinement attained by the tradesmen of the middle of the eighteenth century, they were not a hair's breadth behind their descendants in ingenuity as displayed in the adulteration of food. An oft-quoted author thus complains of the supplies of the metropolis: —

"If I would drink water, I must quaff the mawkish contents of an open aqueduct, exposed to all manner of defilement, or swallow that which comes from the river Thames, impregnated with all the filth of London and Westminster. * * As to the intoxicating potion sold for wine, it is a vile, unpalatable, and pernicious sophistication, balderdashed with cyder, corn-spirit, and the juice of sloes. In an action at law, laid against a carman, for having staved a cask of port, it appeared, from the evidence

of the cooper, that there were not above five gallons of real wine in the whole pipe, which held above an hundred, and even that had been brewed and adulterated by the merchant at Oporto. The bread I eat in London is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, alum, and bone-ashes, insipid to the taste, and destructive to the constitution. * * The veal is bleached by repeated bleedings and other villanous arts, till there is not a drop of juice left in the body, and the poor animal is paralytic before it dies; so devoid of all taste, nourishment, and flavour, that a man might dine as comfortably on a white fricassee of kid-skin gloves, or chip-hats from Leghorn. As they have discharged the natural colour from their bread, their butchers' meat, and poultry, their cutlets, ragouts, fricassees, and sauces of all kinds — so they insist upon having the complexion of their pot-herbs mended, even at the hazard of their lives. Perhaps, you will hardly believe they can be so mad as to boil their greens with brass halfpence, in order to improve their colour; and yet nothing is more true. * * I shall conclude this catalogue of London dainties with table-beer, guiltless of hops and malt, vapid and nauseous, much fitter to facilitate the operation of a vomit, than to quench thirst and promote digestion; the tallowy rancid mass called butter, manufactured

with candle grease and kitchen stuff; and their fresh eggs imported from France and Scotland. Now all these enormities might be remedied with a very little attention to the article of police or civil regulation; but the wise patriots of London have taken it into their heads that all regulation is inconsistent with liberty; and that every man ought to live in his own way without restraint."

Another writer complains that "pickles are served up very inviting to the eye, but often insupportably rank to the taste. How so? Why the good housewife boiled a shilling's worth, or two, of half-pence, or a pound brass-weight in the vinegar, to make her pickles of a fine green."

With all these grievances and discomforts, the worthy citizens of London appear to have enjoyed a very fair share of health and longevity. The lowest mortality in any one week in the first half of 1755, was in that ending May 20th, when 333 souls were liberated; the *maximum* was 523 in the week ending February 18th; the average 436. Between the 10th December, 1754, and the 16th December, 1755, there were 15,209 christenings and 21,917 burials, or a decrease in the latter of 779 as compared with the preceding year. The weekly casualties were

somewhat quaintly announced in the hebdomadal journals after this fashion:—

"CASUALTIES.

"Burnt, 1; Drowned, 1; Found dead, 3; Murdered, 1; Overlaid, 2; Starved, 1; Poisoned, 2; Stabbed, 1; Killed by Accident, 1."

There are also some significant remarks connected with this subject in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for February, 1755, which indicate a superstitious objection to the census on the part of the straight-laced community. "One cannot but regret," he says, "the miscarriage of the bill brought into parliament the last sessions, for establishing a general bill of mortality thro' the nation, when one feels how little of certainty it is in the power of one person to propose to the public consideration, respecting the reigning diseases and the general influence of the weather upon them; and one cannot but wish that some person of leisure and capacity would frame such a bill for this purpose as might be clear of those incumbrances which, without rendering the act then proposed much more beneficial, were the causes of its miscarriage, by raising a popular outcry against it; especially that of numbering the people, which was the principal cause of its being set aside at that time."

Of the value of land in the immediate vicinity of London, some idea may be formed from the fact that on the 22nd of May, 1755, the Commissioners for erecting a new King's Bench Prison were able to purchase three acres in St. George's Fields, for the comparatively small sum of 500*l.* The office of Sword Bearer to the Corporation was sold for 6,051*l.* according to one account, or 5,550*l.* according to another. It may be here worth while to mention the prices of various articles, taken indiscriminately from contemporary advertisements. Wheat was 20s. to 25s. per quarter; Barley, 12s. to 14s.; Oats, 10s. to 12s. 6d.; Hay, 2*l.* 10s. to 3*l.* per ton; a peck loaf of wheaten flour, 1s. 7d.; Coals, 36s. per chaldron; Jamaica Coffee, 3s. 6d. per lb.; Gunpowder Tea, 20s. per lb.; Mutton and Beef, 3d. to 4d. per lb., and complained of as being very dear. Salmon, at Carlisle, 1¾d. per lb.,—servants making a proviso at their hiring that they should not be compelled to dine off it more than twice or thrice a week. Best Seville Oranges 25s. a chest; Oranges, good for squeezing, 18s.; China Oranges from 15s. to 21s.; Lemons, 22s. a chest. Hogskin hunting saddles on double-riveted trees, 19s. each. Ladies' hunting Side-saddles, quilted, 30s.; Snaffle Bridles, with bound fronts, 2s. 3d.; Pelham Bridles, 3s. 3d.; Best

coach-horse Dutch Collars, 8*s.* the pair. Yard wide Muslin, fine and clear, 4*s.* 6*d.* a yard; Book Muslin, yard wide, 7*s.*; Damask Table Cloths, 8*s.* a piece; Stays (extraordinarily cheap), 8*s.* a pair; Broad Cloth, 16*s.* 6*d.* a yard. Half-trimmed suit of Clothes, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Velvet Breeches, 2*l.* 2*s.*; French Frock, 3*l.*; Riding Habit, 2*l.* 18*s.*; Best 4-thread Knit Breeches, 17*s.*; Livery Suit, plain cloth, laced, 4*l.* 4*s.* (These are cash prices, avowedly 25 per cent. below the ordinary terms.) Holland Shirts, 9*s.* to 21*s.* each; Scotch and Irish Linen, 4*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* Gorgona Anchovies, 5*s.* a barrel. The wages of a butler and also of a barber were considered rather high at 8*l.* a year with clothes and perquisites. In Devonshire day-labourers earned one shilling a day; masons and house carpenters eighteen pence. Servants were frequently required in advertisements to have had the small-pox; and occasionally a groom was expected to be able to blow the French horn. *Apropos* of servants, the Dumb Waiter was introduced about this time from France, to the great disgust of the domestics, who were thus in some degree deprived of the pleasure of overhearing their masters' conversation. An Abigail, employed in dusting the furniture, apostrophises "the inoffensive mute" after this fashion:—

"Thou stupid tool of vapourish asses,
With thy brown shelves for pots and glasses;
Thou foreign whirligig, for whom
Us honest folks must quit the room,
And, like young misses at a christ'ning,
Are forc'd to be content with list'ning.
Tho' thou 'rt a fav'rite of my master's,
I'll set thee gadding on thy castors."

To Mr. Roebuck, and also to Mr. Henry Berkeley, it may be interesting to read of the extent of hospitality occasionally exercised at elections in the last century. On the death of Sir James Lowther, his son William stood for the shire of Cumberland, and entertained 3,650 gentlemen freeholders at a dinner, at which were consumed 768 gallons of wine, 1,454 gallons of ale, and 5,814 bottles of punch. Sir James appears to have been eccentric in some of his habits, for after his decease 30,000*l.* in bank notes were discovered in a closet, and 10,000*l.* in the sleeve of an old coat.

It must not be supposed, however, that elections always passed off so pleasantly as the foregoing one. At the famous Oxfordshire election of 1754, when Lord Wenman and Sir James Dashwood on the "Old Interest" were opposed by Lord Parker and Sir Edward Turner on the "New Interest," the greatest excitement and uproar prevailed for some days. The "Old Interest" was distinguished by the

name of "the Blues;" their opponents by that of "the Yellows."

"On the day of return the Yellows, who went in a cavalcade from the 'Bear,' at Oxford, were followed by a tumultuous rabble, who became every moment more outrageous, pelting the chariots and coaches with dirt and stones, hurting many of the gentlemen, and covering the carriages and horses with filth. On Magdalen Bridge they surrounded a postchaise, in which was Capt. Turton and another person, crying out, 'Over with them, drown them, damn them, kill them!' at the same time taking hold of the wheels and traces, and lifting the carriage up. Among others in this mob was a chimney-sweeper, who, when the chaise was thus stopped, threw two pebble-stones at it, and was stooping to pick up a third, which Turton perceiving drew a pistol and shot him dead. For this fact he was tried, and acquitted. The mob that espoused the new interest were, on some occasions, not less tumultuous and indecent. Among other enormities they got into one of the churches at Oxford, and, mounting the pulpit, drank 'damnation to the last blue parson that preached in that blue pulpit.' Within a few weeks the other party was so violent that they mobbed a gentleman into the town, for no other reason

than because his servant had by mere accident wound a piece of yellow ferret over the fore-part of his horse's bridle."

Yet more serious disturbances took place at Carmarthen, at the close of 1755, on the occasion of the election of local magistrates, some of whom were suspected of Jacobite tendencies.

"The town mob had for a long time with impunity maimed several persons, beat out the brains of the barber at the 'Red Lion,' broke open and demolished several houses, and attempted to pull down the 'Red Lion,' so that it was necessary to send for guards; and on Sunday, the 7th Dec., a strong party arrived from Pembrokeshire, who were quartered at the 'Red Lion,' and elsewhere; upon this the mob reinforced themselves with men from the country, and having fortified the castle and upper house, made port-holes, &c., and supplied themselves with great guns and small arms. The upper gate is fortified by the 'Red Lion' people and called Newgate, where the prisoners taken by the sheriffs on one side are put. Mr. Lewis the bookseller, Newland the lawyer, and Nicholls a shopkeeper, are wounded, as are two women dangerously. In short, the town is full of fire, smoke, and tumult."

Earnest fellows were our hearty forefathers, but nevertheless in some matters they took care not to

sacrifice interest to passion. This preference of substantial realities to mere sentiment is particularly shown in the complacency with which they announced to the world the amount of fortune they received with their brides. The young lady's name was generally followed by the sum of money she brought as a dowry to her fortunate swain, and sometimes other particulars were added with quaint simplicity. Thus:—

"Mr. James Coutts, of Jeffery's Sq., merchant, to Miss Polly Peagrum, of Knightsbridge, 30,000*l.*; William Dodshaw, Esq., of Durham, to Frances Paxton; being of the people called Quakers. Thomas Adey, clerk, of Frethren, Glostershire, aged 80, to a girl of 18, having buried his wife about a month before. Rev. Mr. Foyle to Miss Hayter, 10,000*l.* Mr. Aaron Lamb, of Pall Mall, to Mrs. Ann Paschals, of Long Acre, a widow gentlewoman — endowed with all the good qualities to make that state happy. W. Smith, gentleman, of the 2nd Troop of Horse Guards, to Mrs. Ann Gardiner, a maiden lady, aged, 'tis said, near 70, with a fortune of 2,000*l.* Mr. William Burton to Mrs. Francis Whinnel, relict of an eminent woollen-draper, in Milk St., Cheapside, an agreeable lady, with a fortune of 3,000*l.* Peregrine Godfrey to the celebrated Miss Phœbe Coke, of Devon, a young lady more happily distin-

guished for her many amiable qualities than for a large fortune, which is upwards of 40,000*l.*"

This, too, is equally plain spoken:—

Taunton, Jan. 2. "On Tuesday last, Mrs. Berry, wife of Peter Berry, of Fullan's, gentleman, was delivered of a son in the 50th year of her age. She has not been pregnant for twelve years past."

CHAP. XX.

In one respect, at least, we have decidedly improved in the course of the last hundred years—in rapidity of locomotion. The "Machine" occupied two days in going from Bath to London, carrying ten inside passengers and sixteen outside, including the guard and coachman. The roof was encumbered with a mountain of luggage and goods, though each passenger was allowed no more than fourteen pounds gratuitously. The fare was twenty-five shillings. The "machine" was also two days on the road from London to Trowbridge, starting at five in the morning, and lodging at night at the Crown Inn, Thatcham. "In the summer season," says the advertisement, "they will fly up and down in one day." Inside fare, one guinea; outside, half a guinea. The journey from London to Norwich or Newmarket was effected in twelve hours in "a light machine, or two-end coach, hung on steel springs, to carry only four inside passengers." Gentlemen intending to travel any distance in a post-chaise

frequently advertised for a companion to bear half the charges, and diminish the danger; though any expense must have been preferable to the misery of being cooped up in a lumbering vehicle, such as that described by the unhappy gentleman who went by the Canterbury stage to pay his "duty to sweet Mrs. Page."

> "On both sides squeez'd, how highly was I blest!
> Between two plump old women to be prest!
> A corp'ral fierce, a nurse, a child that cry'd,
> And a fat landlord, fill'd the other side.
> Scarce dawns the morning ere the cumbrous load
> Rolls roughly rumbling o'er the rugged road:
> One old wife coughs and wheezes in my ears,
> Loud scolds the other, and the soldier swears;
> Sour, uncocted breath escapes my host,
> The sick'ning child returns his milk and toast!"

In Smollett's time there were no road waggons in Scotland, Roderick Random was consequently obliged to travel on horseback as far south as Newcastle on Tyne. Commercial gentlemen, then called Riders, used the same means of locomotion, and from carrying their samples and clothes in two bags at their saddle bow, acquired their more modern appellation of Bagmen. A private packet from Dover to Calais or Boulogne cost five guineas. But for one guinea a place could be obtained in the regular packet, exclusive of drink-

money to sailors, and numerous fees for landing, porterage, and custom-house dues, or extortions.

The same causes that impeded the private traveller rendered the postal service slow, irregular and expensive. On May 15th, 1755, the "Montfort" Indian arrived, bringing letters from Bengal dated 9th September, 1754, announcing the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, at Madras, on the previous 12th of May. By the same convoy were received other letters from Bengal, dated 15th and 17th of December, reporting the arrival of Rear-Admiral Watson at Fort St. David's; the cessation of hostilities between the French and English for three months, and the departure of Mons. Dupleix for Europe. Again, in April, 1755, news arrived from Tripoli, dated August 17th 1754, announcing the death of the Bashaw, on the 24th of July; and at the same time, other letters dated January 25th, informing the government that the new Bashaw had on the 7th of October ratified and renewed all existing treaties with Great Britain. In the autumn of 1755, a line of packet boats was established at Falmouth, for carrying on a regular monthly communication with the West Indies and North America. The rates of postage were as follows:—to Barbadoes, Antigua, Montserrat, Nevis, St. Kits, and Jamaica,

1*s.* 6*d.* for ¼ oz., 3*s.* for ½ oz., 4*s.* 6*d.* for ¾ oz., and 6*s.* for 1 oz. To New York, New England, Virginia, Maryland, &c., 1*s.* for ¼ oz., 2*s.* for ½ oz., 3s. for ¾ oz., and 4*s.* for 1 oz. In all cases to be prepaid, and provincial letters liable besides for inland postage. The ordinary charge of conveying a letter from Bath to London was 4*d.*, but if sent by express it cost 41*s.* A single post-boy sufficed to carry all the letter bags for Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Derby, and Ashbourne. In the autumn of 1755, however, it was notified that the communication would be accelerated, and letters conveyed on six instead of on three days a week, from London to Sheffield, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, and Chester; and on three days instead of two, from London to Amesbury. During the summer season, the post plied every night, except Sunday, between the metropolis and Tunbridge Wells; which was considered a great boon to the visitors at that fashionable watering-place.

Allusion having occasionally been made to "the Plantations," it may not be amiss to glance hastily at the three chief towns of North America. The most important was Boston, which contained 4,000 substantial houses. It could boast of five printing-presses constantly at work; and a gazette was

issued twice a week. Next in magnitude was Philadelphia, with its 2,000 houses. In 1731, the population was computed at 12,240, "or nearly equal to that of Exeter" (in Devon); and between March 1735 and March 1736, 199 vessels entered, and 212 sailed out of port. A gazette appeared once a week. New York contained 1,000 houses and 7,000 inhabitants.

"The vessels which are employed in the trade between New York and England, make two voyages in a year, and if instead of going to London they go only to Bristol, the voyage is performed in four months, and this indeed is generally the case, for Bristol is the port where the greatest part of merchandize for America is shipped. This voyage is besides attended with so little risque, that insurance is no more than two per cent."

Regarding the state of society in Scotland at that period we find much curious information in the "Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland, to his Friend in London. 2 vols. Birt, 1754." He thus describes his first social impressions received in Edinburgh.

"Being a stranger, I was invited to sup at a tavern. The cook was too filthy an object to be described, only another Englishman whispered me

and said, he believed, if the fellow was to be thrown against the wall, he would stick. Twisting round and round his hand a greasy towel, he stood waiting to know what we would have for supper, and mentioned several things himself; among the rest a *duke*, a *fool*, or a *meer-fool*. This was near according to his pronunciation; but he meant a duck, a fowl, or a moor-fowl or grouse. We supped very plentifully, and drank good French claret, and were very merry till the clock struck ten, the hour when everybody is at liberty by beat of the city drum, to throw their filth out at the windows. Then the company began to light pieces of paper, and throw them upon the table to smoke the room, and, as I thought, to mix one bad smell with another. Being in my retreat to pass through a long winde or alley, to go to my new lodgings, a guide was assign'd me, who went before me to prevent my disgrace, crying out all the way with a loud voice, *Hud your haunde*. The throwing up of a sash, or otherwise opening of a window, made me tremble, while behind and before me, at some little distance, fell the terrible shower. Well, I escaped all the danger, and arrived, not only safe and sound, but sweet and clean, at my new quarters; but when I was in bed I was forced to hide my head between the sheets; for the smell of

the filth thrown out by the neighbours on the back side of the house came pouring into the room to such a degree I was almost poisoned with the stench. * * * As in London many petty retailers dignify their shops with the title of warehouses, so the people beyond the Tweed aggrandize many things in imitation of their ancient allies, by which name they are pleased to call the French. A piddling shopkeeper that sells a pennyworth of thread is a *merchant;* the person who is sent to buy that thread has received a *commission,* and bringing it to the sender is making a *report.* A bill to signify that there is a single room to be let is called a *placard,* the doors are *ports,* an inclosed field of two acres is a *park,* and the wife of a *laird* of 15*l.* a year is a *lady.* An alehouse is called a *change,* and the person who keeps it a gentleman, nor is it uncommon to see a lord dismount from his horse, and taking one of these gentlemen in his arms, make him as many compliments as if he were a brother peer; and the reason is that the alehouse keeper is of as good a family as any in Scotland, and perhaps has taken his degree of master of arts at the university. * * The gentlemen, magistrates, merchants, and shop-keepers, are dressed after the English manner, and make a tolerable appearance. The undress of the ladies is a

plaid two breadths wide, and three yards long, which being brought over the head may either hide or discover the face at pleasure; it reaches to the waiste behind; one corner falls as low as the ancle on one side, and the other part hangs down in folds on the opposite arm. The female servants are quite uncovered to the mid-leg, and when they go abroad wear a blanket over their heads, which is made part of their bedding at night. * * After Christmas no mutton is to be procured till August, nor any beef till September, and then they may be bought for a penny a pound: A fowl, which they call a hen, may be purchas'd for two-pence; and there is great plenty of roots and greens. * * French claret is to be had in great perfection all over Scotland, except in the heart of the Highlands, and sometimes even there; but the number of English have of late raised the price from 1*s.* 4*d.* to 2*s.* a bottle. French brandy is also to be purchased for four shillings a gallon; and lemons are seldom wanting."

"In this place (Inverness) are six ministers, three to the English, and three to the Irish (Gaelic) Church, who have each of them 100*l. per Ann.*, none having more than that stipend, nor any less than 50*l.* Their manner of preaching is with a whine, which they call the *Sough;* and as they pray extempore, they

are often betray'd into ridiculous absurdities. They do not drink so much as a dram without saying a long grace over it: and one of them was suspended for riding on horseback on the sabbath, tho' it was occasioned by his not having been able to pass a ford on the Saturday evening in his way to the Kirk. * * Their prayers are often more like narrations to the Almighty, than petitions for what they want; and the *sough*, as it is called, the whine, is unmanly, and much beneath the dignity of their subject. I have heard of one minister so great a proficient in this *sough*, and his notes so remarkably flat and productive of horror, that a master of musick set them to his fiddle: And the wag used to say that in the most jovial company after he had played his tune but once over, there was no more mirth among them all the rest of that evening than if they were just come out of the cave of Trophonius. * * The minister was explaining to his congregation the great benefits arising from the sabbath. He told them it was a means of frequently renewing their covenant, &c. And, likewise, it was a worldly good; as a day of rest for themselves, their servants, and cattle. Then he recounted to them the different days observed in other religions: As the seventh day by the Jews, &c. 'But,' says he, 'behold the particular wisdom of

our institutions in ordaining it to be kept on the first: For if it were any other day, it would make a broken week.' * * One of the ministers of this town (Edinburgh) undertook one day to entertain us with a dialogue from the pulpit relating to the fall of man, in the following manner, which cannot so well be conveyed in writing as by word of mouth.

"First he spoke in a low voice—

"'*And the Lord God came into the garden and said.*' Then loud and angrily—'*Adam, where art?*'

"Low and humbly—'*Lo, here am I, Lord!*'

"Violently—'*And what are ye deeing there?*'

"With a fearful trembling accent—'*Lord, I was nacked, and I hid mysel.*'

"Outragiously—'*Nacked! And what then? Hast thou eaten?*' &c., &c."

These amusing extracts might be multiplied to a great extent, but space begins to fail. Besides, the laughable anecdotes connected with the stool of repentance are hardly suited to the prudish taste of the present day. Let it suffice, then, to have indicated their existence, for the benefit of those who are willing to purchase hilarity at the expense of a blush.

As a straw may point out the current of the air, so advertisements often throw a certain degree of light

on the humbler phenomena of society. Under this impression I venture to devote my remaining pages to a miscellaneous assortment gathered at random from the "Public Advertiser."

The first one is something in the style of Dr. Cumming:—

"The surprising Yorkshire Prophecy further open'd; which foretold the chief Events that have happened in England the 200 years last past, and discovers the issue of the war now coming on.

"By A. C. Schoolmaster.

"☞ The preparations at Brest seem to answer exactly to the Lilly standing on one side of his country with a number of ships; and the Prediction of the Son of Man passing many waters, and coming with a number of men to the Land of the Lion seems to be the Pr——r (Pretender), sailing out of the Med——n, and coming to G. B——n.

"God save the King!

"Price 6d."

"WANTED

"Two or three hundred Pounds, at five per cent., on security there can be no objection to. A Single Person may board for the Interest, and be secure as to the Principal at their own command, or may partake of the profits this money is designed to be laid out in, and added to the same Capital on certain improveable advantages and profit, Which will best suit any one who has a genteel knowledge of the world. A Line for A. G., at the London Bridge Punch House, adjoining to the Gate, shall be duly answered."

"WANTED

"A LAD from 14 years to 18, that is used to go clean, of a good Character, may hear of a beneficial Place, by enquiring at the Globe in Hatton Garden, this Day or To-morrow."

"WANTED, under the Government (Law and Army excepted), a Patent Place, or one that may be supplied by a Deputy. The Gentleman has no objection to attendance himself, provided he is not confined to particular hours, and too close an application to business. Any person who can procure such, shall have an adequate gratuity in hand paid, from 1000*l.* to 5000*l.* Whosoever this may suit, please to signify the nature of the place to John Boaman, at his Office on Clerkenwell Green, any Day this Week from 9 to 3; and if approved of, they shall be waited on forthwith with the principal. Nice honour and strict secresy may be depended on.

"Wanted another Place from 300*l.* to 1000*l.*, except as above excepted."

"Whereas,

"MR. JOHN HOPKINS,

"GOLDSMITH, in Fleet Street,

"HAVING succeeded in Business to his utmost *Satisfaction*, enclines now to retire therefrom; therefore intends to dispose of his remaining STOCK, Cheap, of which he gives this public Notice, and returns his most humble and sincere Thanks to the Nobility, Gentry, and others, for all Favours.

"☞ Notwithstanding which said Disposal of STOCK, he will, whilst that continues, strictly and punctually observe any Orders that may be given in the *New Way* with the same *Care*, and at the same *Prices*, as usual; for which he has, from his first entering on Trade to this Time, been always respected and esteem'd."

Alas! what a change is here!

"CHAMBERS to be lett in Gray's Inn.

"A HANDSOME Airy Set in Coney Court, at No. 6, up one Pair of Stairs, looking Backwards over the Gardens, and towards Hampstead and Highgate.

"'Enquire of Mr. Adams, the Steward of Gray's Inn."

"WANTS A PLACE.

"A LADY'S Woman, a very creditable Person, of about 33, and has had the Small Pox: lived near 14 years in a Family; parted from no Difference, and can have the best of Characters. Can speak the French tongue, and Mistress of the Needle. She would chuse to be with an elderly Lady, or where the Family is small and retired."

"BUGGS, be they ever so intolerable, are effectually destroyed —No Cure, no Money—by George Bridges, at the Woolpack, in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, the first Inventor of that Art, where Hospitals, Workhouses, Infirmaries, Gentlemen's Houses, Rooms, Walls, Wainscots, Floorings, Bedsteads, and Bedding Furniture, are warranted and insured to be cleansed from Buggs, for any Number of Years, at reasonable Prices. And, as he has practised these twelve years past, and cured upwards of ten thousand Beds for People of the best Rank and Property in and about this great Metropolis, London, the Buggs not returning, to avoid Disputes, he chuses his Character might be first enquired after, before he is employed; which can be had in any neighbourhood all over this City. Those who please to favor him with their Commands shall be waited on, and

shall have twelve Months' Time for Trial, provided the Sum be large.

"NOTE.—What he uses makes no Smell, neither does it hurt the Furniture; and if any Complaint should happen, he visits again Gratis."

"LODGINGS for a Single Gentleman are wanted, which are neat and light, consisting of two rooms and a large closet. Any well-bred person, of an obliging disposition, who has such to lett between Covent Garden and the Fleet Market, is desired to send a line of intelligence to Mr. George Hazzard, at George's Coffee House, Chancery Lane, in order to be waited on. The Gentleman would be glad of a place for some liquor, nor does he chuse to exceed eighteen or twenty pounds a year."

The following was apparently written by the prototype of a certain epistolary prelate dormant in the diocese of Bangor:—

"WILLIAM SAUNDERS, Taylor, at the Blue and Golden Ball, in Dartmouth-street, Westminster, carries on Business in the same manner I at first proposed, which is to do justice to such as credit him with their commands, that he can save any Nobleman or Gentleman 25 per cent. on what is commonly charged, and promise my work and materials to be as good as any Master in the Trade."

Had this fair spinster renounced, or despaired of, matrimony? She writes like a confirmed old maid:—

"Early in the Spring a Gentlewoman, of about 30 years of age, with a Maid, would board about 20 miles from London in

a good situation, and in some orderly genteel private family where the Master and Mistress are near the same age with the proposed Inmate, or where the Principals of the Family are people in years, provided they are not superannuated and have a daughter or daughters at Woman's Estate with them. Families who derive their entertainments from Routs, Cards, or the facetious Bottle, will not do; not that Monkish or Puritanick austerity is affected; on the contrary, all the cheerfulness that can derive from good Nature, good Sense, and good Manners in the most extensive sense of the term is wished for. And if to these circumstances a Taste of Literature were added, the whole would be compleatly acceptable. As the Lady neither expects nor wishes to live with Voluptuaries, so she does not intend to give an austentatious price for her accommodation, nor would she by parsimony offend good sense or render herself unacceptable to the reasonable.

"Such as upon reflection find the Œconomy and Turn of their Family correspond with the intention of this Advertisement are desired to send the letters (postpaid) directed to R. X. Y., at Young Slaughter's Coffee House, St. Martin's Lane."

The subjoined advertisement would no doubt have appeared in Murray's Handbooks, had "the obvious void" been then supplied:—

"For Gentlemen, particularly those that travel, I have contrived for their Conveniency, Travelling Boxes or Toylet Equipages that hold all the Necessaries for Shaving, some with Writing; and Gentlemen that have some things already by them, may have them all put together in a small Compass; also makes the best of Shaving Powder, Razor Strops, Boxes filled with Soap, Lathering Brushes, Razors proved by Shaving, &c. To be had only at the Maker's, J. Emon, a Turner's Shop, the Upper End of the Haymarket, near Piccadilly.

"☞Also he makes and sells his true Blacking Balls for Shoes,

exceeding for their Beauty and Goodness for nourishing the Leather. I have invented for the Conveniency of Travellers a black Powder, that will, in less than a Minute, make a beautiful Liquid Blacking, and has not the Faults which other Liquid Blackings have, to crack the Shoe Leather. It is put in Tin Bottles ready to mix with what the Directions will express."

"THOMAS LAWRENCE begs leave to inform the Public that he hath taken Macklin's Coffee House in the Great Piazza, Covent Garden, which will be conducted for the future under the name of Covent Garden Coffee House. Particular care will be taken to have good Attendance, decent Accommodation, and the best of Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, Eaugeat, Capilaire, &c. &c., at the same prices, and everything else upon the same footing as at the Bedford and other Coffee Houses. Gentlemen may have Coffee à la Crem, Canappe, Bavaroisse, and Chicken-Milk, as in the Coffee Houses at Paris; and any person who shall want Jellies, Ice Creams, Syrup of Eaugeat, of Capilaire, of Cedra, or Syrup of Lemon, in any quantity for Sale or Private Use, may, by sending a line, be assured of having their Orders punctually obey'd, and of being serv'd with the best in their different kinds and at the cheapest rates. And for the Amusement and better Accommodation of those Gentlemen who shall favour this Undertaking with their Presence, a scarce and most valuable Collection of almost all the Plays and Farces in the English language are procured for the public use of the Coffee Room, by their most devoted and most obedient humble servant, THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"NOTICE TO THE LADIES.

"In Queen Street, Westminster, the ninth house up the street, at the sign of the Golden Fan, with the Door shut and makes no show, are just made and are making a number of

Satin Hats, black at 4/, and coloured at 4/6. French Cloaks at 23/ per cloak, &c.; Snail Tippets at 2/9 each. Bugle Earrings, one drop at /9*d.* and a new sort at 1/3 per Pair; Eggerets, Necklaces answerable; Gauze Caps, Ruffles, &c. &c., extremely cheap; Gimps at 1/3 per dozen. The Prices are fixed on the goods and no abatement made."

"BIBLIOTHECA POLYGLOTTA NOVA.

"To the PUBLIC, but particularly to a select number of the Nobility and Gentry who were Subscribers to *Meyer's Polyglot Circulating Library.*

"That Useful Undertaking of my Uncle, Wm. Meyer, of lending Books, in various languages, to read, having been discontinued, I have the honor of acquainting the Public in general, and those persons in particular who favoured him in his design, that it is with my Uncle's Consent that I continue the said Circulating Library, having given me for that purpose his interest and promised me his assistance. I intend to carry the same into execution upon his former plan, and beg the favour of those Persons who will be pleased to encourage this my early undertaking to honour me with their commands, and they shall be immediately waited on with a Catalogue and Proposal containing the Conditions. By their most obedient Humble Servant,

"JOHN MEYER, JUN.

"Exeter Exchange."

Here follows the advertisement of a book which appears to take a pleasant view of the future:

"This day is Published. Price 1/.

"Fourth Edition.

"The Torments of Hell, the Foundation and Pillars thereof discovered, searched, shaken, and removed, with many in-

fallible Proofs that there is not to be a Punishment after this Life for any to endure that shall not end. To the Glory of God and Comfort of those in fear of the Torments of Hell, and for the furtherance of an Holy Life."

The next might befit the second column of the "Times" Supplement:—

"WHEREAS a certain young Clergyman received on Saturday last a poetic epistle from a supposed Lady, beginning with these words—

"'No one on earth with more pleasure attends
To hear the account of a fault from their friends,'—

"This is to desire the said lady to explain herself more explicitly, as the said clergyman does not really understand her meaning. The said epistle had no name, no initial letters, no date, nor any place of abode."

Even a hundred years ago, beaux and belles were ofttimes compelled to advertise for a "complement" to their single beatitude. Neither the "Sunday Times," nor the "Family Herald"—that supreme authority in kitchen circles on matters social, domestic, and matrimonial—can produce anything more to the point than these that follow:—

"WHEREAS a tall young Gentleman above the common size, dress'd in a yellow grounded flowered velvet (supposed to be a Foreigner), with a Solitair round his neck and a glass in his

hand, was narrowly observed and much approved of by a certain young lady at the last Ridotto. This is to acquaint the said young Gentleman, if his heart is entirely disengaged, that if he will apply to A. B. at Garraway's Coffee House in Exchange Alley, he may be directed to have an interview with the said young lady, which may prove greatly to his advantage. Strict secresy on the Gentleman's side will be depended on."

Two days afterwards an answer appeared requesting the lady, "if she is a person of birth and character," to direct a line to A. B., "care of Mr. Vawdrey, at No. 5, Castle Street, Oxford Market, appointing an interview, strict honour and secresy will be observed." The business usually transacted at Garraway's had seldom much to do with the disposal of hearts, though "snows," "pinks," "brigantines," and other vessels, are frequently announced for sale "by the candle." A certain length of candle was lighted, and the bidding went on as long as it continued burning; as it ceased to flitter in the socket, the property changed hands. However, here are two more specimens of advertisements by persons labouring under that peculiar derangement of the nervous system which so frequently terminates in matrimony:-

"WHOEVER MAY READ THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS DESIRED TO READ IT WITH ATTENTION.

"A Gentleman, who has an Estate of 2000*l.* a year, of a very healthy and vigorous constitution, tho' nearer 60 than 50

years of age, is very desirous to end his days with an agreeable Woman, if he could find either Maid or Widow (provided there is no children) that would answer the following description:— No youth or beauty is required. She must be well born tho' not of quality, sensible and lively without being a wit, cheerful in conversation but never overbearing, of an easy temper, polite and good-humoured to her acquaintance, clean and delicate in her person, her breath perfectly sweet, of a wholesome complexion, rather plump than thin, fair than dark, and to look as if she could feel delight as well as give it. If such a one there be that has Honour enough not to marry a man only for his Money, this Gentleman will settle on her a jointure of 600*l.* a year, and does not care about her fortune; but as for his own sake as well as the Lady's he would not marry a Woman that did not like him; he desires to be known to her six weeks before she declares her mind, in which time she may inquire into his character and disposition. She must not be attached to a Town Life, as most of her time must be spent in the Country, 90 miles from London; it will be agreeable if she understands Musick, but not essential if the rest answers. Direct," &c. &c.

"A Lady who had on a Pink coloured Capuchin, edged with Ermine, a black Patch near her right eye, sat in a front seat in the next Side Box but one to the Stage on Wednesday night at Drury Lane Playhouse; if that Lady is single and willing to treat on terms of honour and generosity of a married state it would be deemed a favour to receive a Line directed to C. D. at Clifford's Inn Old Coffee House, how she may be address'd, being a serious affair."

"A sober likely sprightly batchelor, of an unsullied reputation, but at present under a little misfortune," coolly asks "any generous good-natured

single lady or widow" to lend him twelve guineas for three months. He offers security "and such interest as she may desire." Of course he vows "the highest gratitude," and significantly remarks that "he has had a liberal education, and is descended from as ancient a family as most gentlemen in England." Some ladies, perhaps, would not think a husband dear at 12*l.* 12*s.* The "likely sprightly batchelor" is at least to be commended for his modesty in not adding, "Going at a great sacrifice."

Another young gentleman, "temporarily embarrassed," who heads his advertisement, "Inter Musas —angustiis urgeor," exhibits considerably greater assurance, for he requires the loan of 1,000*l.* secured on "his honour," and which he promises to repay with any service a gentleman can ask or a lady expect. Not succeeding in this application, he repeats his advertisement very shortly afterwards, but expresses himself disposed to accept so small a sum as 500*l.* Appeals to the benevolent are distressingly frequent. One applicant for relief puts in as a plea, that "through the tedious expenses of the law, he has nothing left to call his own, except a wife and ten children."

There were also numerous advertisements for all

kinds of mechanics, artisans, and tradesmen to proceed to Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. And encouragement was held out to young men and their sweethearts going with their friends' consent. But these fair promises were only too often meant to deceive, and an ignoble livelihood was obtained by crimps, who first plundered and then laughed at their victims.

Finally, a boy about twelve years of age having run away from his home, a notice was put in the public papers, which concluded in this manner:—

"☞ If he is in disguise, he may be known by his North Country Accent, and has the Scurvy in his hands to a great Height."

THE END.

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